

SENSATIONAL BOOK BONUS

IND

Payoff For A Too-Often Lover

"...every blonde, redhead and brunette in his little black book was a swinger...most unusual murder romp of the season..." COURIER-LEDGER

stag

SEPT.

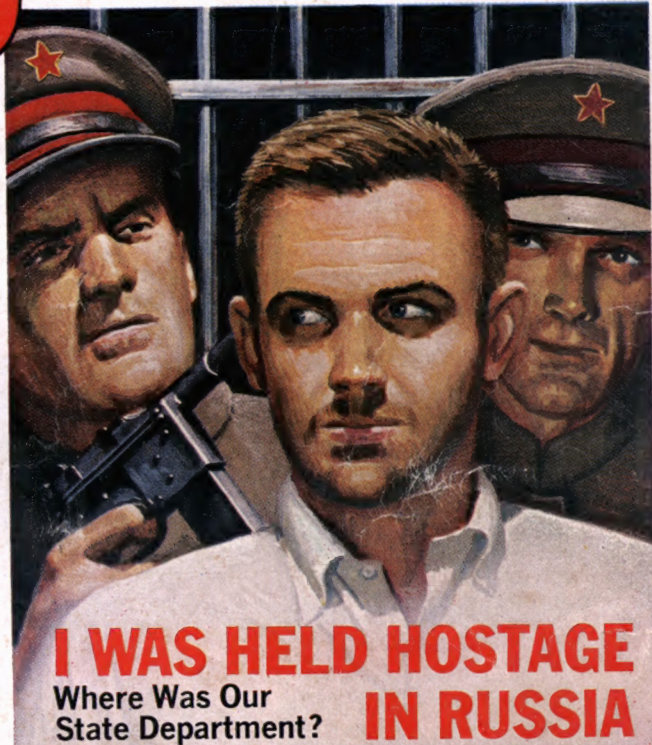
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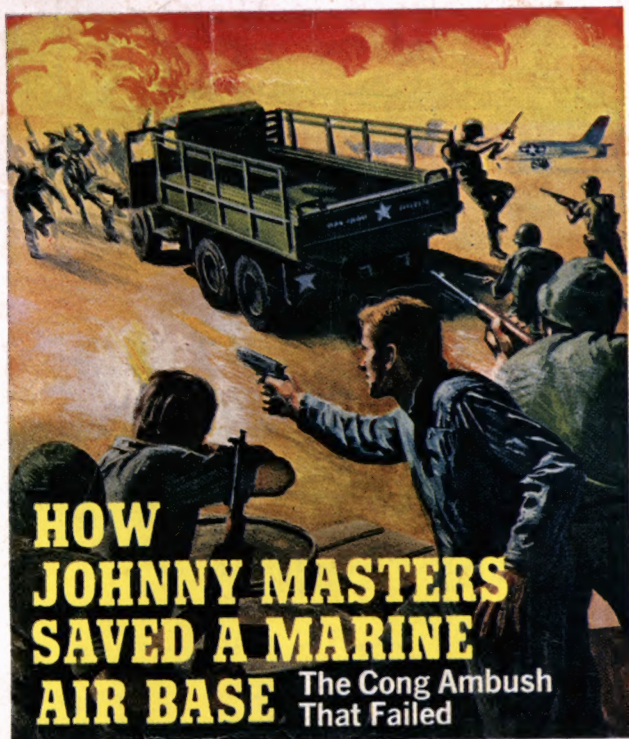
THE DAY THE RAPISTS AND MURDERERS TOOK OVER



**HOT WEEKEND
FOR
AL'S WIFE**



**I WAS HELD HOSTAGE
Where Was Our
State Department? IN RUSSIA**



**HOW
JOHNNY MASTERS
SAVED A MARINE
AIR BASE** The Cong Ambush
That Failed



**SENSATIONAL
BOOK BONUS**

Would You Like to Take in \$140 after Supper?

This is exactly what L. Burnett did while still employed. Here are his own words:

"I worked at my Duraclean business part time until I saw that I could make as much in a week as my job paid for a whole month. One night, after supper, I took in \$140. Since going full time, I've had single jobs running \$300 and more."

Mr. Burnett and one helper serviced this \$140 "after-supper" job. The national price guide

provides a Duraclean dealer a gross profit of \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 per hour on any service he himself renders. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

To own a business is much easier than you think. We show you how... step by step. The 24 page fully illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes a clear net profit to you.



Start while Continuing Present Job We furnish all the equipment...and help finance you

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent... have a fast growing income... and own a Nationally Advertised business, now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows... then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. As you add full or part-time servicemen, your income is limited only by your own effort.

Dealers operate from a shop, office, or their home. Equipment is portable...the electric Foam-

ovator converts to a convenient carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself... or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn... easy to start... so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience... not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

Your Services Are Commended by

McCall's Magazine, Parents; American Research & Testing Laboratories...and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

What Dealers Say:

Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me \$205.70 in single day. Another, \$300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in \$140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged \$122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as \$3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for \$400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned \$117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed \$2,012. One job came to \$752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as \$1,300 in a single week, as much as \$2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word".

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers... how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you**.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership... before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan... and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea... but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods**.

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers... revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life**. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores... \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services**.

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes **YOUR OWN** business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment**. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life**.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon **TODAY**.

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for \$2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got \$7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise grows **monthly**.

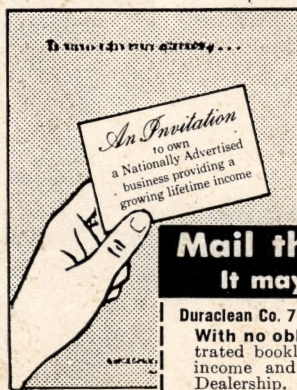
FREE BOOKLET tells how to start Your Own Business

With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business... how and why your income grows... how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income**.

Your location could be taken tomorrow... so mail coupon today.

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

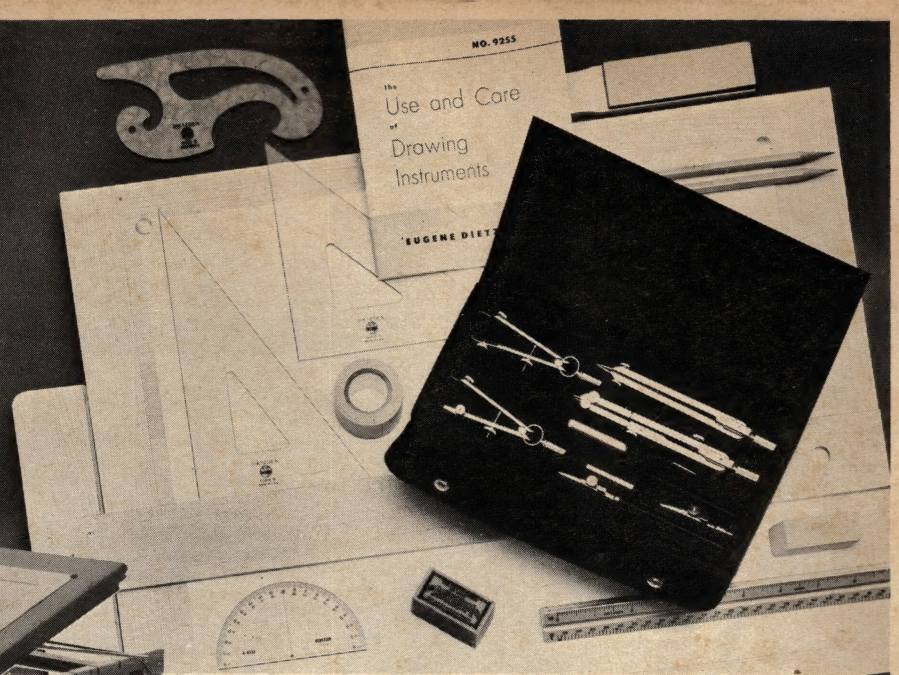


Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co. 7-319, Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015
With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**This
valuable
draftsman's
equipment
is given
to you...**



This drafting table included

when you train with LaSalle for a big-pay job as a technical **DRAFTSMAN**

Learn at home in spare time. No previous skills required!

Drafting is the open door to success in any industry

- The draftsman is the link between engineering and production. No project, big or small, gets "off the ground" before it comes from the draftsman's board.
- Look at the columns and columns of "Help Wanted—Draftsman" ads that appear in a single issue of a city newspaper. They are evidence of the heavy demand that exists for draftsmen in every technical field today.
- No previous drawing skills are required to become a draftsman. The draftsman's tools can be quickly mastered by anyone.
- During more than half a century, LaSalle has trained more than 1,000,000 students for successful careers in business and industry. A LaSalle diploma is respected by employers.
- You owe it to yourself to find out now what LaSalle Drafting training can do for you. Mail the coupon today.

EVERYTHING you need to get started in the lucrative drafting profession—instruction and full equipment—is supplied to you by LaSalle. All you are expected to supply is an interest in technical subjects and the ambition to qualify for a bigger future.

Draftsmen are in heavy demand in America's booming industries. They are needed in aeronautics, in architectural work, in electrical, mechanical, and structural fields.

Not a single new production improvement, not a single building or mechanical project, gets under way without the skilled help of the modern draftsman.

Why don't you get started in this busy field and prepare to earn big pay? LaSalle trains you by mail; expert instructors start you at the beginning and give your work personal attention until your course is completed. The cost of instruction is remarkably low.

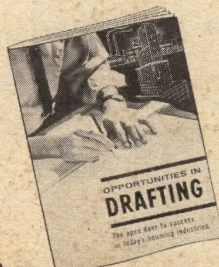
Free

Booklet gives facts on opportunities in drafting and describes LaSalle training. Mail coupon to LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 69-050, Chicago, Illinois 60605



Please send Free booklet, "Opportunities in Drafting," and full information on training at home.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State..... Zip No.....

County..... Age.....

Occupation..... Working Hours..... A.M..... P.M.

919



LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND—THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE FRESH, NEW STORIES YOU WANT TO READ. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

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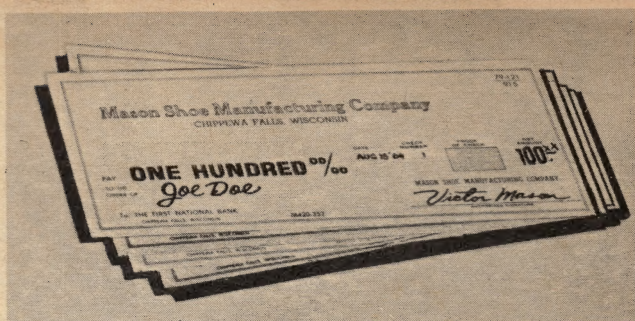
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COVER BY MORT KUNSTLER

It's easy to make up to
\$100.00 a week
 in your spare time . . .
 and get . . .



when you accept as few as 5 orders a month as
 a Mason Shoe Counselor in your neighborhood.

HOW would you like to collect a handsome "second salary" week after week and get FREE SHOES FOR LIFE, too? It's easy! Just introduce nationally-advised Mason shoes to friends, neighbors and other people you meet.

Regardless of your age, education or experience—even if you've never sold a thing before in your life—you can make \$5.00 to \$10.00 an hour in your spare time as a highly respected Mason Shoe Counselor.

You don't invest a cent! Your FREE demonstration Outfit rings up the sales fast — virtually automatically!

Yes, we send you a FREE Demonstration Outfit that starts making good money for you *the very first hour!* You don't invest a penny. You carry no inventory. You have no overhead expenses. But you *do* keep 100% of your profits! Many Mason Shoe Counselors sell 2, 3, 4, even 5 pairs of shoes in one short visit to a friend's house — *it's that easy!* You, too, can earn \$50.00, \$75.00, \$100.00 or more a week and

GET FREE SHOES FOR LIFE

That's right—you are eligible to receive FREE SHOES

every six months . . . as long as you continue to send as few as 5 orders every month. These FREE shoes are an extra bonus in addition to the big cash commissions you collect on every sale. You choose any shoe in the Mason line . . . select for yourself, your wife, your children.

Greater selection than any retail store!

Mason shoes sell fast! That's because you offer 275 styles for men, women and children . . . with many *exclusive* comfort features. When it comes to fit, you draw on Mason's stock of 300,000 pairs, sizes 2½ to 16, widths AAA to EEEE. And every sale means *automatic* repeat and referral business—'cause Mason shoes are NOT sold in stores. Folks must buy from YOU every time!

Get started right away!

Mail the coupon below and we'll rush the FREE Demonstration Outfit that puts money into your pocket the very first hour! Starts you on your way to a \$100.00 a week extra income plus FREE SHOES FOR LIFE! Send no money now or later. Get everything FREE. No obligation. Rush the coupon TODAY!

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**Rush Coupon for
 your FREE OUTFIT!**

We give you everything you need to make big cash profits from the very first hour. Mail the coupon for your FREE Outfit today!

**MASON SHOE
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RUSH COUPON FOR YOUR FREE OUTFIT!

**MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. G-672
 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin**

OK, show me how I can make up to \$100.00 a week in spare time—and get FREE SHOES FOR LIFE! Rush me—FREE and without obligation—everything I need to start making BIG MONEY in my very first spare hour.

NAME.....
 (Please print)

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VIETCONG JUSTICE

MEN IN UNIFORM

A warning by the Cong to a villager suspected of being sympathetic to the allies generally takes the form of a severed finger or toe. The full treatment is a disemboweling or impaling before the entire village . . .

Hairiest job in all of Vietnam is that of the EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) man. These are men, drawn from all branches of service, whose job is to defuse the ingenious booby traps set by the Vietcong. No bicycle, for example, is safe since plastic explosives can be packed into the fenders and frame, then detonated by flashlight batteries in the headlight. ANOTHER FAVORITE CONG TRAP IS THE LOAF OF BREAD, INNOCENTLY STACKED IN SAIGON RESTAURANTS, CONTAINING DEADLY EXPLOSIVES. TIMING OR DETONATING DEVICE IS USUALLY NEARBY IN A BOTTLE OF BEER. FLIP THE TOP AND THE RESTAURANT GOES SKY-HIGH. So sensitive is the EOD man's job that he must have his teeth checked to see that the fillings aren't of the sort that will detonate bombs . . .

Program gathering steam around the country among hotel owners: to give each Vietnam returnee a two-week, all-expenses-paid vacation at a summer resort, as a token of the nation's appreciation . . .

About one out of every four GIs in Vietnam came up with a dose of gonorrhea last year. But even though it's a somewhat tougher strain than found in the States, most troops were treated without any loss of time on duty . . .

ONE FORM OF ESCALATION UNDER CONSIDERATION IN THE PENTAGON IS THE USE OF 38,000-POUND BLOCKBUSTERS IN VIETNAM AGAINST

STEEL PLANTS, ETC., IN PLACE OF THE 3000-POUNDERS CURRENTLY IN USE BY B-52 JET BOMBERS . . .

MEN IN CRIME

ONE WRINKLE IN THE LAW IS THAT IT'S SO EASY TO GET A RIFLE BY MAIL OR FROM THE LOCAL SPORTING GOODS STORE--AND YET, IN MOST STATES, YOU CAN BE LOCKED UP FOR DEFENDING YOURSELF AGAINST A BRUTAL, HOMICIDAL ATTACK WITH A SWITCHBLADE KNIFE OR SOME OTHER SUCH WEAPON . . .

French executioners get a bonus after each beheading . . .

THE TOTAL COST OF CRIME TO THE NATION IN ANY RECENT YEAR IS 20 BILLION DOLLARS--AND THE COST TO THE INDIVIDUAL IS \$400 PER CITIZEN . . . Some other interesting bills we pay for crime: The cost of a single arrest for willful homicide is \$5100; in the case of a burglar, one arrest costs the community an average of \$3100 . . .

Usually, the man who turns state's evidence or "stools" on some of his former associates, is looking for a light sentence for himself. But even if the prosecutor can't do this for him, there are other "favors" that are quite valuable. For example, getting the man a dentist who will fill his teeth instead of simply yanking them out, such as many prison dentists do. Another is giving the man his choice of prison, a great concession since there are enormous differences between prisons in the state and federal systems . . .

No one asks you to take any chances with a bank bandit, but two ways to aid the law that are relatively "safe" are: 1) Obey the bandit, but as slowly as possible since time works against him. 2) Keep a mental record of any scars, tattoos, his general build and any discernible features or oddities . . .

Continued on page 42



HOW TO BAG A BANDIT

Play Right Away:

Any Popular Instrument: ORGAN • CORNET • TROMBONE • MANDOLIN • TRUMPET • TENOR BANJO • CLARINET • UKULELE • STEEL GUITAR



PIANO



GUITAR



ACCORDION



VIOLIN



SAXOPHONE

Secrets of Music Explained

Right from the start, famous "TEACH YOURSELF" system has you playing your favorite instrument . . . even if you don't know a single note now! Quick, easy, inexpensive!

IF YOU have always wanted to play music, here's wonderful news! This famous, modern home-study Course has you actually playing easy familiar tunes on your favorite instrument *right from the start* — and lets you go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible!

No "Special Talent" Required

No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Even the first lessons consist of delightful *songs*. Clear, simple directions and large show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong . . . even if you don't know a single

note of music now. Soon you'll be playing your favorite songs and compositions the *right* way — by note!

Over 1,250,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANY-ONE can learn to play piano, accordion, organ, guitar or any other popular instrument.

Person-to-Person Service

There are no inconvenient lesson periods. You learn in spare time of your own choosing — and you progress as rapidly or as leisurely as you want. Everything is clearly explained in words, photos and illustrations. In addition, our friendly, talented *Personal Advisory Service* will guide you over "rough spots" or give you special, *personal* assistance on any point in the Course. This service is *included* in the low tuition of only a few cents

per lesson. And, if you wish, the whole family can learn for the price of one.

Stop Cheating Yourself Of These Joys

Why not let a U.S. School of Music Course bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends! Gay parties! Good times! More self-confidence and poise! Extra money from playing or teaching! Best of all, the deep *personal satisfaction* of being able to create your own music — provide your own entertainment!

FREE BOOK NO OBLIGATION NO SALESMAN

Let us SHOW you why our way to learn music is so EASY — and so much FUN! Mail coupon for our FREE 36-page book. It can mean *so very much* to you for the rest of your life. Mail coupon TODAY! **U.S. School of Music, Port Washington, New York 11050** (Licensed, N.Y. State Education Dept.)



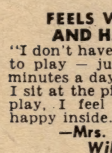
Accredited Member National Home Study Council

THESE STUDENTS
DID IT
...You CAN TOO!



MEANS OF RELAXATION

"The hours I have spent in playing have brought me immeasurable joy. I have found a means of relaxation which I have not found elsewhere."
—**Lawrence L. Smith**
Vancouver, Canada



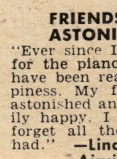
FEELS WARM AND HAPPY

"I don't have much time to play — just 15 or 20 minutes a day. But when I sit at the piano and do play, I feel warm and happy inside."
—**Mrs. Ruth Sloan Wilder**, Idaho

JOY INTO MY LIFE
"I'm so delighted. The instructions are so easily understood. Thank you for the joy this is bringing into my life."
—**Clara J. Napoleon**
Trenton, New Jersey



HAS 3-PIECE BAND
"I never thought when I took up your Course that I would play this well. I have a three-piece band and we play at night clubs."
—**Howard Clark Blaine**, Ohio



FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED

"Ever since I signed up for the piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget all the fun I've had."
—**Linda L. Kurtz**
Airville, Penna.



U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A99
Port Washington, New York 11050

I am interested in learning to play the instrument checked below. Please rush me, *free*, your 36-page illustrated book, "Now You Can Learn Music in Your Own Home." I will not be obligated at all, and no salesman is ever to call.

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- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|---|
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| ☐ Steel Guitar | ☐ Tenor Banjo | ☐ Clarinet |
| ☐ Saxophone | ☐ Mandolin | ☐ Trombone |
| ☐ Violin | | |

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(Instruments, if needed, supplied at reduced prices)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }

(Please Print Carefully)

Address

City &
State

ZIP CODE ZONE NO.
[] [] [] [] [] []

☐ If under 16, check here for booklet "A"

1. Training Means Money These Days

In today's job market, men with specialized training get the good jobs—and good pay. Trained men get the promotions and pay raises that count. In virtually every field, TRAINING spells the difference between staying where you are—and moving ahead.

Look over the list of fields below. In each, I. C. S. has been training men and women for years. Giving them up-to-date knowledge that will let them advance in their present job... or break into an entirely new field. I. C. S. can do the same for you—starting RIGHT NOW.

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ARCHITECTS—Qualify for advanced positions in architectural, engineering offices. I. C. S. courses begin with basics. Knowledge to help prepare for A.I.A. exams. Math. Drawing. Design. B'ld'ng, M'ch'n'c'l trades. Write "Architecture" on coupon for FREE booklets.

ARCH. DRAWING—One-course stepping-stone to architecture. Emphasis on drawing practice. No previous experience necessary. Apply now.

CARPENTRY—Largest demand area in building trades. \$4.07 average hourly wage. Over 20,000 openings yearly. Training needed. Send coupon NOW.

PLUMBING-HEATING—Earn \$4.30 hourly—average for plumbing-heating specialists. I. C. S. course has proven track record. Starts with basics. Mail coupon for FREE Success Kit.

3. Art Talent Sought

COMMERCIAL ARTISTS—Experienced artists earn \$150 and more weekly. But training is essential. Course starts with fundamentals. Job-related. Personalized instruction. Break into field full- or part-time. Write "Commercial Art" on coupon.

INTERIOR DECORATING—Non-technical course for homemaker, home furnishings salesperson. Study carpets, furniture, walls, windows, decor, color, taste. Mail coupon now.

SIGN PAINTING—Course prepares you to break into field. Covers all aspects: layout, design, painting, gilding, screen process. Send coupon for 3 FREE booklets.

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ELECTRONIC—Math, mechanical drawing, formulas, electricity, electronic & printed circuit drafting, others.

MECHANICAL DRAFTING—Arithmetic, algebra, geometry & trig, projection drawing, mechanical drawing, machine sketching, others.

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STENO-TYPIST—Want to be a secretary? Break into steno-typist work first. Send coupon for facts on I. C. S. training in typing, stenography, business practice—all you'll need to know.

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POWER PLANT ENG'N'NG—Want to advance to watch or chief engineer? You'll need knowledge this course contains. Mail coupon right away.

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FOREMAN—You can be one—training speeds the way. Course gives you the broad view of production. Send coupon.

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Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries... almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

No salesman will call

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 7129, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060
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LAST LAUGHS



There was a youthful army doctor stationed at a lonely outpost in the Pacific who diagnosed the illness of a staff sergeant, but pondered what treatment could be given with his limited facilities. So he wired the nearest base hospital: "HAVE A CASE OF BERIBERI. WHAT SHALL I DO?"

A prankster at the hospital radioed back: "GIVE IT TO THE MARINES. THEY'LL DRINK ANYTHING."

Two men and a young lady were on a Pullman going to California and decided they had better get acquainted. One man said: "My name is Paul, but I'm not an Apostle." The other said: "My name is Peter, but I'm not a saint." The girl muttered: "My name is Mary, and I don't know what the hell to say."

An old-timer had whipped up a batch of home brew which he thought must surely be the best ever made. He invited all his cronies in to sample the stuff, and reveled in their compliments. Finally, he got so carried away that he sent a bit of it to a testing laboratory for a complete analysis, anticipating confirmation of its purity and goodness. He could hardly wait to receive the lab's report, but finally it came: "Dear Sir: We regret to inform you that your horse has diabetes."

One evening at a party a sadist happened to meet a masochist. As the evening wore on and so did the drinks, the two began to talk to each other and soon discovered the fact of their peculiarities. "I think," the masochist bubbled, "that we were meant for each other. You know how it often is in marriage. People compensate each other. For instance, an introvert marries an extrovert."

"Now," she went on, "you get your kicks from being cruel. I get my kicks from suffering. Therefore, it would seem logical for us to get married."

And so they did.

When the ceremony was over and they had registered a room in a hotel, the door securely locked behind them, the girl started to breathe hard, panted: "Now, beat me!"

The man folded his arms, half closed his eyes as he looked at her, smiled and answered with sadistic inspiration: "I won't!"

"My husband's face fell a mile when he saw the Grand Canyon."

"He was disappointed, huh?"

"No, I pushed him!"

A Japanese diplomat was in the U.S. and met an American woman at a reception. She did not know him and asked sweetly: "What nese are you—Japanese, Chinese or Javanese?"

"I'm Japanese, madam," he replied smoothly. "What kee are you? Monkee, donkee or Yankee?"

Lady: "Well, little boy, and do you have a fairy godfather?"

Junior: "No, ma'am, but I have an uncle we're kinda suspicious of."

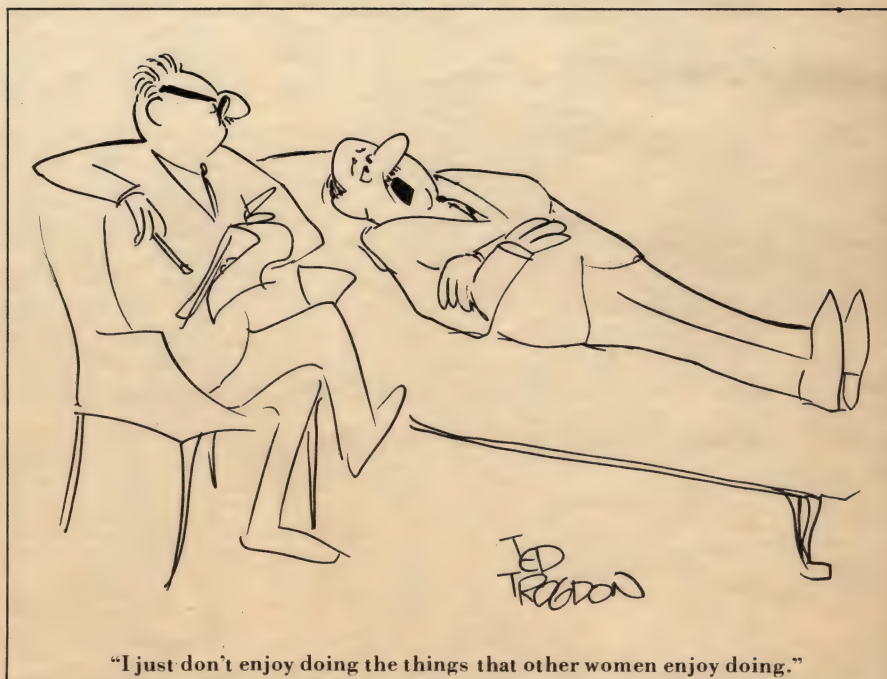
A prison inmate, in a series of unfortunate events, had his teeth pulled, his appendix removed and his right arm amputated after a work mishap.

The warden visited him in the infirmary after the last accident and said, accusingly, "You can't fool me, Ashbourne. You're trying to escape piece by piece."

She had her suspicions for a long time, but when he arrived home late one night with traces of lipstick on his collar, she decided it was time to speak up. "Now look, George," she complained, "I'll have you know, once and for all, I won't play second fiddle!"

"Second fiddle!" he yelled. "Second fiddle! You can take it from me, Edith, you're damn lucky to be in the band at all!"

The minister was laboring earnestly to inspire his congregation with the example of the "Apostle Whom Jesus Loved." As he grew more eloquent, he leaned across the pulpit and said: "What this church needs is more Johns!"



Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

Girls Who Yield To Any Man:



COMPULSIVE PICK-UPS

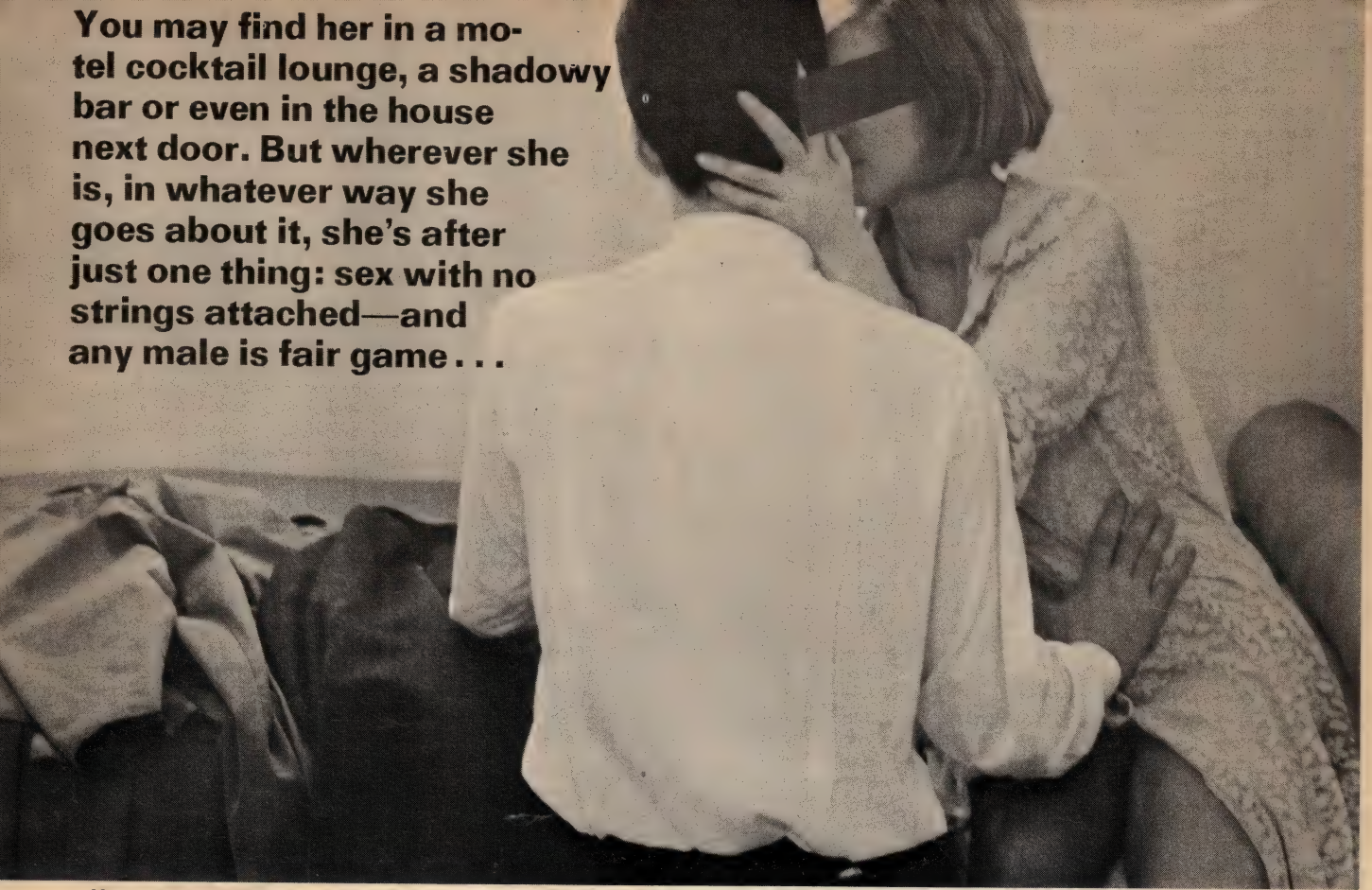


Bars, particularly those which are near airports or railroad terminals, are favorite "haunts" for girls seeking overnight "companionship."



Typical of many of the "compulsive pick-up girls" is unusual love-making behavior pattern: demanding, animalistic and, in a sense, hostile.

You may find her in a motel cocktail lounge, a shadowy bar or even in the house next door. But wherever she is, in whatever way she goes about it, she's after just one thing: sex with no strings attached—and any male is fair game . . .



Many girls who follow the compulsive sex route are married, look for fulfillment by going through one extramarital fling after the other.



Some "pick-up" girls prefer "brawny" types, such as stevedores or farmers—men who act rather than think their way through a situation.

Compulsive Pick-ups

by AL LOWE



A big "must" for some girls is the "danger" element—like making love to a man at a party while everyone else is downstairs.

Many of the girls are just "teases"; they'll pick up a man and enjoy all the sexual foreplay, but will never go "all the way."



IN the shadowy corner booth of a Greenwich Village bar, Ginny Fowler, an attractive 22-year-old brunette, sips steadily at her double Scotch and soda. The man facing her watches her with a hawkish, hungry grin. He's forty-ish, on the chunky side, and as Ginny drinks he slides his meaty hand over hers.

Ginny is from nearby New Jersey, and a recent graduate of a small but exclusive woman's college. Her father is a prosperous contractor and a divorcee of five years standing. Because of this marital breakup daughter and father are poles apart. Despite a much too generous allowance, Ginny remains basically lonely, and so on weekends she hits New York in an attempt to relieve her growing tensions. This involves bar hopping and the inevitable pick-up such as the man facing her in the booth. Like all the rest, he isn't a young man, but closer to her father's age.

When Ginny sets down her empty glass and looks questioningly toward the bar, the meaty hand pressures hers firmly. "Why don't we make it more private," he says with a suggestive grin.

Ginny giggles and her liquid eyes brighten noticeably. "A good idea," she agrees.

Under the table their knees touch as he signals the waiter to bring the check.

There's a brief ride to a cheap hotel. The small room with its flaking plaster is without a bath so Ginny does her strip under the naked light bulb, her breathing quickening noticeably once she's kicked off her shoes and peeled off her skirt. He helps with the undergarments and her giggles become uncontrollable as he fumbles with the bra clasp.

The follow-up behavior typifies her style. Ginny's love-making is demanding, animalistic and in a sense hostile. Some three hours later the chunky man swings off the bed and reaches for his clothes.

"Hey," Ginny whispers hoarsely. "You're not cutting out?"

The guy chuckles and unhooks her arms from around his waist. "Look," he says. "I'm not the kid I used to be. It's been great, but let's save something for another time."

When he's dressed, she tries blocking his way to the door. "C'mon," she pleads. "The best is still to come."

He breaks her grip a second time, and abruptly shoves her off balance so that she hits the bed in a thrash of arms and legs.

At the open door he pauses. "Okay," he says. "Maybe I can talk the desk clerk into coming up. I'll check with him on the way out."

Her harsh two-worded reply is in the language of the gutter and very unprintable . . .

Although Ginny Fowler is not her real name, her case history is. By her own admission she identifies herself as a *compulsive pick-up*, as a person possessed by an overwhelming and almost insatiable sex drive that compels her to yield to men—in her case older men—and on an indiscriminate basis. From the psychotherapist's viewpoint, her compulsive drive toward older men would be linked to a latent hate-love "father-image," but compulsive pick-ups on the whole do not fit into any single, neat pigeonhole.

On the contrary, according to the *Encyclopedia of Neurotic Behavior*, "... the compulsive pick-up, like the compulsive gambler, drinker or shoplifter, may come from any social class and are driven to their particular behavior by individual rather than stereotyped needs. In some, the motivation may be fear or

(Continued on page 44)

The Cong Ambush That Failed

HOW JOHNNY MASTERS SAVED A MARINE AIR BASE



Nobody was expecting an attack on the field, just five miles from Danang. So when it came, only a few of the men realized what was going on—one of them a rescue-chopper pilot whose combat experience was limited to dodging enemy ground fire, who suddenly found himself leading a “charge” against three VC “suicide squads.”

by GLENN INFELD

MARINE Lieutenant John F. Masters from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, crouched motionless at the edge of Marble Mountain Air Facility, in Vietnam, trying to decide his next move. The noise was deafening. All around him men were screaming. The fires on the flight line were a continuous roar in his ears and machine guns and automatic weapons clattered steadily.

As the flames mounted higher and higher, lighting the surrounding area, Masters' hiding place was exposed. He knew he had to make a break for cover, but there were so many bullets flying around him that he hesitated, not knowing which way to go.

“Let's get the hell out of here!”

(Continued on page 60)

Art by Mort Kunstler

While the VC were concentrating on the truck, Masters and his “commandos” moved in, hit them from behind.



SHOCKING! True Story Behind the DEATH



Killed when electrical short ignited pure oxygen atmosphere in Apollo spacecraft, astronauts (L-R) Edward White, Roger Chaffee, Gus Grissom.

of our ASTRONAUTS

A spacecraft packed with flammable materials "soaked" with volatile 100 percent oxygen . . . No fire-detection or fire-fighting systems built in . . . No emergency "out" . . . An unmanned test canceled two days before . . . That's just part of the long list of blunders and lethal shortcuts that led to the flaming climax on Pad 34.

"Scar" down the side of Apollo Spacecraft 012 is black plastic shroud that covered nose cone, melted by intense heat of fire.

by LINO G. MORRIS
Staff Reporter, Caidin Associates

GUS Grissom, commander of the first scheduled manned Apollo flight, was tired of repeated difficulties with the communications system used by himself, Ed White, and Roger Chaffee, during the January 27th ground test for the Apollo 204 mission.

"Hey!" Grissom called over the circuit. "How do you expect to get us to the moon, if you people can't even hook us up with a ground station? Get with it out there!"

Moments later a holocaust ripped through Apollo. Sheets of flame swept the spacecraft.

Someone else would go to the moon . . .

"There is and there can be only one finding. You don't put three people into a 100 percent oxygen atmosphere and seal them in with all sorts of electrical equipment and flammables, and not give them a way out. And not to have disaster crews, or fire detection systems, or any way of fighting a fire that's thermally explosive? Hell, that's not an accident! That's homicide . . ."

Safety Inspector at Cape Kennedy

A power cable shorted. For an instant, deep within the bowels of the spaceship, there flashed a dazzling pinpoint of light. No one saw it happen. For ten critical seconds when disaster could easily have been avoided, no one knew the flames were there . . . growing, spreading

outward, gathering strength. When finally Astronaut Virgil Grissom saw the flames to his left and shouted: "Fire!" it was too late.

The flames rushed upward along the inward-sloping cabin of the Apollo with a savage increase of temperature and pressure. Molten nylon, blazing fiercely, scattered firebrands wildly through the spacecraft.

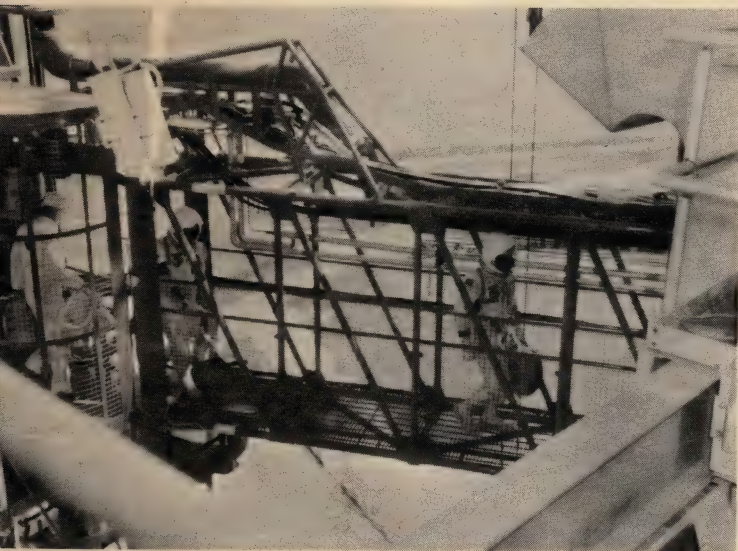
Astronaut Roger Chaffee yelled something unintelligible, then, clearly: "Got a fire in the cockpit . . ."

There was another transmission, clipped, garbled. The flames, fed by pure oxygen under intense pressure, tore at everything within reach. Sheets of fire erupted across the entire spacecraft, blazed before the viewport—seen by horrified and helpless observers watching television monitors. Then the headsets of engineers and technicians in the blockhouse carried a heart-tearing:

"We're burning up here . . . We need some help!"

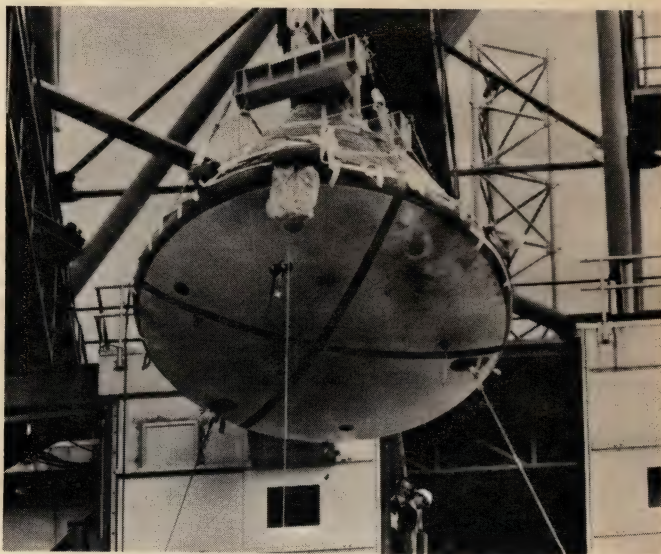
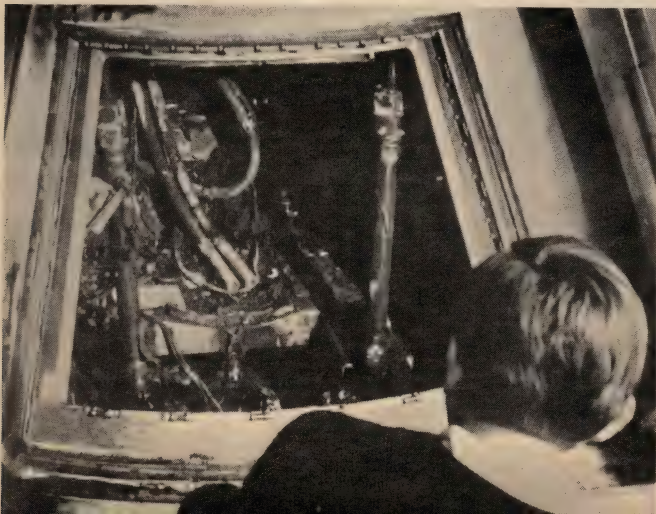
Suddenly, Apollo ripped out her heart in a mushrooming blast of flame. A final cry of pain came through the headsets. That was the last message as the three astronauts perished.

The flames continued to burn. Fire and searing gases spread out beyond Apollo. Thick acrid smoke blinded and choked the men who rushed—futilely—to try to save the three trapped astronauts. (Continued on page 78)



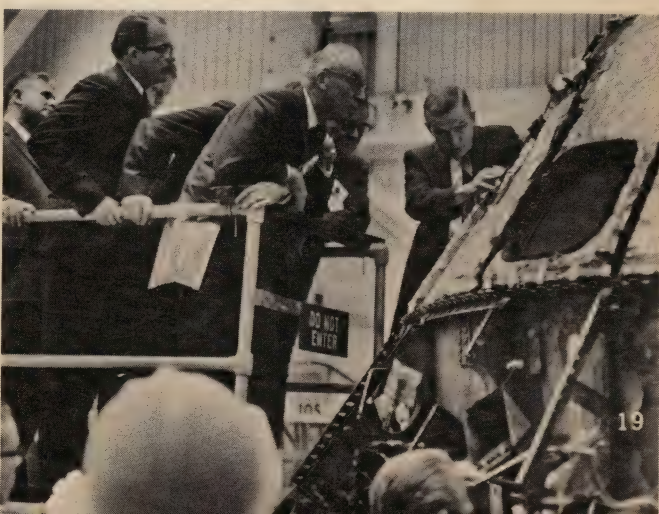
No one expected trouble as Grissom, White and Chaffee walked to the Apollo to begin the ground test; a few hours later, they were dead.

Fire completely gutted capsule, and for the astronauts there was no escape through this hatch, whose plug type door couldn't be budged.



Search for cause of disaster began with check of spacecraft—smoke-blackened, \$40-million ruin shown here being lowered from booster.

Astronaut Frank Borman (R), a member of Apollo Mission 204 Review Board investigating disaster, briefs Congressional Committee probers.



Whoever had blown Dave Burch's brains out wanted control of his company—or that's the way it shaped up until Joe Cable was called in, and started checking up on the blondes, brunettes and redheads the dead man kept "on file" in a "little black book."

PAYOFF for a TOO-OFTEN LOVER

I fired as "Lucky Pierre" dived down the stairs, but all my shot did was chip some plaster and bring out the neighbors.





by W. J. SABER

DAVE Burch didn't look good. His blond hair, stained red, clung close to his head like a girl's bathing cap, trying to cover the big hole in the top of his skull. The mouth hung open in death, and the partially protruding tongue had black powder burns on it.

The white leather chair in which the body slumped was a mess. On the sand-colored rug, under the dangling arm and slack fingers, was the death weapon. A Browning .25. It had blown out a very fine brain.

The fingerprint man finished dusting and lifting the prints, and nodded "okay." Lieutenant Jack Gregg pushed back the brim of his soft straw hat, squatted, picked up the little automatic. He hit the release and the magazine flashed out of the butt into his waiting hand. He thumbed the top round into his palm. It rolled back and forth in the fleshy cup, stopped, lay there tiny, deadly. A criss-cross had been cut into the soft lead nose. *(Continued on page 86)*

Art by Earl Norem

BOOK
SENSATIONAL
BONUS



STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

With lifeless bodies of her two male companions at left, a bruised, 23-year-old N.Y. girl awaits removal from rubble after a swinging hammock pulled brick chimney down on roof of West Side apartment.



A split-apart split-level is what a Middlesex, NJ, woman wound up with when her foot slipped from brake to gas pedal, causing her car to ram through rear of her garage. Luckily, she was not injured.

"C'mon in, the water's fine!" isn't what these two New York Emergency Service Division policemen are saying as they fish out man who inadvertently took early-morning dip into frigid Hudson River.





Not exactly traveling in style, Hong Kong woman is removed bodily from condemned apartment. She was among group of tenants who refused to budge after court declared building unsafe, ordered it torn down.

This San Francisco night club actually has a female "bouncer": a 22-year-old topless trampoline performer. And when she's not bouncing on canvas, she's working on the tables. No, not waiting on 'em, dancing on 'em!



50 MOST



In Denmark, a man serving life sentence for hypnotizing his friend into murdering a banker, escaped from jail by putting guards into a hypnotic trance.

Ever since they started locking up lawbreakers, convicts have “flown the coop.” They’ve gone over, under and through that wall, and the tricks they’ve used would’ve warmed Houdini’s heart. Here are half a hundred of the strangest on record.

by **PAUL STEINER**

Art by Bruce Minney

DOING a stretch in “stir” has about as much appeal to most convicts as a vacation on the moon. More than anything else, they want out, and they’ll spend every conscious moment thinking up ways to accomplish the feat. To be sure, the infamous John Dillinger and Willie Sutton each planned and carried out memorable jail-busting miracles, but there have been other cons who were just as successful. You may never have heard of them, but some of the “impossible” escapes these guys pulled off were enough to turn a chief warden’s hair gray overnight...

Through a schedule mix-up, all the guards at the city jail in Kent, Washington, went out for a snack at the same time. Finding himself alone and the doors unlocked, the only prisoner also took a recess. Only the guards came back.

■ ■ ■

In Eaton, Ohio, a prisoner tipped county officers to a planned jail-break. While the officers were investigating, the convict made good his escape.

■ ■ ■

Lawmen in St. Petersburg, Florida, caught up with two escaped convicts—and the prison bloodhound they’d taken along with them when they skipped.

■ ■ ■

A Hamilton County, Ohio, prisoner literally snored his way out of jail. Other prisoners registered so

When Florida lawmen caught up with two escaped cons, they discovered the fugitives had taken a prison bloodhound with them.



FANTASTIC PRISON BREAKS



When a Michigan State Prison inmate got stuck in a hole he'd made in brick wall of his dormitory, it took several hours for officials to free him.

many complaints about the man's snoring that a sympathetic judge had him released on three month's probation.

■ ■ ■
In Britain, where there's been a rash of jail-breaks of late (so many, in fact, that bookies started laying odds on the daily escape total), an escapee actually re-enacted a stunt from the Peter Sellers' flicker, "Two-Way Stretch." He rode to freedom in a garbage truck, desperately ducking the automatic arm which crushes the refuse.

■ ■ ■
Guards at the Tennessee State Prison, in Nashville, foiled an imaginative prison break

when they confiscated a cloth balloon, a 30-foot cloth hose and a stolen oxygen tank hidden in the prison tailor shop.

■ ■ ■
In a detention cellblock at the Springfield, Massachusetts's courthouse, a guard leaned idly against a wall, discovered it was cardboard—painted to look like concrete.

■ ■ ■
One Schoow Nielsen, sentenced in Denmark to life imprisonment for having hypnotized a friend and influenced him to murder a banker (a theory not yet accepted by U.S. courts), managed to escape from prison for a few hours. He had hypnotized his guards.

■ ■ ■
In Angola, Louisiana, a 22-year-old convict serving fifteen years for murder, escaped from a state pen work gang while—ironically—building a new fence.



A New Mexico sheriff, missing two of his charges, lifted a pinup hanging in their cell—and found a large hole cut in wall.

(Continued on page 58)
To get revenge for being fired, a prison warden in Brazil—on his last day at his post—freed every single con in the place.





In the Army with ROTC commission, Wortham volunteered for paratroop training, made 130 jumps (above at Augsburg, Germany), most "free fall."

by **BUEL RAY WORTHAM**
as told to
FRED SPARKS
Pulitzer Prize Winning
Correspondent

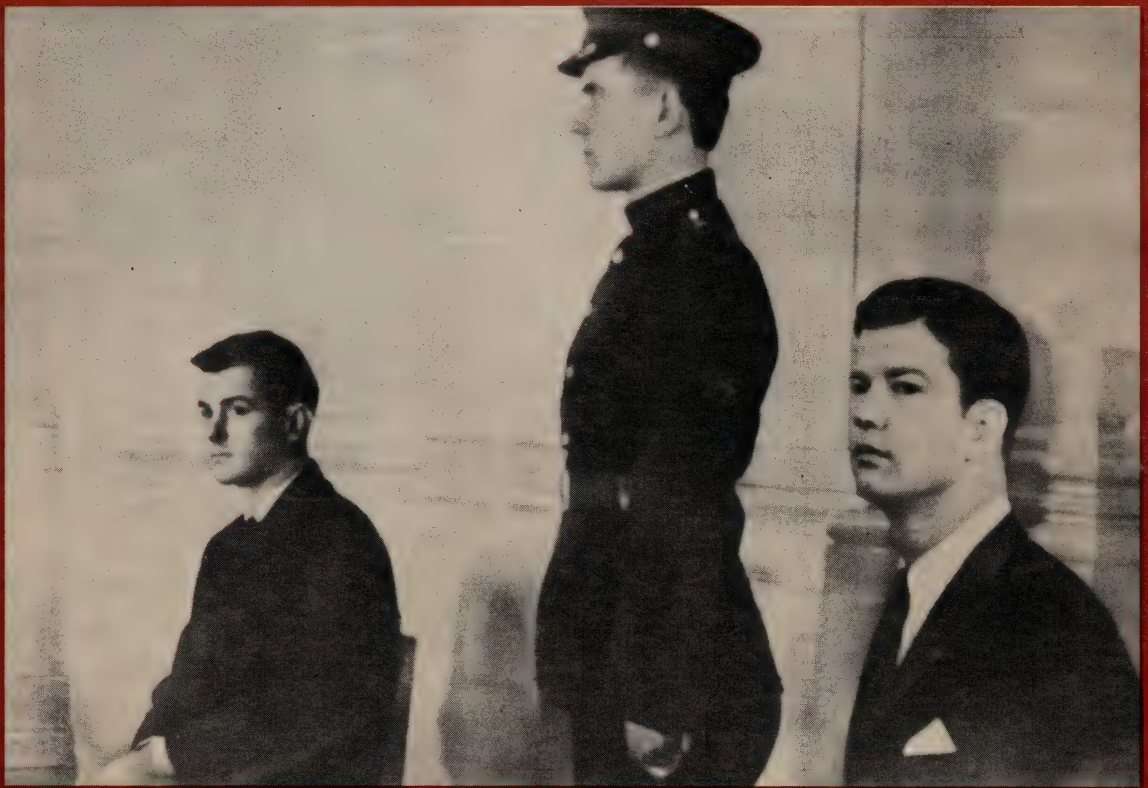
I WAS HELD



Soviets charged Wortham (standing) with stealing bear (L) they claimed was an "antique" worth 300 rubles. When his lawyer, Fyodor Rozhdestvenski (foreground) suggested the statue was worth much less (perhaps to make trial look fair?) KGB-picked witness denied it.

**STORY
STARTS
ON PAGE 28 ▶**

Wortham (below left) and buddy Craddock "Matt" Gilmour, Jr. (R) saw each other for first time since arrest in Leningrad courtroom. Gilmour, out on bail for month, was fined \$1,111 for "illegal" money dealings and released; Wortham drew three years in labor camp.



HOSTAGE IN RUSSIA

I WAS HELD HOSTAGE IN RUSSIA

Editor's Note: In October, 1966, Buel Ray Wortham, 26, of North Little Rock, Arkansas, was arrested in the Soviet Union, allegedly for stealing a small statue of a bear and for black-market money dealings. That was the official Soviet Government version of the case that made international headlines—and anti-American propaganda. Now back in the U.S., Wortham is free to tell his side of the story: a shocking expose of Communist-style blackmail . . .

At midnight, on October 2, 1966, I stood in a huge barren room in Leningrad's maximum security prison surrounded by tommy-gun toting guards. An arrogant, full colonel in the KGB, the Soviet Union's efficient and frightening secret police, shouted at me:

"Take off your clothes! Strip!"

I did. They slowly, carefully examined everything I had been wearing when I was arrested—almost 24 hours before—at the border.

"I insist on seeing somebody from the American Embassy!" I cried.

The colonel ignored me as they checked the cuffs of my trousers.

"I insist on seeing somebody from the American Embassy!" I repeated.

They turned my pockets inside out, checked the contents of my wallet.

Then I was told to dress. Several guards led me down a bleak block of cells. A warden pulled open a solid iron door, and I was pushed in and the door was bolted behind me. The room was about as large as the average bathroom and it was bitterly cold.

I was in solitary confinement in the Soviet Union!

Since that night, more than six months ago, you've probably read a lot about me. About "the young American tourist who stole the statue of a bear from a Russian hotel and made money on the black market."

The only statement I made before this I made at that show trial in Leningrad, confessing my "guilt." That statement was written by the KGB and I had no alternative. Like any other man, I place considerable value on my skin.

Now that I finally have a chance to speak freely let me say emphatically:

I was not arrested for stealing that statue or for currency violations. I was arrested and tried for political reason. They hoped to exchange me for a Soviet espionage agent. I was a hostage. Ask anyone at the American Embassy in Moscow and they will tell you this is so.

My unfortunate travels began last August 23, in Augsburg, Germany, where I had been . . . (Continued on page 66)

I'd been in solitary 60 days when I learned the real reason why I'd been jailed: Not for stealing a souvenir bear worth \$2.20, but because the Reds wanted to make a deal—a swap for one of their spies. Only, I wouldn't play ball . . .



Wortham (center) is shown with lawyer (L) and U.S. Consul Harlan Moen after Soviet surprise-move freed him on bail, pending appeal.



Living at American Embassy in Moscow, sweating out appeal, Wortham dated Swedish girl (shown here with him) who was later ordered home.



Listening to Soviet Supreme Court verdict—sentence suspended, a \$5,555 fine—left to right, Wortham, translator, Moen, prosecutor.



On March 21, almost six months after his arrest, Wortham boarded a plane for the West. Not until he landed did he feel truly "liberated."

Her son home, Mrs. Wortham's ordeal was over, when he faced imprisonment, she wrote Premier Kosygin, asking mercy, got curt turn down.





HOT WEEKEND for AL'S WIFE

Jerry figured Elaine had everything any girl could want: a lavish house, two cars, cabin cruiser, the works—until he realized she had tagged him for her next plaything . . .

by NOEL KRAFT



Jerry sat on the edge of the bunk, unable to keep from staring as Elaine unfastened the halter, dangled it suggestively from the tip of her finger.

Art by Samson Pollen

AS Jerry put down his drink and reached for his cigarette, he spotted Al Gordon's wife coming his way across the patio. A stunning brunette, Elaine moved with a kind of animal grace, her ample curves suggestively accented by a pair of tight-fitting white slacks and an abbreviated blouse knotted loosely under her arching breasts. Hers was a kind of smoky sexuality, a body seemingly programmed for many moods.

She didn't ask him to dance, but stood there facing him, her expression relaxed as she held out her arms and waited. When Jerry snuffed out his cigarette, she eased against him, her head coming to rest against his shoulder. The sound of the hi-fi coming from the living room was low, but she followed (Continued on page 54)



The rise in "sex crimes" has women in even our best-policed cities terrified—afraid to go out after dark, afraid even in their own homes.

THE DAY THE RAPISTS AND MURDERERS TOOK OVER



Investigating a murder—from gangland killing (above) to a street-corner mugging—police often find hands tied by “legal technicalities.”

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

When the Supreme Court ruled to limit police interrogation and the use of voluntary confessions—“strait-jacketing” every cop and D.A. in the country—it was the “go” signal for criminal scum to run wild in a kill, rob, assault orgy that last year hit an all time high.

LAST year four times as many Americans were slain by murderers, holdup men, mobsters and other ruthless thugs in the U.S.A. as were killed in action in Vietnam.

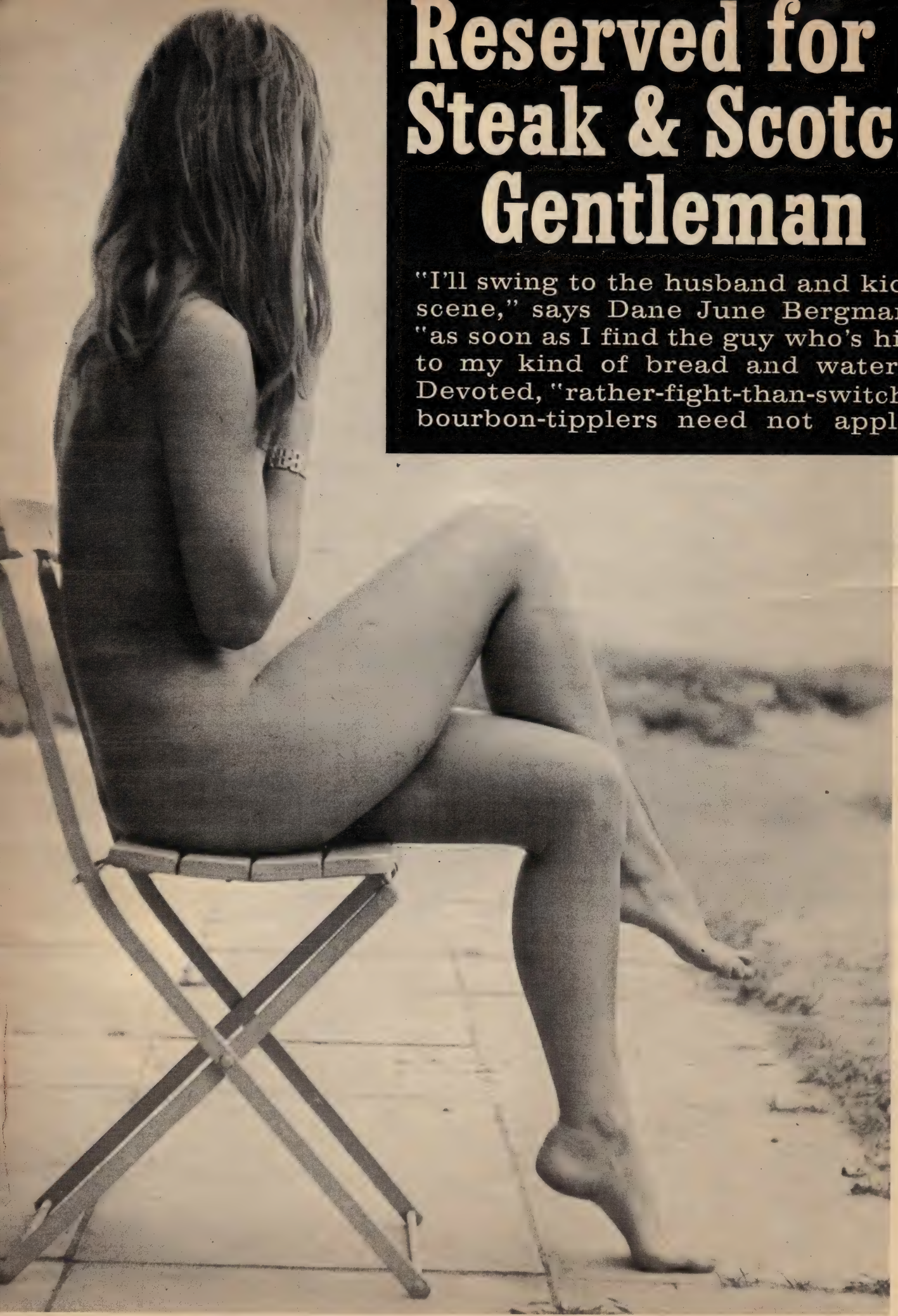
On streets and highways; in homes, stores, parks, banks and taverns; in public and in private institutions, they were shot, knifed and bludgeoned to death in a year-long orgy of violence that reached an all time high.

Today millions of our citizens are afraid to walk the streets after dark; women in our best policed cities live in terror of being sexually assaulted, perhaps killed, in their homes.

According to FBI Uniform Crime Reports, last year more than 2,750,000 serious crimes (*Continued on page 74*)

Reserved for a Steak & Scotch Gentleman

"I'll swing to the husband and kids scene," says Dane June Bergman, "as soon as I find the guy who's hip to my kind of bread and water." Devoted, "rather-fight-than-switch" bourbon-tippers need not apply.





**TO THE CONGRESS
of the UNITED STATES:**

STOP THE GIANT SHALE OIL LAND-GRAB SCANDAL

The \$5,000,000,000,000 "bonanza" high in the Rockies could pay off the national debt, cut income taxes, "gift" every man, woman and child in the country with a \$11,000 check. But it'll never happen: the Government is selling us down the river to those profits-greedy oilionaires.



HOW would you like to receive a check for \$11,000? And another one for your wife? And a check for each of your kids? How would you like to enjoy a sharp cut in income taxes, because the national debt has been paid off?

This could be done in your lifetime—and more. There could be a plentiful supply of cheap fuel for cars, trucks, electric power and industry. There could be new chemical products as yet undreamed of, and jobs and wealth and prosperity such as we have never seen.

All this *could* happen. But the plain fact is the whole kiboodle—the checks, the tax cuts and the promise of the future—is being handed on a platter to a few fantastically rich oil companies.

High in the Rocky Mountains stretch thousands of square miles of rock estimated to contain two-thousand-billion (two trillion) barrels of shale oil. This is seventy times this country's known reserves of "black gold" and eight times the *world's* reserves. At current prices, this oil is worth five *trillion* dollars, enough to pay off the national debt and present you and every member of your family with that check we mentioned.

The oil lies in layer after layer of flint-hard rock, usually called "shale," that covers 16,000 square miles of rugged mountains in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah.

Seventy-two percent of the land, containing 85 percent of the oil, is owned by the Federal Government and thus by the American people. The remainder is in private hands, mostly oil companies. This 15 percent share of the total wealth contains 31 trillion barrels of oil, equal to two-thirds of the known reserves of liquid petroleum in this country. But this isn't enough for the big oil producers. They want it all—and Uncle Sam is preparing to let them have it.

It doesn't have to be that way. Uncle Sam can send rockets to the moon and Mars, build huge dams to make electric power, and launch communications satellites to gird the globe. All of these are ways the Government goes into business to benefit *all* the people. But when it comes to the fantastic natural resources of shale oil, the Government hasn't lifted a finger to use this wealth.

Instead, it is giving it away.

The American people hold title to this priceless resource, thanks to President Herbert Hoover. In 1930, he ordered a halt to private leasing of the public shale lands—ostensibly because the private oil companies were not working the land, only holding on to it. Actually, he wanted to preserve the oil for all Americans until it was needed and could be used.

Hoover's policy remained in (Continued on page 62)



Shale oil production calls for strip-mining, and conservationists worry that oil shale land development would ruin mountain scenery.

Government and private industry had experimental mines going near Rifle, Col., aiming for more efficient, cheaper production process.



Mined shale—actually tough rock called "marlstone"—must be crushed, heated to 900 degrees, and the product, "kerogen," refined on spot.

For Your

BUS RIDE TO A WAR —Last May 8 bus driver Than Cau began his day by running broadside into a water buffalo. Later he split open a peddler's cart. Still later he forced a young motorcyclist into a ditch. Finally, he ran down three black-pajamaed men flagging him on the highway between Saigon and Kontum. And for this last the Heavenly Effort Bus Company took away his job, not as punishment, but to save his life.

On the cross-country Vietnamese highways a driver regularly rams cows, carts and bicycles and little is



thought of it. But the three men were something else. They were Vietcong, stopping the bus to exact some tribute or execute some passenger; either one a regular occurrence. A driver never, ever runs down Vietcong.

Than Cau's deed will not alter the course of war one bit; it can only illustrate better one of the war's madhouse aspects:

There is no rail travel in Vietnam. River or auto are used only at risk of death or kidnaping. Air fares cost more than most Viets earn in a year and seats must be reserved four months in advance. Yet, Vietnam's 15,000 civilian bus drivers wheeling rugged Fords and Renaults keep the civilian population moving, and they do it by playing a strange kind of tag with the Vietcong. Colonel Benedict Craig of New York City says of them: "They are nerveless guys. The country would lock up tight without them. I don't think the risks they run have been matched since the pony express outraced the Sioux." The colonel has a point. Examples:

■As the Sioux used to landslide passes, the VC literally steal roads overnight. They dragoon terrified farmers to break up gravel and asphalt surfaces and haul the pieces away in sacks. The following morning a driver races his bus around a curve and plunges into a lily pond where there had been a road a day before.

■VCs slung beneath water buffalo empty tommy guns indiscriminately into passing buses simply to kill whatever Europeans or Americans might be aboard

■Eighty mph speeds are necessary at all times according to drivers such as Can Thau. "When one is really moving, VC pressure mines set off by the bus explode when you are past, if you're lucky."

■VC at roadblocks generally only want toll money, 5,000 piasters (\$20) per bus passage. But sometimes they want murder. Early this spring five guerrillas at a hastily thrown up checkpoint dragged a French rubber worker and his wife from their bus, split each from chest to groin, tied them together, then rolled them into a ditch.

Not all casualties can be laid to VC ambush, however. The necessary speed and recklessness inevitably take a toll of their own. Each morning the roads spoking out from Saigon are spread with new bodies spilling from buses which have overturned during the night. But, after so many years of war and death, a few highway fatalities do not shake up either drivers or passengers. There are never any empty seats on the cross-country buses.

Than Cau states the stoical Viet attitude this way: "If the road is walled in with corpses, if two buses ahead of yours are stopped and on fire, you see nothing. You keep moving. There are no other buses or passengers but yours and you race through as fast as possible. And in any race, of course, there are accidents and somebody always must be hurt."

TROUBLE IN TAHITI —Moana, age 19, drew her black hair over one shoulder and said, "Yes, I have been with boys since I am 14 and always it has been because I like it. I would never dream of asking for money." Her face hardened. "Now it is different. So many sailors. So many soldiers. They look down on on any girl who does it because she likes it and call her slut. Yet they buy drinks for the women who do it for money and speak respectfully to them. I would have thought it would be the other way around . . . Well, if that is how they want it, that is how it shall be . . ."

Moana is the voice of Tahiti in trouble today. The once easygoing **wahine** is throwing aside her amateur standing and becoming a tough tart. The brown young man, once the delight of romance-hungry lady tourists, is now a smirking **gigolo** who refuses to even dance with a lady unless she pays him something first. Adolescents of both ages used to roam in happy packs.



Now they are forming up into American-style street gangs, waylaying tourists and bringing the capital, Papeete, its first cases of car theft. Businessmen and land-

Information

lords are jacking prices, sometimes 400 percent, and they no longer smile while doing so.

A fallout of hardness, greed and cynicism is today blanketing Tahiti and it is indeed a byproduct of thermonuclear bombs. France, two decades after the U.S. quit, has designated the Pacific as its nuclear testing grounds. Tahiti is the nearest logical place all the thousands of French scientists and military personnel can go to spend all the money they cannot spend at the test site on Mururoa Atoll. The Centre d'Experimentation du Pacifique (CEP) there has turned some 15,000 money-laden men loose on Papeete since 1962, with promise of perhaps another 15,000 more to come. Tahiti cannot take the pressure.

Not surprisingly the influx first corrupted the free-swinging sexual attitudes of girls like Moana; such girls were the first things the furloughed men wanted. Said an 18-year-old friend of Moana's: "One reason girls here have always been so easy with themselves is, there was nowhere else for us to go so we all grew up with the notion, 'Stay here and enjoy life.' That meant free sex, among other things. But now there is money. With money we can go somewhere else. I am saving for that. I should like to go to Paris. Therefore, I am no longer so available. Hell, I shouldn't even be standing here talking to you unless you give me ten francs . . ."

A Papeete taxi man is upset by the change. "You outsiders call these islands the 'Last Paradise,' yes? Well, it's on its last legs. I think our **wahines** could survive anything white men bring—disease, whiskey, jet planes—anything but this dirty money. Before your eyes, if you watch, you will see that young girl over there become an old whore."

She did. Standing before Quinn's Bar, she was sniffing a frangipani blossom, leaning gracefully against a wall. Gaugin painted women such as she.

Then two French sailors passed. Her mouth grinned without mirth. The blossom was cast into the street. There was verbal sparring. The girl snapped her fingers impatiently, saying, "No pay in advance, no pom-pom, sailor."

Some Tahitian officials feel the only solution to relieve the pressure is legal brothels. It has been proposed in the Tahitian Assembly that such brothels be stocked with prostitutes imported from France.

Whether this is practical or not, the matter is possibly already out of their hands. The Marseilles vice syndicates have already looked the place over. It is said several houses will be opened quietly this summer, even without legislative approval. If they do, there are those who say the last paradise is then indeed lost. They would be the first brothels in Polynesian history.

CASH AND CARRY—A Chicago vending machine company was startled recently by a sudden \$1,000-2,000 weekly loss in coins. It was finally determined that they were vanishing somewhere between the room where women rolled them in paper wrappers, and the bank. The female investigator who eventually broke the mystery was redfaced when she reported her findings. "A roll of quarters can easily be inserted into vaginal passages," she said. "Just how the coins are being smuggled out then should not be too difficult to imagine . . ."

A New York electroplating firm discovered the loss of some \$1,500 in gold each month despite normal security measures and careful process control. A detective posing as an employee discovered how it was done one day when an employee removed his belt. Each morning the man was dropping his metal buckle into the plating tank and keeping it there all day to pick up a thick coat of gold. Then at night he was putting it back on his belt and simply walking out past company guards with it holding up his pants. At home he deplated the buckle in his cellar and later sold the metal on the black market to jewelers . . .

A chemist employed by one drug company applied for the research director's post of another firm. When he arrived for his first interview he brought the formula



and manufacturing process for a new birth control pill the new firm was trying to perfect. He got the job . . .

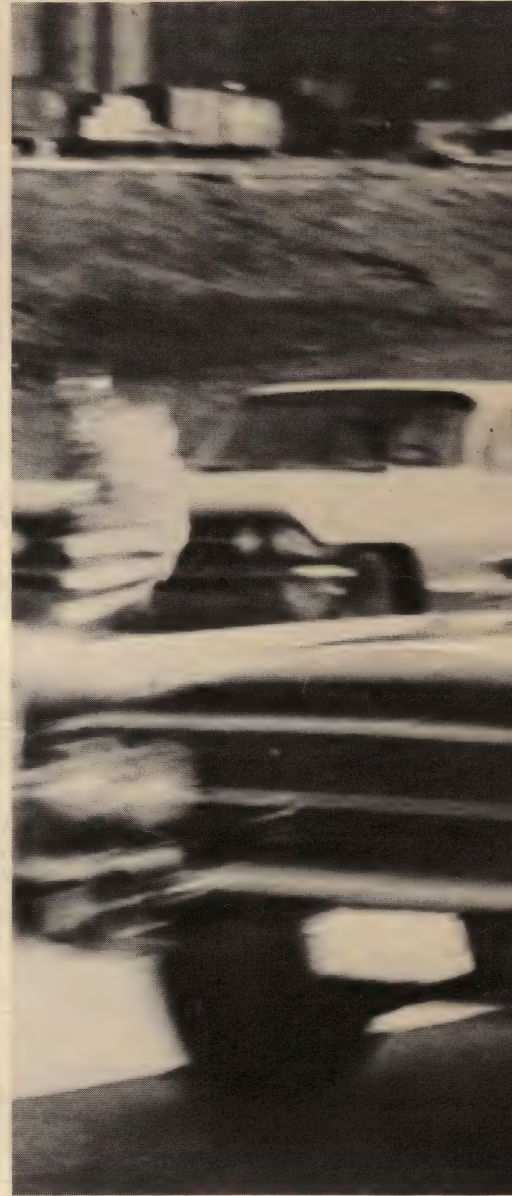
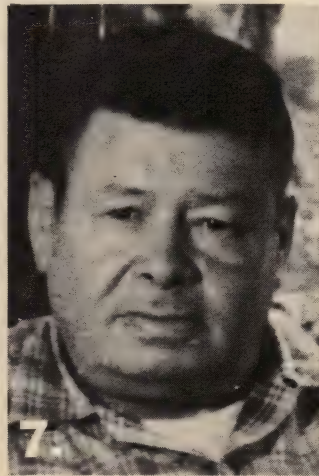
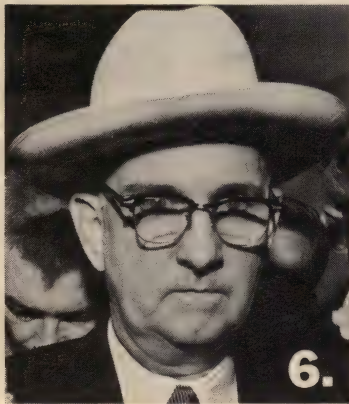
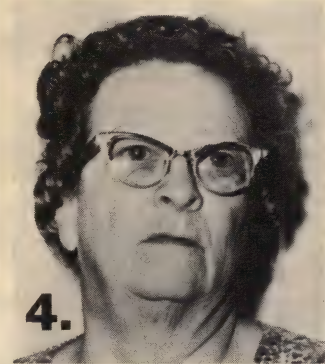
Industrial pilferage is nothing new. It is worth looking at again, however, because in the past decade the state of the art has become as sophisticated as a Willy Sutton bank job. Pilferage is no longer a matter of tucking a ream of stationery into a handbag or "borrowing" machine shop tools. Industrial theft now includes actual cash, things easily converted to cash, or negotiable company secrets, as illustrated by the three examples above.

Plant and office larceny just ten years ago was measured in millions annually and was fought with a handful of private guards who were usually retired policemen.

But last year . . . Last year U.S. business lost \$2 billion in stolen goods and another \$2 billion in stolen information. Added to this are policing costs, still another \$2 billion for security measures including an army of some 200,000 guards now mustering nationwide at 200,000 men. The country's two largest industrial security firms, Pinkerton's, Inc., and Burns International Detective Agency, see no reformation in sight. "I regret to say it, but we are a nation of thieves," comments a 25-year veteran of the plant security wars.

Says one shoe plant security chief: "The ancient Romans had the only really tight plant security system on their galley ships, but we can't use it . . . it's against the law to chain people to their oars for life."

STRANGE CURSE of the



by GREGORY PATRICK

- 1.** Lee Harvey Oswald, according to Warren Commission Report, "acting alone" killed the President. Conspiracy theorists don't buy that; to them, the "curse" is not coincidence but proof that Oswald was (a) not guilty or (b) had help.
- 2.** Jack Ruby, Dallas nightclub owner who fired the shot that killed Oswald, died in police custody of cancer.
- 3.** Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, who interviewed Ruby, was found dead of "acute barbiturate, alcohol intoxication."
- 4.** Oswald's landlady, Mrs. Earlene Roberts, a Warren Commission witness, died Jan. 9, 1966 of a heart attack.
- 5.** A brain hemorrhage killed David Ferrie, one of New Orleans D.A. Jim Garrison's prime "plot" suspects.
- 6.** Tom Howard, Ruby's friend and his lawyer during first days after arrest, died of a heart attack. He was 48.
- 7.** Dallas cabbie William Whaley, who picked up Oswald after assassination, was killed in a head-on collision.

JFK ASSASSINATION



First, saddest chapter in "jinx" story was written Nov. 22, 1963, as limousine carrying fatally-wounded John Kennedy raced for hospital.

Twelve persons who had some information about the death of the President, Officer J. D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald have been killed or committed suicide or otherwise died "suddenly"—and strangely. Who'll be No. 13?

HE was found dead in his bed, naked under a sheet, a litter of pill bottles surrounding him. The deep red wig and eyebrows, glued to his hairless head, made him look even more macabre in death than in life.

He was David Ferrie, a commercial pilot, who just four days before had acknowledged that he was being investigated by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in connection with the assassination of John F. Kennedy. At that time he was quoted as saying the whole thing was a "big joke. Supposedly, I have been pegged as the getaway pilot in the elaborate plot to kill Kennedy."

A note found on the dining room table in Ferrie's apartment read:

"To leave this life is, for me, a sweet prospect. I find nothing in it that is desirable, and on the other hand, everything that is loathsome." *(Continued on page 48)*

Most of the states that have abolished capital punishment have had no sudden outbreak of violent crimes--as had been feared. THE LAW THAT STILL ALLOWS THE DEATH PENALTY FOR THE KILLING OF A POLICE OFFICER WILL NO DOUBT CONTINUE TO STAND--AND WOULD MEET POWERFUL OPPOSITION BY CRIME PREVENTION PEOPLE ACROSS THE COUNTRY IF ANYONE TRIED TO CHANGE IT . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

A POLL OF MILLIONAIRES INDICATED THAT THEY ARE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THEIR DRIVING EXPENSES (J. Paul Getty, world's richest, pointed out that a single bad spark plug can add \$36.40 to yearly fuel bill) AND TO A MAN OPPOSE THE TIPPING OF GASOLINE ATTENDANTS AT FUEL STATIONS . . .

Las Vegas hotels haven't decided what to do about rolls of the dice that get "thrown off" by nearby underground nuclear tests that rock the tables and have wiped out more



ATOMIC ROLL

than one streak of good luck . . .

Although it's illegal to do so, collecting "shiny stones" or diamonds is practiced by almost everyone who lives along the coast of South-West Africa. THEY CAN BE PICKED OFF THE LOCAL BEACHES JUST AS EASILY AS ONE PICKS SHELLS OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST BEACHES OF THE U.S., AND MANY FORTUNES HAVE BEEN MADE BY PRACTICING THIS ILLEGAL HOBBY . . .

The greatest annual loss by a single corporation was the \$143,203,459 dropped by the General Dynamics Corporation in 1961 . . .

THE AVERAGE COST OF A DAY IN AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL IS \$57.93, UP FROM \$36.83 FIVE YEARS AGO. AND FIVE YEARS FROM NOW, THE COST IS EXPECTED TO JUMP TO \$96.38 . . .

RED WORLD

THE RUSSIAN SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT AIRLINER WILL DO 1500 MPH (AS WILL THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN ENTRIES INTO THIS FIELD) BUT WILL

CARRY FEWER PASSENGERS AND--STRANGELY ENOUGH FOR THE RUSSIANS--WILL PUT THE EMPHASIS ON JAZZY SERVICE, FOOD, COMFORT, ETC. The Reds may make it by 1969, and there is a fear in Washington that this will beat out the first Yank supersonic liner . . .

Russians have revived their local face-slapping contests. Villagers--who've nursed long grudges against one another--let off steam by taking turns slapping each other's faces with open palm. These bouts often go on for a day and a half . . .

Russians seem to suffer from hemorrhoids more than people of other countries . . .

As to which Germany has made greater strides since 1945, there really isn't much of a contest: THE WEST GERMANS BELT OUT FIVE TIMES AS MUCH ELECTRIC POWER AS THE EAST, PRODUCE 25 TIMES AS MANY AUTOS, SIX TIMES AS MUCH CEMENT AND NINE TIMES AS MANY HOUSING UNITS . . .

Pentagon not really that impressed by the fact that Russia hasn't sent any volunteers to aid the North Viets. The Soviets have very few, if any, troops who are skilled in jungle fighting, simple as that . . .

SOME EVERYDAY FACTS ABOUT RED CHINA: The number zero seven gets you the correct time on the telephone; champagne (imported) is the only good booze in the country; the stores are open on Sunday; most cabbies are women; there's a telephone in every hotel room; it's easier to see a homosexual show than it is to find a "girlie" show . . .



HARD TO FIND

INSIDE FOR MEN

One of the nastiest rackets on the West Coast is the selling of individual contraceptive pills to young high school girls--by hustlers--with the pitch that the single pills will guarantee them "one safe night" . . .



MOP AND BROOM PLAYMATE

CATCHING ON, IN SAN FRANCISCO AND OTHER COASTAL CITIES--IS THE "CLEANING GIRL HOOKER." GIRL CLEANS A BACHELOR'S PAD ONCE A WEEK--AND ALSO HOPS INTO THE SACK WITH HIM BEFORE SHE CHECKS OUT . . .

Sex researchers now claim that there really isn't much more sexual intercourse going on around high schools and colleges than in previous years; the difference is that when a young girl has relations with a boy friend, she comes out of the experience feeling less guilty . . .

Real warfare among New York City's hustlers--for control of choice midtown streets, now that police seem to have relaxed the muscle on the girls and the town is more or less "open." GIRLS ARE OUT IN PACKS AND THERE HAVE BEEN DOZENS OF BRAWLS BETWEEN THEM TO SEE WHICH ONE GETS THE JOHNS . . .

A POLL OF NUDISTS INDICATED THAT THE FREQUENCY OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE JUMPED AS MUCH AS 25% SINCE THEY JOINED THE BARE LIFE . . . Generally speaking, women have no trouble at all getting into nudist colonies--but men, especially bachelors, must give references, have character analyses and generally go on waiting lists . . .

GONORRHEA NOW RANKS AS THE LEADING BACTERIAL INFECTION AMONG ADULTS--and the very fact that antibiotics can cure it so easily leads people to take it lightly, which can be a deadly mistake . . .

NEW FOR MEN

A cheap car key holder that makes it impossible for you to turn off the ignition and leave the key (half the 500,000 cars stolen last year were driven away by the thief after a turn of the owner's key, left in the ignition) . . .

A PLASTIC VINYL COCOON-LIKE GARMENT--LIKE THE PILOT'S "G-SUIT"--WHICH IS DESIGNED TO SQUEEZE LIFE INTO VICTIMS OF SHOCK AND PERSONS WITH VERY LOW BLOOD PRESSURE. WILL DOUBTLESS BECOME A FIXTURE IN AMBULANCES AND HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOMS . . .

An insecticide "strip" that protects against flies and mosquitoes for up to three months--with no need for constant spraying . . .

A TEN-BUCK GADGET THAT RECHARGES BATTERIES IN ONLY 15 MINUTES--INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 16 HOURS . . .

A metal bowling pin that sounds like wood when hit. It's designed to overcome the noise and bounce problems you generally get with metal pins . . .

A MAN'S CAR

It's really only something called "trace impurities" that makes one engine oil better than another--and these impurities are only measurable by using an atomic reactor to make them radioactive . . .

ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND SPEEDY WAYS TO SELL A CAR PRIVATELY IS TO PUT A SIGN IN THE WINDOW; IT'S FREE AND YOU'LL GET ALL THE REPLIES YOU WANT IF YOU'RE ACCUSTOMED TO PARKING ON BUSY STREETS . . .

When a trucker blinks his lights at another trucker, approaching from the opposite direction, VERY OFTEN HE IS WARNING HIM OF A SPEED TRAP OR RADAR CHECKING APPARATUS OPERATING UP AHEAD. He may also be warning him that a spot-check weighing operation is ahead and he'd be better off ducking onto a small trunk road . . .

EUROPEAN SMALL CARS HAVING A TOUGH TIME MEETING THE GOVERNMENT'S TOUGHER SAFETY STANDARDS AND SOME, AS A RESULT, WON'T BE SOLD HERE ANYMORE. MANY HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE RUPTURE-PROOF FUEL TANK, ALSO THE



IMPORTED DEATH

LOADING REQUIREMENTS . . .

The chances are that radial-ply tires will be standard equipment on four out of ten cars by 1970, insuring longer life, greater strength, better fuel economy, surer handling, improved traction and braking and higher speed capacity . . .

THINKING SUDDENLY SEEMS TO BE AWAY FROM ELECTRIC CARS--AND ON TO A PISTON ENGINE THAT WOULD EMIT NO MORE HARMFUL EXHAUST EMISSIONS THAN IF IT WERE AN ELECTRIC . . .

Another possibility is the car with both battery and piston engine power--the battery for city use, the gas engine for highway operation . . .



COMPULSIVE PICK-UPS

Continued from page 15

ignorance that serves to trigger their unbridled responses. In other cases, organic causes may readily be responsible for the compulsions they find almost incapable to master."

As to the unusual varying factors involved, a case in point would be that of Laura P., a pretty 24-year-old secretary who sought professional help for her pressing problem. Although she projects a shy rather than aggressive impression, Laura's compulsive pattern demands that "danger" be a principle ingredient in her sexual encounters since without this element she finds neither stimulation nor interest. During taped sessions with her therapist, Laura was confronted with probing, mind-searching questions. A segment from one such early taping period follows:

When you say, "danger," Laura, what do you mean exactly?

Well, I don't mean physical danger. What I mean is the danger of risk or exposure. You see, sex under normal conditions, that is, in an apartment or even a motel, doesn't even begin to excite me. It's only when this other element has been added, this danger I speak of, that I begin to feel any kind of excitement.

Can you be more explicit?

Maybe it would be easier if I told you about one incident.

Fine.

It was at a house party last winter. It was a mixed group, singles and marrieds, but there was this one guy, one of the marrieds who really went for me. I could tell it when he danced with me, and then at one point he asked me if I'd make a date with him for some night during the week. I told him no, but I guess I did keep him dangling, just to see how far he was willing to go. He'd follow me out to the kitchen and I'd let him kiss me on the neck and touch me some. Actually, it didn't do a thing to me, but I could tell it was getting him. That's when I told him to meet me upstairs in one of the empty bedrooms.

Exactly why?

To see if he'd take the dare, I suppose. If he didn't it would've ended right then and there for me.

And what did he do?

HE followed me to the bedroom a few minutes later. The lights weren't on, of course, and I let him kiss me and do some more feeling. He asked me for a date again, but I turned him down. That's when I told it to him straight, that I would do it with him, but that it would have to be right then and there, with his wife and everyone downstairs.

What was his reaction?

I could hear him let out this funny gasp of surprise, and that's when the whole thing became exciting to me. You know, when this danger element I'm talking about began to enter the picture. Anyway, he still tried to get me elsewhere and suggested that we sneak out to his car that was parked around the corner. But I kept telling him no, that it would be on my terms or else. In fact, I insisted that he agree. Either that or I'd

walk right out on him. That settled it. He was nervous all right, but too far gone to pull back anymore. That's when we switched to the bed. It was loaded with coats, but he piled them up on one end to make room. That's when the excitement really builds for me. I mean, there we were, doing this intimate thing, and all the while we could hear the hi-fi from downstairs, and the voices.

You say your excitement began to build, but wasn't there fear, too? Fear of being discovered?

Exactly. Only in my case the two seem to go together. In some morbid kind of way this fear seems to build my excitement. I certainly don't want to be discovered, but the danger that I *might* be the compelling thing. That's why I find myself taking such crazy chances. It's a compulsion I want to control, and without this element of danger I'd find sex a meaningless and empty experience.

Fortunately, in Laura's case, help was possible through psychotherapy, but this is by no means always possible. In the case of many compulsive pick-up types, the underlying motives behind their strange behavior will remain hidden despite deep analytic probes; in other instances the subject may be either unwilling or incapable of making the necessary adjustments.

To illustrate, there is the case of Nancy R., a vivacious 25-year-old suburbanite from New York's Westchester county. Married at 23 to a young lawyer, the first year of their marriage seemed reasonably normal, but during the second year Nancy displayed a growing restlessness toward hearth and home. On occasion Nancy would take a night off, supposedly with some girl friends, but they were really solo binges with pick-ups tagged in various motel cocktail lounges. Becoming suspicious, her husband tailed her one night and soon learned the truth.

"I guess I'm just not a one-man woman," she told her husband. "I need change often, a different pace, something you alone can't give me."

She offered him a divorce, but he still loved her enough to try to work it out somehow, even if it meant on her terms. She did have terms, and they were more than harsh.

"I want two nights a week on my own," she told him, "and no questions asked about where I've been and what I've done. I know that's asking for a lot, but if you try fencing me in, our marriage won't last anyway. I can't help it," she ended on a pleading, almost desperate note, "I can't control my body. I'm ashamed afterwards, but I do it all the same."

Naturally, things didn't work out. After a bit, the twice weekly jaunt became three. Worse yet, there were occasions when she didn't get home until morning. The payoff came late one night when police awoke the husband. His wife had been found unconscious in a remote lovers' lane, her almost nude body covered with numerous bruises. The assailant or assailants were never caught. After a

month in a hospital, Nancy returned to her husband's house, but not for long. A week later, he found her gone, her clothes cleared out and a note telling him to go ahead with a divorce.

"I'll never be able to kick this habit," the note concluded. "It's better this way."

There was one final communication from Nancy about four months later—a postcard from California. "Nothing's changed," was the brief message above her scrawled signature.

According to many medical authorities, frigidity in the female is a common cause for the unrestrained sex drive displayed by the compulsive pick-up. On the surface this may appear as a contradiction in terms. To most, the term "frigidity" implies withdrawal from sex, but actually this frequently isn't the case. In his book, *Neurotic Counterfeit Sex*, the eminent New York psychiatrist, Dr. Edmund Bergler, lists several types of female frigidity that disproves the withdrawal response completely. In fact, many frigid women may be classified as "oversexed," but with a deviating behavioral pattern from the norm. For example, *vaginal hypoaesthesia* is a type of frigidity in which the woman experiences a strong sense of excitement at the thought of coitus, but once in bed, and with the immediate prospect of the act being fulfilled, all interest and excitement vanish.

A CASE in point is that of Carol J., a 23-year-old divorcee whose unhappy marriage lasted less than eight months. An unusually stunning girl with a well-developed figure, Carol sought psychotherapeutic help during the emotional period following her divorce. In describing her own sexual nature, Carol freely admitted that she had often been called a "tease" and that it dated back to her adolescence. A sampling from one taped session follows:

Did the fact that your youthful dates labeled you a tease bother you?

Not so much at the start. In a way I felt it was a kind of accomplishment on my part. The fact that they could call me a tease implied that I had aroused them, and I suppose this appealed to my girlish ego. I guess it gave me a sense of power, and I kind of enjoyed wielding it.

This enjoyment you speak of. Was it limited only to your mind?

No. When I'd pet with a date there was this sense of accomplishment in knowing I could excite him, but I definitely felt physical excitement, too. In fact, if the boy was slow in doing things, I would make the first move. I'd put his hand on my leg, or put my hand inside his shirt. In a way, I was eager, but only up to a point.

What point?

The point when he'd expect me to do it. You know, go all the way. That's when I'd suddenly call it quits and he'd end up calling me a tease.

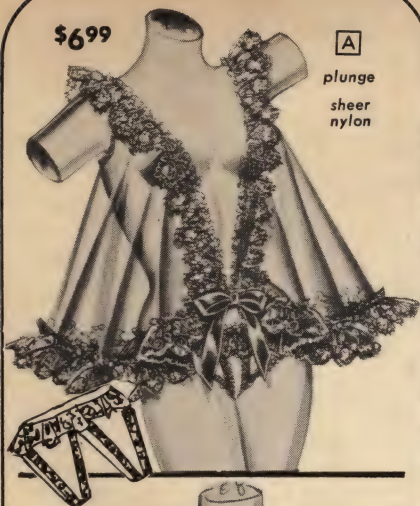
I see. And did you quit because you thought that going all the way would be immoral? Not the right thing for you to do?

That's what I'd tell the boy, but it wasn't the real reason. That's the strange part of it. I would have this growing excitement, but the second I faced the moment of truth, I'd just go cold. Not only was the excitement gone, but I'd make him stop touching me and insist that he take me home.

During further sessions, Carol told her therapist that as she grew older, this "hot" and "cold" attitude continued to

(Continued on page 46)

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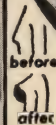
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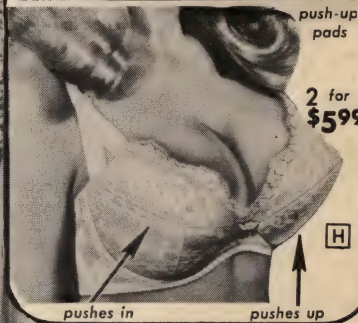


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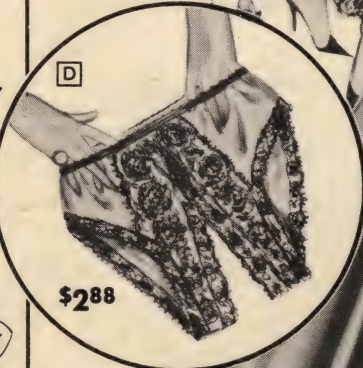


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increase. In what amounted to a compulsion she could scarcely control, she would keep dating different men, even casual pick-ups, in the hope that some man would in some way help her surmount this hurdle. In fact, it was this motivation that pushed her into a marriage she never should have entered. Somehow, she thought that the marriage bed would accomplish what she had failed to experience to date. Her description of this brief frustrating period is revealing.

Did you have hopes that the marriage would somehow work?

Extremely so. I looked forward to it. I guess I was praying for a miracle, and I guess that's what made this disappointment the most frustrating of all.

How?

Pure and simple, our honeymoon turned out to be a horror. I'd feel this growing excitement, so much that I could hardly stand it, but when we'd go to the bed, I could feel myself turning off. Once that happened, I wouldn't let my husband touch me. After three nights of this, when he threatened to walk out, I simply let myself get plastered. We were together, somehow, but I passed out along the way. He was thoroughly disgusted, and I certainly didn't blame him.

Although women with Carol's problem can be helped at times through analysis, a different situation is posed by those women who suffer from what is medically described as *facultative frigidity*. Unlike Carol who will back away from a sexual encounter at the crucial moment, the facultative frigid woman can experience full coitus with certain men, but only under special, neurotic conditions. Understandably, because of her need to seek out these "preferred" conditions, the facultative frigid woman will frequently display compulsive tendencies in her intensive search to fulfill her specialized needs.

In certain instances women in this category have been known to engage in coitus only on the back seats of cars because they're incapable of being sexually aroused elsewhere. Others, on the other hand, will seek out specific male types with unashamed frankness. In a recent sex behavioral study on the west coast, one such woman confessed a passion for underweight men with beards.

"The more helpless they look," she told her interviewer, "the greater my arousal. Don't ask me why, but they're the only ones who can turn me on and

keep me turned on. I'll take this type home with me on a moment's notice. Even right off the street."

Another subject, this time an attractive photographer's model, admitted that the only way she could engage in sex was in the shower. "It's kooky," she admitted, "but beds leave me cold. Just the sound of the water brings on the excitement. Sure it's neurotic, but I've stopped trying to fight it."

With the facultative frigid woman, however, the accompanying compulsions may frequently take an ironic turn. To illustrate, there is the case of Denise R., a 26-year-old, New York-based computer programmer. In a sense, Denise is that rare combination of beauty and brains who finds it impossible to have sex with her intellectual peers. Here again, the tape recorder has perceptively captured Denise's probing search to bring meaning and purpose to a sexual response she may never fully understand.

Can you account in any way for your stated inability to find sexual gratification with men from your own intellectual circle?

I CAN'T be sure, of course, but I think it has something to do with the fact that I find things of the mind and things of the body completely incompatible. In fact, the more I respect a man's mind, the less interest I have in him physically. The very thought of having sex with this kind of man is something I don't even care to think about anymore.

But you do have preferences? A certain particular type?

Definitely.

Would you be explicit, please.

Well, to put it bluntly, I'd guess you'd call them earthy types. You know, uncomplicated brawny Joes who act rather than try thinking their way through a situation. I'm speaking of construction workers, truckers, stevedores—men with strong, willing backs. In other words, they're as far removed from the intellectual world as people can be. Anyway, with the intellect factor nonexistent I feel released, totally uninhibited. With this kind of man I can really give full play to my bodily needs.

And how did you discover that this type of man satisfied your needs?

Actually by chance. Would you be interested in hearing how?

Very much.

First off, it happened in France, a few summers back while I was doing some

graduate work in Paris. Anyway, one week, just to break the grind, I took a trip to Marseilles on my own. I don't really remember the cafe where we met, but he was a big husky giant, a young dock-walloper from one of the nearby shipyards. I guess a girl alone in one of those places invites this sort of thing, but he just drew up a chair and ordered lunch and wine for both of us. He didn't speak English, of course, but we managed with my fractured French. I guess I should say that until now my sexual experiences with men of my own circle had been totally disastrous, and I had just about given up on the whole idea. Anyway, without realizing it, I was at the brink of my moment of truth.

It happened that suddenly?

Dramatically so. When lunch was over, he didn't really ask me, but pretty much insisted that I go back with him to his place. Frankly, this take-charge approach was new to me and I went along mostly out of curiosity. He had a two-room deal, about five steep flights up. By the time we reached the third landing I was winded, but when I stopped to catch my breath, he just scooped me off my feet and carried me the rest of the way. I guess I shouted at him to put me down, but he laughed it off. The next thing I heard was the door slamming shut behind us, and then he simply upended me onto this big lumpy bed. There I was, still bouncing, my skirt practically over my head when he laughingly grabbed me in this powerful bear hug. It was really a point of no return.

Did you submit immediately? Without any real protest?

There really wasn't a chance to protest. Maybe I did during those first few moments, but then I found myself caught up in it. Something I had never known before. He had callused hands, and though they felt rough on my body I found it a very powerful stimulant. Of course, I expected the excitement to drop off the way it always did in the past with me, but this was different. It continued to build like it never did before and it didn't stop, not even when it finally happened. From this point he could do as he pleased with me as far as I was concerned, and he pretty much did.

According to Denise's further statements, she spent a week at the man's place, literally hungering for every moment they could spend together.

"It was a shattering experience," is the way she described it, "a kind of revelation. We were from different worlds, really, separated by a language barrier and intellectually miles apart. Still, there was this ability to meet on this physical level, and I knew it provided the answer to my particular specialized needs."

Now, some two years later, Denise confides that she continues to seek out this type of lover. It presents a risk, going to the bars and neighborhoods these men frequent, but she finds little in the way of choice.

For the compulsive pick-up, whether her problem stems from an organic disorder, a psychological hang-up, or if it be the product of early sex fears and ignorance, the end results remain pretty much the same. Frustrated on the one hand, and continually driven on the other, she lives in a shadow world of her own making, drifting from one man's bed to the next in a search for what may readily be unattainable.

The regrettable part is that where most of us can be selective in these matters," says one authority, "they can't. They have been denied the usual choices, and this is the tragic difference." ◆◆◆



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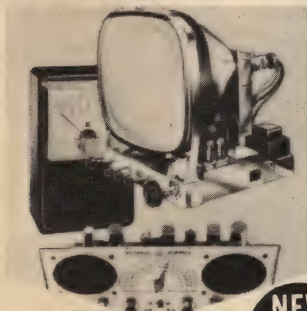
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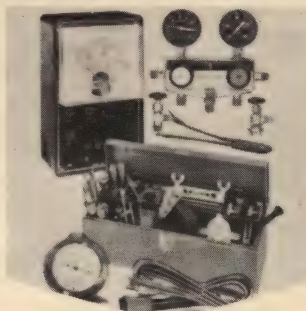
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JFK CURSE

Continued from page 41

At first, District Attorney Garrison thought Ferrie had probably committed suicide, but later investigation by the coroner led to the ruling that Ferrie had died of a brain hemorrhage. Garrison said that the dead man was "one of history's most important individuals" and that his office had planned to arrest him early the next week. "Apparently, we waited too long."

So David Ferrie joined those others who had some information about the death of John Kennedy, Officer J.D. Tippit or Lee Harvey Oswald, and who died suddenly. Twelve such persons have been murdered, committed suicide or died in strange circumstances since that fateful day in Dallas. This fact has led to talk of the Kennedy "curse" or the Kennedy "jinx" like the strange deaths that came to those who opened King Tut's tomb or owned the Hope Diamond.

The leading spokesman of the Kennedy curse theory is a smalltown editor from Texas, Penn Jones, Jr. Jones has spent thousands of hours since the assassination knocking on doors, asking questions, reading the Warren Report and generally turning himself into a walking encyclopedia on the entire tragedy. He has come up with some startling facts.

One of Jones' strangest revelations has to do with a meeting held in Jack Ruby's apartment Sunday evening, November 24, 1963, the day Ruby had shot Oswald in the basement of the Dallas police station. Three of those present at that meeting—Jim Koethe, a Dallas reporter; Bill Hunter a Long Beach, California, reporter; and Tom Howard, a Dallas lawyer—have died in strange circumstances, two violently. The other two who attended that meeting, George Senator, Ruby's roommate at the time, and Dallas attorney Jim Martin, are still alive.

Jim Koethe was found wrapped in a blanket on the floor of his apartment September 21, 1964. The cause of death was asphyxiation from a broken bone at the base of the neck, perhaps the result of a karate chop. The apartment had been ransacked and among the things missing were notes on a book that Koethe was writing, with two other reporters, on the assassination.

LATER, an ex-convict, Larry Reno, was arrested trying to sell Koethe's personal effects and held for murder. One of his lawyers was Jim Martin, who had been present at the meeting in Ruby's apartment. The grand jury chose not to indict Reno, but he remained in jail until January, 1965. Within a month of his release, he was rearrested for a hotel robbery, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment.

The second man at that meeting to die violently was Bill Hunter of the Long Beach Press Telegram. He was sitting in the press room of the Long Beach police building when two policemen going off duty came into the room. A shot from the pistol of one of the cops, at a range of "more than three feet," hit Hunter in the heart. The policeman changed his story saying first he had dropped the gun and it fired, admitting finally that he

was clowning around—playing cops-and-robbers—when the gun went off. He was convicted of involuntary manslaughter and his sentence suspended.

The third member at that meeting in Ruby's apartment to be touched by the so-called Kennedy curse was rough-and-tumble defense attorney Tom Howard. Howard, like Jack Ruby, was a police buff. He knew the seamier side of Dallas life and was an old friend of Ruby's. As a matter of fact, during the first days of Ruby's imprisonment, Howard was Jack's chief spokesman.

On March 27, 1965, Howard was taken to the hospital by a friend. There he died. No autopsy was made on the hard-living 48-year-old lawyer. Death was said to have been the result of a heart attack. Several of Howard's friends have said, too, that for three days before his death the attorney had seemed unusually subdued and uncommunicative.

Earlene Roberts, the heavyset widow who managed the rooming house where Lee Harvey Oswald stayed, was an important witness before the Warren Commission. She testified that around 1:00 P.M., on November 22, Oswald returned to his room, zipped on a lightweight jacket and walked to a nearby bus stop. She also said that during the time Oswald was in his room, a police car with two uniformed cops pulled in front of the house, tooted the horn and then left. A few minutes later, so did Lee Harvey Oswald.

The Dallas police reported that all police cars in the area, except Officer Tippit's, were accounted for. When Mrs. Roberts clung to her original testimony that a police car had pulled up to the house while Oswald was inside, she was subjected to constant police visits.

Mrs. Roberts, still sticking to her testimony, complained to relatives of "being worried to death" by police and lost several housekeeping and nursing jobs. On January 9, 1966, she died in Parkland Hospital, of a heart attack.

Two days before he was found dead amid the shattered glass of a department store window in Pensacola, Florida, his throat slit, Hank Killam had spoken to his brother, Earl. Earl said the six-foot-three, 250-pound housepainter told him: "I'm a dead man. I've run as far as I'm going to run."

Hank Killam's wife, Wanda, worked at Jack Ruby's club. The couple were also friends of John Carter, who lived at Mrs. A.C. Johnson's rooming house at the same time as Lee Harvey Oswald. Not too close a link to the major figures of the Kennedy assassination, but still Hank Killam was constantly quizzed by what Penn Jones, Jr., the Texas editor, called "federal agents."

At any rate, he lost several jobs and left Dallas for Florida. Killam was staying at his mother's home when, according to what she told the Pensacola News-Journal, at 4:00 A.M. the morning of March 17, 1964, he received a telephone call. Hank Killam dressed and left. His mother says she heard a car drive off, though her son did not own one. About a half hour later, two streetsweepers heard a

loud crash in the downtown business district and saw a man staggering in front of a shattered plate glass window.

Killam was dead by the time he reached the hospital. The coroner's report showed there was only one cut on his body: a long three-inch deep one over the lower left side of the neck. Police listed the cause of death as apparent suicide, but as his brother Earl said, when the case was reopened: "Did you ever hear of a man committing suicide by jumping through a plate glass window?"

Killam's widow agreed with her brother-in-law that her husband wouldn't have committed suicide. Wanda Killam also said that he had been questioned several times by Federal Investigators, although a check of the index to the Warren Commission Report doesn't list anyone named Killam.

A POLICE matron found Nancy Jane Mooney hanged in her prison cell, a suicide. She had taken off her treader pants, wrapped one leg around her neck, the other around the top of her cell and stepped to her death. Was Nancy Jane Mooney still another victim of the Kennedy assassination jinx or, as some conspiracy theorists claim, did she know too much.

Nancy comes into the story through Warren Reynolds, a Dallas used car lot owner who saw a man fleeing after the murder of Officer Tippit on November 22, 1963. He wasn't interviewed by the FBI, however, until over two months later. The FBI report read that Reynolds would "hesitate to definitely identify Oswald as the individual he saw fleeing."

Two days after he was questioned, Reynolds was shot in the head while closing up his car lot. Fortunately, the shot wasn't fatal. Whatever the motive, it wasn't robbery. Nothing was taken. Later, Reynolds told the Warren Commission that he was sure the man he had seen fleeing after Officer Tippit's murder was Oswald.

An ex-convict was arrested in connection with the Reynold's shooting, but he had an alibi for the night: Nancy Jane Mooney, who had been a stripper at Jack Ruby's *Carousel Club*. Nancy, mother of four children, was picked up by police about a week later for battling with a girl friend over a man. The girl friend went free, but Nancy was hustled off to the Dallas pokey. Two hours later, she was dead.

On December 18, 1966, on a bridge over the Trinity River, William Whaley became the first Dallas cabbie to be killed on duty since 1937. He also happened to be the cab driver who picked up Lee Harvey Oswald after the assassination and drove him, for a dollar, from the Greyhound bus station to the intersection of Beckley and Neches. There is a little confusion on whether Whaley later identified Oswald in a police lineup.

In the fatal accident, which was a head-on collision, Whaley's passenger was critically injured, the driver of the other car killed. Whaley had been with the local cab company since 1936, and had a perfect driving record before he ran into the Kennedy curse.

In February, 1964, Eddy Benavides was shot in the back of the head in a Dallas beer joint. He was a look-alike for his brother, Domingo, who witnessed the killing of Officer Tippit. Domingo Benavides, a slim, dark-haired auto mechanic, said that he had got a good look at the killer. He never was taken to see Oswald in the police lineup, although he did test-

(Continued on page 50)

**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD —
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
— and finally released to the public!**

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week, month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$16 a month, up to 50 gallons of gas each month, without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to \$200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL!** Sound strange? Not really here's why: I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it an **UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPED!

they report "savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found: **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .



HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that **PROVE** you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. **NOW** you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN

15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW! Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC. Dept. 622
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Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car _____ Year _____

NAME _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car _____ Year _____
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LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!



"It looks like the work of 'Near-sighted Sam'!"

(Continued from page 48)

ify that the killer looked like newspaper pictures of Oswald. His description though was a little different:

"I remember the back of his head seemed like his hairline sort of went down and squared off and made his head look flat in back." Domingo claims that he has been asked not to talk about what he saw that fateful day.

Domingo Benavides' father-in-law felt the police too quickly closed the case on Eddy as "unsolved," and launched his own investigation. His theory: Eddy had been shot because he was mistaken for his brother. Two weeks later, the father-in-law was shot at in his home. The assailant fled in a car parked in a nearby driveway and has never been found. Both Domingo and his father-in-law are convinced that this was a warning—that Eddy's death was in some way tied up with Domingo's witnessing the Tippit slaying.

Even the most rapid conspiracy theorist seldom try to make a case for the idea that the death of columnist Dorothy Kilgallen had anything to do with the assassination of President Kennedy. But did she run afoul of the Kennedy curse? She was the only correspondent to privately interview Jack Ruby after he shot Oswald, and several times she told friends that she would try to find out the truth about the assassination if it took her whole life. One of the big scoops of her career was when she got hold of the testimony of Jack Ruby before the Warren Commission and ran it ahead of time in the now defunct *New York Journal-American*.

The celebrated newswoman died on November 8, 1965. Cause of death was given as "acute barbiturate and alcohol intoxication, circumstances undetermined." The medical examiner said that although there was not enough alcohol or barbiturates alone to have caused death, together the two could combine to kill. Once again the long arm of the Kennedy curse seems to have stretched out to kill.

The testimony of Lee Bowers, a towerman for the Union Terminal Company, was as intriguing as any heard by the Warren Commission. At the time of the assassination, he was stationed in his 14-foot-high tower directly behind the grassy knoll west of the Texas School

Book Depository. In front of him was a parking lot, then a wooden fence, then a row of trees running across the top of the grassy knoll. Police had cut off traffic into the parking area and Bowers testified that "anyone moving around could actually be observed."

Bowers said that he saw three unfamiliar cars slowly cruising the parking area in the 35 minutes before the assassination. Two of the cars left within a few minutes. The driver of the second car, according to Bowers, appeared to be talking into "a mike or a telephone. . . He was holding something up to his mouth with one hand and he was driving with the other." Bowers also said he saw a mud-splattered car with out-of-state plates in the area and described all cars and their occupants in detail.

Bowers testified that he saw two men standing on the edge of the parking lot on top of the knoll: "one man, middle-aged or slightly older, fairly heavyset, in a white shirt, fairly dark trousers. Another younger man, about mid-twenties, in either a plaid shirt or jacket." They were the only strangers he remembered seeing.

WHEN he heard the shots, Bowers looked toward where he had seen the two men. He saw "some commotion . . . something out of the ordinary, a sort of milling around . . . which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify." Then he saw a motorcycle policeman leave the motorcade, roar up, dismount, then remount and drive off. Later he said what he saw may have been a "flash of light or smoke." He was one of 65 known witnesses to the assassination of President Kennedy who thought shots were fired from the grassy knoll.

Bowers was driving south from Dallas on business the morning of August 9, 1966. His new car suddenly swerved and smashed into a bridge abutment. A farmer who witnessed the crash said Bowers was going about 50 miles an hour. There were no skid marks. Lee Bowers, 41, died of his injuries at 1:00 P.M. in a Dallas hospital. A doctor who rode in the ambulance was quoted by Penn Jones, Jr., as saying Bowers "was in a strange state of shock. A different kind of shock than an accident victim experiences. I can't explain it. I've never seen anything like it."

So the deaths marked by the assassina-

tion curse mount up. Jack Ruby, dead of cancer while in Police custody. James Worrell, who allegedly saw someone run out of the back of the Texas School Book Depository, killed suddenly in a motorcycle crash.

Then on March 30, 1967, a Delta jet airliner crashes into a motel on the outskirts of New Orleans International Airport, killing nine visiting school girls. Nine passengers and crew aboard the plane also died, among them George Piazza II, the copilot. Piazza was also a lawyer. He was attorney for James Lewallen who has been questioned several times by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in his investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy. Mr. Lewallen was once a roommate of David Ferrie, the red-wigged "conspirator" pilot named by a New Orleans Grand Jury, who died of a brain hemorrhage. Even the staid *New York Times* pointed this out, adding another piece to the eerie puzzle of the strange Kennedy curse.

Of course, many observers pooh-pooh the whole thing, seeing nothing more than coincidence in the deaths of so many who figured, often only peripherally, in the events of the assassination.

White House correspondent Charles Roberts marshals several facts that he feels rip any conspiracy theory to shreds. He points out that Earlene Roberts, who managed Oswald's boarding house, was 60 years old and in poor health. He asks why the death of cab driver William Whaley would seem mysterious to anyone. The driver of the other car involved in the collision—an 83-year-old man—also died. Roberts wonders if this man was supposed to be some sort of octogenarian "kamikazi," who presumably took Whaley to his death with him for the good of the conspiracy. He also points out that Hank Killam, who crashed through the plate glass window, was found with his wallet and diamond ring missing, and some lawmen figure he may have been a robbery victim.

Still, even if one doesn't hold with any conspiracy theory concerning the assassination (though over half the American people feel, according to a Gallup Poll, that the Warren Commission did not tell the full story) there seems no doubt that as the months and years go on, we will hear of more deaths attributed to the assassination jinx.

Perhaps it is only because all those connected with that tragic day in Dallas will always be under the magnifying glass of conspiracy theorists or scoop-hunting newsmen.

Perhaps it is all part of the tragedy that has always dogged the Kennedy family—that Clan noted for both fabulous good fortune and tragic bad luck.

The eldest Kennedy son, Joseph, Jr., was killed, in 1944, as a WW II pilot when his B-24 exploded over Europe on a top-secret mission.

His sister Kathleen was killed in a small plane crash in 1948 in France.

Robert Kennedy's brother-in-law George Skakel, Jr., died last September in a plane crash in Idaho. His widow, Patricia Skakel, died May 19, 1967, after a piece of meat lodged in her throat while she was dining with her three children.

Senator Ted Kennedy narrowly escaped death in an air crash, in 1964, and spent almost a year recovering from his back injuries.

And then, of course, there was that sad day in the hot Texas sun when John Kennedy fell before an assassin's bullet . . . to give the legend of the Kennedy jinx its most tragic chapter. ♦♦♦

How to get into

One of today's hottest money-making fields —servicing 2-way radios!

More than 5 million two-way transmitters have skyrocketed the demand for service men and field, system, and R&D engineers. Topnotch licensed experts can earn \$12,000 a year or more. You can be your own boss, build your own company. And you don't need a college education to break in.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to start collecting your share of the big money being made in electronics today? To start earning \$5 to \$7 an hour...\$200 to \$300 a week...\$10,000 to \$15,000 a year?

Your best bet today, especially if you don't have a college education, is probably in the field of two-way radio.

Two-way radio is booming. Today there are more than five million two-way transmitters for police cars, fire trucks, taxis, planes, etc. and Citizen's Band uses—and the number is growing at the rate of 80,000 new transmitters per month.

This wildfire boom presents a solid gold opportunity for trained two-way radio service experts. Many of them are earning \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year more than the average radio-TV repair man.

Why You'll Earn Top Pay

One reason is that the U.S. Government doesn't permit anyone to service two-way radio systems unless he is licensed by the FCC (Federal Communications Commission). And there simply aren't enough licensed electronics experts to go around.

Another reason two-way radio men earn so much more than radio-TV service men is that they are needed more often and more desperately. A two-way radio user *must* keep those transmitters operating at all times, and *must* have them checked at regular intervals by licensed personnel to meet FCC requirements.

This means that the licensed experts can "write their own ticket" when it comes to earnings. Some work by the hour and usually charge at least \$5.00 per hour, \$7.50 on evenings and Sundays, plus travel expenses. Others charge each customer a monthly retainer fee, such as \$20 a month for a base station and \$7.50 for each mobile station. A survey showed that one man can easily maintain at least 15 base stations and 85 mobiles. This would add up to at least \$12,000 a year.

Be Your Own Boss

There are other advantages too. You can become your own boss—work by yourself or gradually build your own fully staffed service company. Instead of being chained to a workbench, machine or desk, you'll move around, see lots of action, rub shoulders with important police and fire officials and business executives who depend on two-way radio for their daily operations.

How to Get Started

How do you break into the ranks of the big-money earners in two-way radio? This is probably the best way:



He's flying high. Before he got his CIE training and FCC License, Ed Dulaney's only professional skill was as a commercial pilot engaged in crop dusting. Today he has his own two-way radio company, with seven full-time employees. "I am much better off financially, and really enjoy my work," he says. "I found my electronics lessons thorough and easy to understand. The CIE course was the best investment I ever made."

1. Without quitting your present job, learn enough about electronics fundamentals to pass the Government FCC Exam and get your FCC License.
2. Then get a job in a two-way radio service shop and "learn the ropes" of the business. All CIE students can use our free employment service.
3. As soon as you've earned a reputation as an expert, there are several ways you can go. You can move *out* and start signing up and servicing your own customers. You might become a franchised service representative of a big manufacturer and then start getting into two-way radio sales, where one sales contract might net you \$5,000. Or you may be invited to move *up* into a high-prestige salaried job with one of the major manufacturers.

The first step—mastering the fundamentals of electronics in your spare time and getting an FCC License—can be easier than you think.

Cleveland Institute of Electronics has been successfully teaching electronics by mail for over thirty years. Right at home, in your spare time, you learn electronics step by step. Our AUTO-PROGRAMMED™ lessons and coaching by expert instructors make everything clear and easy, even for men who thought they were "poor learners." You'll learn not only the fundamentals that apply to all electronics design and servicing, but also the specific procedures for installing, troubleshooting, and maintaining two-way mobile equipment.

Get Your FCC License... or Your Money Back!

By the time you've finished your CIE course, you'll be able to pass the FCC License Exam with ease. Better than nine out of ten CIE-

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THE LONDON STRIPTEASE SCENE—What went on in a strip club in London brought out a philosophical debate by the defense attorneys as to what the average man considers indecent when it comes to a female shedding her clothes. Tipped off about the show at the club in question, a police-



man and policewoman stationed themselves inside and reported the following: A girl was announced, and the 200-odd men began to cheer, shout "Get 'em off," some even standing on the tables. After dancing a while, the girl stripped off her dress and sat down to take off her stockings. Then, as she twirled around the room, she slipped down the front of her panties, revealing a fur-covered G-string. After brushing up close to some of the ring-siders, she left—to be followed by a girl who did her strip by permitting men in the audience to pull lace bows that undid her outergarments. When she was nude except for her G-string, the police described what happened next in "closed session." While the judge ruled that the girls' performances were "indecent exhibitions," defense lodged these protests: "If you think the ordinary man would be horrified by a woman stripping off, in my submission he is not an ordinary man." Going on to cite the mini-skirts and daring movies as proof that our attitudes toward sex are changing, the defense entered a statement by the owner of the club. "I am against complete strip because showing all the complete female figure is indecent. I gave instructions that all artists must remain wearing G-strings." In fact, the gentleman had the following sign posted backstage. "Girls please note. Very important. Strip only to

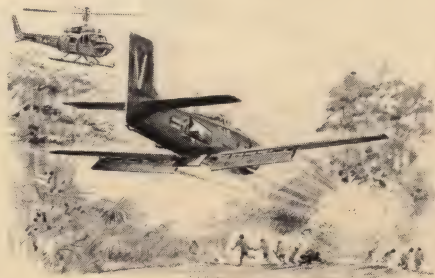
G-string. When stripped don't come into contact with the audience." Result: the owner was let off; girls fined 10 pounds each.



FISH STORY ABOUT BEER AND WINE—For that peaceful, tranquil feeling—stick to beer, wine or cognac, rather than the more potent alcoholic products. This truism has been pinned down, finally, by researchers who've discovered that they all contain something called ellagic acid. Ellagic acid is also found in hulls of black walnuts, cashew nuts and some plants. Evidently, Ozark fishermen knew all about this from the time they first began fishing in their well-stocked streams. It still is a profitable technique to drop bags of walnut hulls into the water, wait for the acid to tranquilize the fish, then catch them as they float lazily to the surface.



SMELLING OUT VIETCONG—Deodorant manufacturers could have a field day with the latest gadget developed for jungle warfare in Vietnam. Working on the theory that men who do heavy physical labor—especially in the jungles—sweat, U.S. Chemical Warfare geniuses have come up with a method of detecting enemy soldiers hiding in the thick foliage. By placing the sensitive gizmo in a helicopter, then sending the aircraft over the suspected area, the odor of any Cong GIs would register immediately. Instead of sending in patrols—exposing them to possible death—combat commanders could send up the "sniffers" to pinpoint the exact locations of their unseen foe. But, to get back to the deodorant manufacturers—what a TV commercial they could come up with now!



NO PLACE TO HIDE—In case you feel that you can move to a tornado free area of this country—forget it. Last year, seven states were lucky enough to steer clear of the violent blast of nature, but tornadoes have



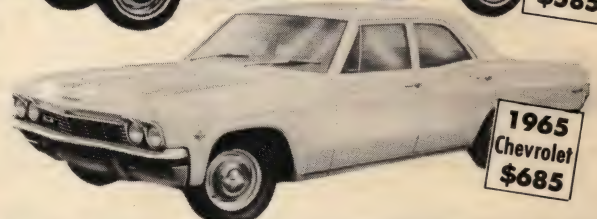
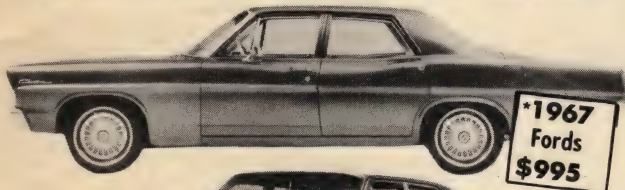
been known to strike everywhere—even densely peopled places like New York, Pennsylvania and California have been slammed around. Product of air masses on collision course, a tornado whips itself up into an average of about a quarter of a mile wide path of destructive winds blowing at about 300 miles an hour. Most common target of this terror from the skies is "Tornado Alley"—the Plains section of the United States that has been racked up by the black funnels with awesome regularity.



STRICTLY A BUSINESS DEAL—POW! BAM! CRUNCH!—First he was stripped naked and forced into a chair. Then he was beaten on the head and feet with clubs and strips of metal. Next a pair of pliers was produced and the victim's gums were ripped and teeth crunched. Flogging with a rope was followed by running an electric heater slowly up and down his entire body. That was the story that unfolded in one of the most bizarre cases ever to hit any court of law. The victim claimed that the defendant, his wife and seven other men—in an effort to gain control of his business—actually put him through several hours of the tortures described above. Not even the Mafia at its worst has moved in with such vicious determination to take over.

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HOT WEEKEND FOR AL'S WIFE

Continued from page 31

the muffled beat easily, her soft pliant flesh pressuring gently against him.

"You've been avoiding the party," she finally said. "Don't you like my friends?"

"It's nothing like that," he replied. "I only came out for a bit of air and a smoke."

"You're a liar, Jerry," she laughed, "but not an ugly liar. There's a difference, you know."

He didn't reply and she remained silent, but when the music stopped she continued to remain close, her hand still on his shoulder.

"All right," she finally said. "You need not spell it out. But I've been watching you, Jerry. I can't read your thoughts and maybe I shouldn't even try, but I know you object to me. Why?"

There were a couple of things he could have said, but he found himself blocking the impulse and reaching for a fresh cigarette instead.

"Okay," she smiled. "I can take a hint." Reaching out she gave his hand a light pat. "Enjoy your smoke," she whispered, "and thanks for the dance."

Jerry remained on the patio after she had left, taking long thoughtful drags on his cigarette and wondering why the hell he'd become involved for the weekend in the first place. When he had rolled into Chicago from L.A. a week ago, it was in the midst of a sweltering heat wave and his intentions were only to stay a few days before heading for a new job in New York, but then nostalgia overcame better judgment and he had put the call through to Al. It had been five years since they had seen each other, and the gesture was mostly for old time's sake.

They had grown up in the city together, gone to the same college in Wisconsin and afterward had shared a small apartment in Chi for a year while breaking into their respective careers, Al in insurance, his own in journalism. But it was during the second year that Al made his move up the ladder with his firm, and it was around here that they drifted apart. They were opposites really; Al ambitious, a bit of a blowhard and aggressively competitive, whereas his own nature was to flow with the tide rather than push against it.

All the same, Jerry had put the call through to Al's office. Through mutual friends he had learned of Al's marriage some two years back, and though he intended to do little more than offer his congratulations, Al wouldn't leave it at that.

"What the hell do you mean, you're just passing through!" he boomed. "You are not leaving town without meeting Elaine, and you're damn well going to spend the weekend with us. Meanwhile, shake the lead out and meet me at the office. We'll have lunch and a few belts. We've got five years to catch up on."

At lunch, Al did most of the talking. He had fleshed out, but the old aggressive drive was still there, bigger than ever, with material success the overriding theme. The whole thing had a bad smell, Jerry thought, but twice during the meal,

and again over a final drink, when he tried backing out of the weekend invitation, Al wouldn't hear of it.

"Knock it off, Buddy," Al chuckled as he wrote out the road directions. "Besides, wait'll you see the place. It's a little over an hour's drive up, but we're right on the edge of a lake and there's an honest to goodness woods. Here," he said, handing over the scrap of paper. "Make it Friday afternoon, the earlier the better, and don't forget the old swim trunks."

The house turned out to be everything Al had hinted at, a lavish California style split-level facing a tree-shaded lake. But the real surprise was Elaine. A solid knockout, she was waiting with Al when Jerry got out of his car.

"Hi," she said simply, her dark eyes flashing up at him. "Glad you could make it."

She was wearing a pair of Bermuda shorts and an extremely snug-fitting sleeveless pullover that stretched tautly across the twin cones of her breast. For an uncontrollable instant Jerry couldn't help staring, and when he shifted back to her face her eyes met his in a cool, appraising glance. It made for an awkward moment, but Al never seemed to notice.

"C'mon, Jerry," he said. "Let me show you the place."

Elaine joined them in the brief tour, and the first stop was at the double garage where they glanced in at the gleaming Mercedes-Benz and its companion piece, a sleek, canary-yellow Thunderbird. Moving from here, they went to the lake and examined Al's latest acquisition, a spanking white, 22-foot cabin cruiser that bobbed gently alongside the small dock.

"It takes more than peanuts to run this show," Al chuckled, "but you know me ol' buddy. What Al wants, Al gets." He flashed a lewd wink in Elaine's direction. "Ain't that the truth, hon?"

"The truth," she echoed, her tone bitingly sarcastic. "And what Al gets, Al really deserves."

"How about that?" Al said as she cut away from the path and headed back toward the house. "She's fast on the uptake. Real fast."

Jerry nodded, his eyes focusing on Elaine's long, stunning legs. The poor sonofabitch, he thought. She gives him a put-down and he doesn't even realize it.

During dinner Al continued to run off at the mouth, and it wasn't long before Jerry had the uncomfortable feeling that he'd been invited up only to provide Al with an opportunity to crow over his triumphs. By comparison, his own career, a succession of newspaper rewrite jobs, paled considerably alongside Al's solid accomplishments. But Elaine seemed genuinely interested in the year he spent in Tokyo working for an over-sea's wire service. On the other hand, Al found reasons to knock it.

"Just a waste of time," he snapped, "but that's your problem ol' buddy. You move around too much. Don't give your-

self a chance to strike roots." He turned to Elaine. "Am I right, baby?"

She made a sound, half sigh, half grudging assent. "Right Al," she asserted flatly. "Right as rain."

There was quite a bit of steady drinking all around on the patio after dinner and, while Al rambled on, recounting one lengthy business deal after another, Jerry noted that Elaine's eyes frequently drifted his way. She sat at an angle to him, her trim legs casually crossed, a cigarette in one hand, drink in the other, and paying no real attention to her husband's stories. At times, when her eyes met Jerry's, she'd flash a brief smile. There wasn't anything he cared to read into it. In fact, he resisted the idea completely. But it was along around ten, when the phone rang and Al left to answer it, that Jerry had his first inkling.

"I COULD be a little tight," Elaine began, "but I want to apologize for Al. I mean the way he goes on and all. Of course, everyone gets pretty much the same treatment. You know, how he clawed his way upwards and onwards, with no help from anyone. Only I think he's been snowing you under more than most. Sure he makes out great, but there are ways of doing things, and—well, anyway, I wanted you to know how I felt."

She paused, but Jerry thought it would be wiser to remain silent, so he just shrugged. That's when she leaned forward and placed her hand on his arm.

"You're okay, Jerry," she said simply. "You strike me as a whole man, if that makes any sense. She gave a little giggle, then let her hand drop when she heard Al coming back.

"Maybe I *am* a little tight, Jerry," she admitted. "Maybe you'd better not hold me to anything I've said."

When he turned in about an hour later, Jerry mulled the package over. If things weren't quite out of hand yet, there was a hint that they might be soon, and this was the last thing he wanted. He'd have to play it carefully, he decided, stay out of Elaine's way. For one thing, there was too much tempting body involved, and though the girl was no tramp there was a smoldering quality about her, a banked down fire underneath he preferred not to stir up. More so, there were things a guy just didn't do, and that was to beat a man's time with his wife, especially a friend's wife, and under his own roof. Having come to these conclusions, and the fact that the weekend was already one-third over with, Jerry reached out and flicked off the lamp. Sleep came easily.

Breakfast was uncomplicated except for Al's thumbnail lecture centering around more of his successes to date. It was pompous, overbearing and stifling, but Jerry managed to remain noncommittal except for some occasional grunts.

"You can do it, too, buddy," Al said by way of summing up, "but you'll have to get rid of your old bag of bad habits. Like I said last night, you've got to cut out the drift and give yourself some goals. Once you've learned to stick things through, you've got a fighting chance." He made a sweeping gesture that included everything in the room, including Elaine. "In fact, with the right approach and plenty of hard work you could end up snatching the whole bundle, same as me."

For a brief moment Jerry caught the significant glance Elaine shot his way.

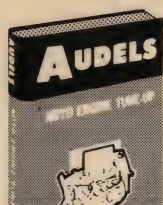
Good God, he thought, how the poor bastard carries on.

(Continued on page 56)

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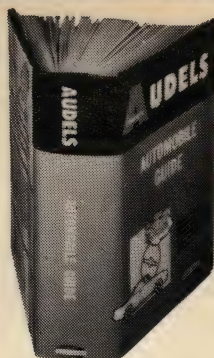
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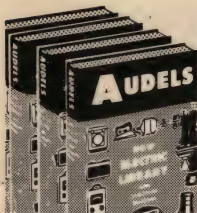
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Around mid-morning, with Al tied up with a string of business calls, Jerry ducked out for a dip in the lake. He was glad to get off by himself, and after a half-hour of splashing around he headed back for shore. Moments after he got out and scooped up his towel, he heard Elaine call. She sat on a bright plaid beach blanket, her long, shapely legs tucked up under her chin. She wore a skimpy bikini and, for the moment, probably because of the position of her legs, she gave the appearance of being nude.

"Why didn't you tell someone where you were going?" Elaine asked when he joined her.

She smiled to show she wasn't really put out, and then patted the blanket. When he dropped down beside her, her eyes went serious.

"About last night," she said. "I know I must have been tight, because I could tell by the size of my head when I woke up." She paused briefly. "Did I say something I shouldn't have?" she continued in a cautious tone. "I mean, anything that might have embarrassed you?"

When Jerry shook his head, she seemed relieved. Grinning, she tossed him a bottle of sun-tan lotion. "The back's a tough place to reach. You mind?"

Without waiting for an answer, she rolled over on her stomach, her long legs straight out with her thighs barely touching. The sight brought a clutch of muscular tension, and as he cautiously applied the lotion he felt the tremor of involuntary tendons beneath his finger tips. For a moment he hesitated, but then he slowly continued to work the thick, creamy substance across her shoulder blades and down.

Gradually, as he stroked the smooth flesh, she made a slight murmuring sound, her legs spreading slightly, while her body, almost on its own accord, moved naturally to his touch.

She rolled over slowly and looked up at him, her dark eyes staring into his. The tie back of her bikini had worked loose, revealing the full swell of one tender breast.

As he reached for his towel, her hand closed over his. "I know what you're thinking," she said, "but I'm not all that bad." She shook her head as she groped for the words. "It isn't easy to explain, but living with him isn't a simple matter. It's more than I'd want to talk about, but when it goes on day after day it has a way of piling up."

"Then why don't you cut out?" he demanded.

HE could feel the irritation in his voice, but now that it was out in the open he saw no reason to hedge. "You could have quit last year, a month ago, last week, today, or any tomorrow. But you can't, and it isn't because there's a gun in your back either." Snatching up his towel he waved in the direction of the house, then jerked his thumb in the direction of the cabin cruiser. "Your problem is that you want it your way, up and down, coming and going. You like what his money buys, but you can do without the rest. All you want to do is lick the frosting off the cake."

He was breathing a bit heavy now, and he felt kind of foolish. "I'm sorry," he said lamely. "It was stupid of me to blow off."

About half-way back to the house, he turned around. She sat facing the lake, her body motionless. I'm a goddam idiot, he thought. Only it didn't make him feel any better.

That evening some friends were invited over. They were three married couples, neighbors, and in a way Jerry felt relieved by their presence. Elaine was sleek perfection in her white slacks and abbreviated blouse, and he appreciated the fact that she made no direct reference to what happened down at the lake. He

danced with her twice, and by the way she moved he knew she couldn't really be angry.

Around midnight a light snack was served, and it was around here that Jerry cut away to the patio for a reflective smoke. The fact that Elaine had joined him soon afterward confirmed his feelings that the spinoff was still to come.

Just one day left, he thought, but he knew it wasn't going to be easy. Snubbing out his cigarette, he flicked the smoldering butt into the dark, summer night.

The party didn't break up until after two, and he found it hard falling asleep. When he finally did, he dreamt he was back at the lake, sharing the blanket with Elaine as he massaged her back. The sensation of her body moving under his hand was shockingly real, and when he awoke abruptly bright sunlight was streaming into the room.

Breakfast was unhurried, with Elaine playing it cool. Just a bit too cool, Jerry decided. She scarcely looked at him, but her hostess gown with its plunging neckline gave him something to think about. As Jerry gulped at his toast and eggs, Al rattled on as usual, delivering endless comments on the importance of far-sighted goals, company loyalty and the wages of success.

Maybe he's lucky at that, Jerry thought as he drained the last of his coffee. What he doesn't know may not hurt him.

For the rest of the morning Al continued to dominate the conversation. Elaine made a point of keeping to herself. Lunch was a quickie, and then Jerry excused himself on the pretense of having to get his car greased and oiled before starting back. Actually, he figured it would be best all around if he made himself as scarce as he could for the few hours that remained.

He managed to kill about two hours just driving around the countryside, and when he got back to the house he found Al asleep on the sofa and Elaine nowhere in sight. The house was unusually quiet, and under the circumstances he picked up and headed for the lake. Strolling out to the dock he paused to stare at the cabin cruiser, then boarded her out of curiosity.

Below deck was neat and trim, the main cabin fitted out with a pair of comfortable bunks. He sat down and lit a cigarette. As he inhaled deeply he heard the hollow rap of Elaine's high heel against the dock's weathered planks. He felt his stomach muscles tighten as she came aboard, but he managed to go loose just before she appeared in the companionway.

"I saw you from the house," she said simply, "and I wanted this last chance to talk."

He couldn't help noticing her striped shorts and matching halter that exposed several inches of smooth, tanned midriff. As she stood there on the steps leading down into the small cabin, he had a fleeting image of Al snoring blissfully on the sofa. Oddly enough, it was as though she had read his thoughts.

"You know Al really envies you," she said, "despite every cutting remark he may make. He calls you a drifter, but he doesn't have your kind of guts. The fact that you can and do walk away from the things he values most rubs him the wrong way, and hard." She shrugged. "You know Al's a phony, and so do I. Only with me it's different. I know it only the way a woman can know."

She looked at him calmly, her eyes wide and steady. "He provides well, maybe too well, but when it comes to what matters to a woman, Jerry, he's bloodless. He's yet to make me feel like a real

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woman. He just wouldn't know how. . ."

Jerry started to speak, to apologize again for his blow-up at the lake. He stopped in mid-sentence. Elaine, reaching behind her, unhooked the halter and tossed it to him. He caught it, rising slowly to his feet.

He swallowed hard, her perfumed scent filling his nostrils as she moved down the cabin steps. She came close to him, placed her hands on his arms. Without trying to fight it, he felt her hunger rapidly becoming his own. Instinctively, he slid his hands around her waist, sensing the smooth, slightly moist flesh beneath his fingertips. She kissed him searchingly, her thighs gradually bracing against his. When they parted, she peeled off her shorts quickly, but without panic. Fully naked, she passed her hands lightly across her flaring hips before turning toward one of the bunks. He could feel his hands tugging at his clothes, and when he joined her on the bunk, lowered his body to meet hers, a soft cry rose in her throat.

She masked nothing, her hunger feeding her passion and expressing itself in successive waves of sound and motion. Caught up and swept forward, their movements soared, ebbed, then finally blended with the gentle rocking of the boat. . .

Afterward she lay with her head against his shoulder, her long hair dampened by the effort, her eyes closed but her expression serenely relaxed. For a long while they didn't speak, and then they smoked in silence. When he finally glanced at his watch, she smiled. "It's all right," she whispered. "Al won't stir until dinner time."

Reaching up, her arms encircled his neck. Only a corner of the sheet lay draped across her upper thighs, and when he swept it aside she rolled against him. This time he took her more gently, but with authority, and it was as right as before.

THEY left the boat together, her hand in his. About halfway back to the house, where the view was screened by a cluster of trees, she turned and faced him.

"I'm not a tramp, really," she said, "but in a way I'm something of a phony. You were right about what you said at the lake yesterday. I like the big house, the clothes, the boat; licking the frosting off the cake as you put it. But if I do cut out someday, find the courage, it'll be because of you."

Reaching up, she kissed him on the mouth, then headed for the house alone.

He watched her go, puffing thoughtfully on his cigarette. For a split second he wondered if others had gone the same route before him, then angrily dismissed the thought.

Dammit, he thought. Who the hell am I to sit in judgment of anyone.

When he got to the house Al showed signs of stirring. There was talk of dinner, but Jerry wanted no part of it. He was glad when Elaine made no attempt to make him stay on. A half hour later, his bag in the car, he said good-by.

"Knock 'em dead in New York," Al boomed, a thick arm clamped possessively around Elaine's shoulder. "And remember, buddy, this time stick with it. You don't want to be a loser all your life."

Jerry noted the fleeting smile that crossed Elaine's lips, then reached for Al's hand. "Thanks," he said simply. "I'll try to keep your advice in mind."

When he drove off he saw Al wave. He really wanted to wave back, but finding it impossible he simply stepped on the gas. ♦♦♦



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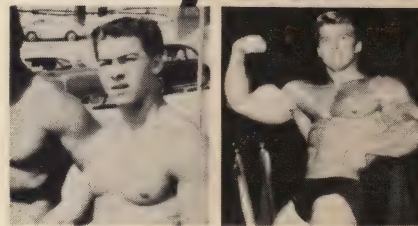
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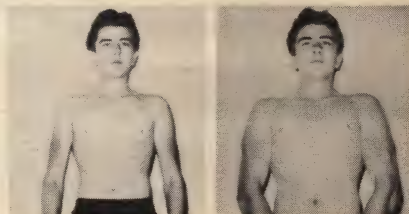
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I enclose \$..... in full payment for the plan I have checked. PLEASE RUSH!

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PRISON BREAKS

Continued from page 25

In Wichita Falls, Texas, a prisoner charged with burglary and robbery picked up a broom, did janitor duties to the jail-house door, and then walked away.

In the same city, another burglary suspect escaped from the county jail by stripping off all his clothes, lathering himself from head to foot with liquid soap, then slithering through the food serving hole in his cell.

The warden of Sutter County Jail, in California, sent a 46-year-old inmate (doing nine months for failure to support his family) to hide eggs for a community Easter egg hunt. The inmate stayed away for over three weeks. When the law caught up with him—in Tulare—he told deputies: "When I was hiding those eggs, I got to thinking about my own kids and just had to go and see them."

Shortly after ten men made a mass escape from the Lucas County jail in Toledo, Ohio, someone telephoned and asked: "Sheriff, has they caught any of us boys yet?"

In Baltimore, a roving prisoner explained his long absence from his cell in Maryland Penitentiary this way: He had fallen off a truck while working as a trusty outside the prison walls, and had not telephoned during his 76 days of freedom because he didn't have a dime.

An inmate of the State Prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut, made a scaling hook in a prison shop on the sly. One midnight he went over the wall . . . undetected. Being a good son, the escaper wished to share the happy word of his "coming out" with his mother, so he phoned her in Ozone Park, Long Island. How did she take the news? She told the cops where he was hiding and he was soon back "inside."

A mechanic serving time in a Belgian jail was put to work fixing the prison director's car. After completing the job, he requested permission to "check it out." He got it, but a guard was sent along for the ride. The jailbird knocked out the guard, pushed him out of the car, abandoned the vehicle and flew the coop.

The longest recorded escape from prison is that of Leroy Dunlap, sentenced to death in Ohio, in 1920, for his part in a holdup in which a man was killed. He broke out of prison and was not recaptured until October, 1964—44 years later.

When the warden of Brazil's Porte Alegre prison was fired from his job, he was understandably upset—but he shouldn't have let his anger get the best of him. On his last day at his post, he let out all the inmates. Police finally rounded them all up—with the number of jailbirds increased by one: the former warden.

One Ronald Sheldon, 26, should have been content to serve out his prison sentence in Lancaster, England. Instead, he escaped from his cell, and was struck and killed by an express train while making his way through the unfamiliar countryside.

In Delta, Colorado, a 24-year-old inmate sawed a hole in his cell door and took off. He was recaptured and put in the same cell—refurnished with a new steel plate welded to the door. But that didn't throw him. He used a 50-pound ball chained to his leg to knock out the steel plate, used the plate to break the chain, and escaped again—via the very same route.

Police in Bristol, England, got a call from a woman who asked if her husband had been released from jail. "He just sent word he wants his bicycle." They checked, found the man's cell empty, managed to retrieve him two hours later while he was still on foot.

AN inmate at the Reidsville, Georgia, state prison wrote to an Atlanta store for some "nice clothes" and enclosed a check. The order was promptly filled. A few days later, both the prisoner and the clothes were missing—and the check had bounced.

At Michigan State Prison, an inmate got stuck in a hole he had broken through an 18-inch brick wall in the dormitory where he was housed with sixty other men. So firmly was he wedged that it was hours before prison officials could work him loose.

Guards pulled a slick trick when a prisoner trying to escape from the Catlettsburg, Kentucky, city jail got caught—naked—in a narrow passageway between the wall and an iron cage. They made a bucket of soap suds, greased the trapped man, and with a mighty tug, hauled him out and returned him to his cell.

"Let us bow our heads and pray," intoned the Statesboro, Georgia, prison chaplain. The inmates and guards bowed their heads—all except two guys, one a lifer, who ducked out on the services and fled in a truck.

When a former inmate "got religion" all of a sudden, at Farmington, New Mexico, the sheriff got suspicious. The man showed up at prison church services five days after he was released. Deputies checked, found four hacksaw blades he had slipped into hymn books to help other prisoners bust out.

Two "boarders" at Eastern State Correctional Institution, Pennsylvania, hid in stinking 55-gallon waste drums on a truck and rode through the prison gates. They'd

actually made it as far as town, when the driver of the truck suspected his load was something more than he'd bargained for. By chance, a police car had been following the truck. The driver called on the cops, who flushed the malodorous convicts out.

The warden of the Windham, Maine, men's reformatory was guiding a visiting women's group around the institution. He pointed to a window and told the ladies: "Now there's where some of our men have managed to escape." As he spoke, he glanced outside—and saw two guys in prison clothes fleeing along the railroad tracks.

When a sheriff in Aztec, New Mexico, missed two prisoners, he peeked behind a big pinup hanging in their cell, found a 10-by 14-inch hole cut into the wall.

One of the coolest, yet simplest, escapes was pulled off by Francesco Boschi, who had skipped out of Italian prisons three times before in his career. When a group of attorneys was being guided through the Milan jail where Boschi was housed, he mingled with them, engaged one of the lawyers in a lively conversation, and walked unchallenged through the gate to freedom.

To speed their getaway, three convicts who had escaped from Colorado State Penitentiary stole a pickup truck. In Pueblo, Colorado, the truck was disabled in a collision with a car, and the three fugitives—shaken but uninjured—were quickly on their way back to jail. P.S. The car they'd crashed into was a police cruiser.

In a prison workshop in Britain, well-behaved inmates were allowed fifteen minutes after each day's work to make something for themselves. Three guys did just that. They fashioned keys to the important locks in the prison and let themselves out.

After robbing some of his fellow inmates in the Placer County Jail, Auburn, California, a prisoner took the sheriff's overcoat and .38 pistol, got into the deputy sheriff's pickup truck and drove away.

In Largo, Florida, a 44-year-old man escaped from Prison Camp 8515 with two of the camp's four bloodhounds, the camp car, the warden's pistol, shirt and pants.

In Lyon, France, a burglar escaped from his cell, took the warden's gun, all the prison cash, and locked the warden in a cell. (The warden's troubles didn't end there. After an investigation, he was suspended from his post.)

Salt Lake City convicts publishing the Utah State Prison newspaper changed the masthead listing of one of the editors after a breakout from "Editor in Chief" to "Editor at Large."

In England, it even seems to be easy to break into prison. In Liverpool, thieves scaled the 10-foot wall of Walton Prison, got inside without being detected, smashed a window and broke down a pair of three-inch-thick oak doors to get into the warden's office. There they cracked a safe, and left the prison without attracting the attention of 200 jailers or disturbing the sleep of 900 inmates.

In Greymouth, New Zealand, police who'd searched for two weeks for an escaped prisoner pulled back the covers

on a neatly made bed in his mother's home and found the man stuffed inside the mattress with just his head sticking out.

A search party that failed to turn up an escapee from a jail in Rhodesia got him back two days later, anyway—and he had his brother with him. The prisoner explained that he had just gone home to visit his folks, told them how nice it was in jail, and his brother had asked if he could come along.

In Oscala, Florida, a prisoner escaped from a work crew, but left a note saying he had "some business to attend to and would be back in a few weeks."

In Draper, Utah, the state prison got a long-distance phone call from a recent escapee who said he'd called "just to see how things are."

"This county needs a new jail worse than a dead man needs a coffin," a correspondent wrote the sheriff at Tusculumbia, Alabama. The fellow proved his point: by escaping from the jail for the second time in a month.

A London escapee really rubbed it in. Charles "Scarface" Parsons, who'd been serving an eight-year term for robbery, wrote to the jail superintendent that he was mailing back his prison clothes, because he had "no further use for them."

When Frank Mitchell, the so-called "Mad Axman of Broadmoor," made off from a maximum security prison, he kept up a steady stream of letters to newspapers—expressing regret that his absence "has caused certain people to think

badly of men like Mr. Roy Jenkins (the cabinet minister responsible for prisons)."

That a good education pays off was proved in the case of a prisoner locked up in Dallas, Texas, for forgery. After he was made a trusty in the records division, he juggled the dates on his own records to show that his term had begun three months before he was sentenced, gave himself 113 days credit for good behavior, and quite "legally" walked out a free man.

In Leeds, England, bobbies figured they'd have an easy time tracking a jail escapee who had a flag and an eagle tattooed on his left arm; a heart, a naked lady and the names "Rose" and "Ruth" on his right arm; a flag and an anchor on the back of his right hand—plus bluebirds on both thumbs.

IN Montville Connecticut an ex-inmate was arrested trying to break back into the county jail!

In Kentucky, an escapee caught two hours after he had fled a local jail told the cops straight-faced: "I got claustrophobia."

Unfortunately, not all prison breaks are bloodless. In an Illinois prison, six inmates plotting escape fashioned leather shears six inches long in a prison shop, honed them razor-sharp. When they were ready to make their move, they let a fellow inmate—a trusty with the run of the place—in on their plan, asked him to arrange appointments for them to see the deputy warden. The appointments, natur-

ally, were set up so all the escapers were on hand—in either the warden's outer or inner office—at the same time. Taking out their deadly, "homemade" weapons, the cons ordered the deputy warden to escort them outside, as their hostage. He refused, made a move as if reaching for his revolver in a drawer. The convicts didn't hesitate: they hacked him to death. When another deputy walked in on the scene, the prisoners pointed to the man they'd just killed, told the newcomer he'd get the same—if he didn't cooperate. The deputy watched them hide the dead man in a cell, then, as their hostage, led them out the gate to a waiting official car. After a wild ride, the escapees tied up the deputy and the driver of the car and separated. They were picked up one by one within days and returned to prison to be tried for the deputy warden's murder. An autopsy, meanwhile, revealed that their victim had suffered 57 stab wounds.

In another Illinois prison, three cons carefully made plans to break out, but authorities got wind of the plot and took precautions. Machine guns were set up just outside the wall and manned day and night. For a full week the guards waited. Then, at 3:00 A.M. one Sunday morning, while the warden was away, the break began. The guards, under command of a captain, allowed the three men to gain the top of the wall, then cut them to pieces with machine gun fire. Was such drastic action called for? It developed, during the investigation that followed, that the officer in charge had told his men "to shoot their heads off once they get up there," but hadn't really expected his order to be taken literally. ♦♦♦

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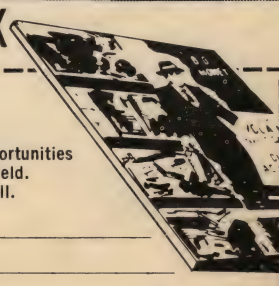
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JOHNNY MASTERS

Continued from page 17

The lieutenant looked up, saw another Marine officer standing only a few feet away. He didn't recognize the man, but when the officer began running in a zig-zag pattern toward a workshop van, he followed him.

"Huh!"

Masters heard the officer's exclamation a fraction of a second before he saw him tumble headfirst to the ground. Unable to check his speed in time, Masters tripped over the man's body and hit the ground hard. Twisting around to look at the other man, he saw that the Marine was past aid. Part of his head was shot away.

THE grass in front of Masters' head began falling, as if a lawnmower were passing over it. The "mower" was an enemy machine gun positioned about ten feet away. The lieutenant could make out the outline of the Cong operating the gun, but because of the bedlam, he couldn't hear the gun firing. Carefully pulling his .45 automatic along his side, he aimed through the grass toward the gunner and squeezed the trigger. The outline of the head disappeared. The grass stopped falling.

A loud bang to Masters' left, rising above the continuous uproar of the battle, drew his attention. It was the door of the nearby workshop van slamming hard against the side of the van as it was flung open. Two Marines leaped out of the van, landed on the ground running and dived into a foxhole a few yards to Masters' right. Immediately, they began firing at the black-clad VC near the flight line. Their presence boosted the lieutenant's morale. At least he wasn't alone.

Three VC suddenly rose from cover near the flight line and raced toward a helicopter. Before Masters or the two newcomers in the foxhole could draw a bead on the trio, the guerrillas tossed satchel charges at the chopper and turned to escape the blast. The sky suddenly turned as bright as day as the chopper exploded. Bits of burning debris landed on Masters, and he frantically brushed them off. Other flaming pieces landed on nearby planes on the flight line and set them burning.

Masters could hear the VC babbling in their high-pitched voices as they moved toward the other aircraft parked on the flight line. They sounded like children—cruel, vicious children—and he crouched lower to the ground. Suddenly, as the main group of guerrillas came into view, the lieutenant saw that there were three distinct units of attackers. The main unit was spearheading the advance onto the flight line and was well-organized and well-armed. He estimated there were about a hundred VC in this group. Coming toward the planes from other directions were two more units of guerrillas, but they were scattered and confused.

If we could stop that spearhead we

might turn them back, Masters thought. If not, the Cong would destroy every American aircraft on the field in their surprise attack, then move on to the big field at Danang. It could be the worst disaster for U.S. forces in the entire Vietnam war.

Glancing at the two Marines in the foxhole near him, Masters shook his head. Three Marines against a hundred Cong wasn't good odds. Not at night, anyway, despite the historic Marine spirit. Even when a fourth Marine suddenly appeared and joined the battle, the odds were still impossible.

The airfield was a whirlpool of milling, confused American troops. Behind him, Masters could hear the shouts of Marines who were trying to discover what was going on in the darkness. Some of the men were still under the impression that the fires were the result of an accident on the flight line and were hurrying in that direction, unaware that they were racing into an ambush. The Leathernecks who did realize the VC were attacking fired at anything that moved, taking no chances on waiting to identify a shadow. There was no organized defense, no plan, no plugging the hole through which the enemy guerrillas poured on their route to the aircraft.

The main VC assault group edged towards the hardstands. Masters and the three other Marines in the area took potshots at them, but it was obvious that these only irritated the VC and barely slowed them down. Masters considered moving closer to the enemy, so he could get off some better shots. But there was little cover. His mind was suddenly made up for him as a large thump nearby warned him that an enemy mortar was getting close. He jumped to his feet, started running.

He had raced only a few steps when a siren began screaming, adding to the nightmarish bedlam. A pair of searchlight beams suddenly penetrated the darkness and focused on a burning helicopter. Masters slid to a stop. Suddenly a crash truck whirled around the corner of a hangar and moved toward the burning chopper, as if there were no VC within a hundred miles. The lieutenant knew that the crash truck crew were unarmed, that they were heading into a death trap. Obviously the crew didn't understand the situation, didn't know that the airfield was under enemy attack.

"Goback! Goback!" Masters screamed.

Crash Truck 25 kept moving—straight toward the attacking VC.

"Go back! Go back..."

When the 9th Marine Expeditionary Brigade landed on the beaches near Danang, in March, 1965, their assignment was to "secure the area." If they were shot at, their orders stated, they were permitted to shoot back; otherwise they were to avoid battle.

It was a ridiculous order, since every Vietcong guerrilla and every North Vietnamese soldier in the area had one goal: to destroy the B-57 jets, the F-100s, the F-101s, the helicopters, and all the other American planes at the Danang airfield complex. The Marines had been sent to Danang to keep the enemy away.

It didn't take the newcomers long to establish defensive positions around the complex, which also included the Marble Mountain Air Facility five miles to the east. The Marines stationed units on Hill 268 and Hill 327, two high spots west of the city of Danang, which commanded a view of the entire area. Inside these two keys points a line of Marine defenders patrolled constantly along Highway 1 and the railroad. The base itself was protected by barbed wire and sentries who kept the entire perimeter under surveillance at all times. U.S. leaders remembered the Cong attack on the Bien Hoa airbase, the November before, when over \$1.5 millions worth of American aircraft were destroyed. It had been one of the worst military and propaganda defeats suffered by the United States in the entire Vietnam conflict. They were determined that the same thing would not happen at Danang.

Marine Lieutenant John F. Masters, a helicopter pilot with Marine Observation Squadron Two, soon found himself at the huge Danang airbase along with thousands of other men. The airfield gave the lieutenant a closer take-off point for his flights to combat areas to pick up wounded and dead Marines, a job which kept him busy most of the daylight hours. His main concern on these flights was enemy ground fire and the weather over the jungles and mountainous terrain he had to penetrate. The possibility that the VC might attempt a guerrilla attack on Danang Air Base, or the outlying Marble Mountain Air Facility, seemed remote. Masters was well aware that some Cong snipers were concealed on the mountain top overlooking the auxiliary field, because they often took potshots at his chopper when he took off and landed. But a full-scale attack? Not likely.

The lieutenant from Pittsburgh, like everyone else at Danang, sadly underestimated the determination of the VC. In September, the Cong, with the help of North Vietnamese officers, began a detailed observation and study of the American defenses of the Danang complex. Initially, it must have seemed impossible to the Cong to penetrate the Marine defenses—the fences, the spotlights, and the other equipment positioned to protect the vital military installation. Gradually, however, a plan was developed.

ACCORDING to a VC defector, a North Vietnamese major outlined the scheme. He suggested sending suicide squads into the base from three separate directions. They would attempt to penetrate the defenses at various points, using different tactics. Once inside they would regroup for a simultaneous attack on the aircraft. Marble Mountain Air Facility would be hit first. After it was destroyed, the main base at Danang would be attacked.

One of the basic ideas of the scheme was to make use of all Vietnamese native to the area who were sympathetic to the VC cause. These sympathizers—and there were many—would help infiltrate the Marine defenses days in advance. They would go in one by one carrying enough food to keep them going until the attack plus concealed satchel charges.

These infiltrators would launch the suicide attack and "open the gates" for the Vietcong raiders during the resultant confusion.

The night of October 28 the infiltrators were already inside the perimeter defenses of the Marble Mountain Air Facility. A few hours earlier, word had reached Marine headquarters at Danang that an enemy attack was coming, planned for that night; that a Vietcong battalion was moving down from the mountains to the west via Happy Valley. The report said nothing about infiltrators, however.

"I don't know how true the report is," said Major General Lewis Walt, commander of the U.S. Marines in Vietnam, with headquarters at Danang, "but we can't take any chances. Shell Happy Valley."

By 2200 hours that night, Walt's staff had worked out the VC route of approach, had determined that no friendly artillery was in the area, and had ordered division guns to start firing. The enemy battalion was cut to shreds and the survivors retreated. It was a complete victory for the Marine guns, and it appeared that the planned attack on the airbase had been stymied. It hadn't.

On the other side of the perimeter, undetected, a hundred-man assault group of VC was moving toward the airstrip at Marble Mountain. Ignoring the booming artillery guns, aimed in the opposite direction shelling Happy Valley, the guerrillas inched their way toward the parked planes, dragging their weapons and explosive charges with them. Gradually, the suicide squads closed in on the flight line at Marble Mountain from three directions—unseen, undetected.

Masters had found himself a tent, intending to get a good night's sleep for

a change. Minutes before he dozed off, the VC unit was less than a hundred yards from the nearest helicopter, stretched out flat on the ground waiting for the signal to attack. Several Marine guards walked within five feet of the hidden guerrillas without seeing them, as did many mechanics and armaments men heading to or returning from the flight line. There was no hint of trouble, no warning. . . until the first of the satchel charges went off.

The initial blast jolted Masters out of his bed. He ran out of the tent, saw the fires blazing on the flight line. Racing toward the airstrip, he spotted the VC, and so was one of the few Marines at the Marble Mountain Air Facility who realized that the airbase was under attack—and knew how serious the situation was.

"Go back! Go back!"

THE noise of the battle drowned out Masters' warning shout to the crash truck crew. The truck kept going straight toward the flaming aircraft—and the attacking VC—at full speed. Masters was still yelling and waving his arms frantically as the truck crossed the ramp and entered the circle of light made by the flames. He could see the number "25" on its side. The numerals made an excellent target for the waiting VC. The Cong turned their guns on the speeding vehicle.

Masters, watching the truck close in on the burning plane and the enemy, seized the one chance left to him. Yelling to the other three Marines in the area, who had been firing at the Cong, he said, "Let's get them!"

Corporal Lawrence Brule from Rochester, New York, and Corporal Eugene Mortimer from Las Vegas, New Mexico, were

the first to link up with the lieutenant. Both were mechanics with Marine Air Group 16 and had been in the workshop van cleaning their tools after working on the flight line when the guerrillas opened the attack. Lance Corporal Leonard L. O'Shannon from Portland, Oregon, who had been standing guard on the flight line when the battle began, quickly joined the group. Within a few minutes, Masters had rounded up several other men—strangers in the dark, but all armed Marines ready to fight.

Crash!

Crash Truck "25" smashed head-on into the lead group of VC attackers without slowing its speed. Either the driver had not seen the Cong, or he had spotted them at the last minute and decided that his only chance was to ram. The screams of the guerrillas unlucky enough to be in the path of the vehicle were audible above the roar of flames and guns. Other Cong, however, stood their ground and opened fire on the truck's crew. Masters saw the windshield of the truck shatter, the headlights go out, the tires cut to shreds by machine gun bullets. The Marines in the vehicle tumbled out of it and started running. Some fell under an enemy fusillade; the rest disappeared out of the ring of light into the darkness.

While the VC were still concentrating on the crash truck, Masters and his "pick-up" commandos took advantage of the situation. Slipping quickly through the darkness, they reached the edge of the flight line. At the boundary of the flame-lighted area, they stopped, checked their ammunition, then Masters leading, charged ahead.

Firing as they ran, the Marines were nearly on top of the main group of VC before the guerrillas realized what was

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happening. Masters couldn't hear his .45 fire, but he felt it jerk in his hand each time he squeezed the trigger. As the Marines closed in, some of the Cong turned and tried to run out of the lighted area into the darkness, but none of them got very far. Masters and the other Marines methodically cut them down.

The more fanatical VC, however, refused to quit. Ignoring the Marine guns, they kept trying to reach other parked aircraft to blow them up. Crawling, squirming on their stomachs, a few even walking upright through the hail of bullets, they kept moving toward the planes, satchel charges ready. On the far side of the burning crash truck, the Cong had two machine guns set up. These two enemy gun crews tried to help their suicide-bent comrades, but it was no use.

Masters' men concentrated on the VC carrying the explosives. Taking cover behind oil drums, tugs, and other equipment parked on the flight line, the Marines picked off the demolition attackers one by one before they could damage any more aircraft. The surprise counterattack so unnerved the VC machine gunners that they fired wildly, scattering their shots along the flight line whether they saw any Marines or not. Pressing their advantage, the Marines circled the VC's positions in the darkness, closed in from behind and wiped out both gun crews.

TEN minutes after the crash truck had rammed the enemy attackers, the main group of VC was wiped out. The other two units, closing in on the flight line as planned from other directions, tried to retreat. But by now, the entire base was alerted to the attack and only a few of the enemy guerrillas escaped. The rest were overrun and captured or killed.

The damage that October night at the Marble Mountain Air Facility was high. Eighteen planes were completely destroyed and 22 others were damaged. The prestige of the U.S. Marines also suffered because the VC were able to penetrate their defense setup.

But it could have been much, much worse, if not for Lieutenant Masters and the other Marines with him. Their action in holding off the enemy suicide squads until the remainder of the base realized what was happening saved most of the planes on the field that night. Their heroic fight also kept the guerrillas from moving over to the main airbase at Da-nang and continuing their sabotage. It's no surprise, then, that the Navy awarded Lieutenant Masters the Navy Commendation Medal for his part in the defense of the Marble Mountain Air Facility.

The Vietnam war was far from being over for the Marine flier, however. Five months later, on March 23, 1966, Lieutenant Masters tangled with the VC again at close range. Assigned to a medical evacuation mission, he was bringing his chopper into a jungle LZ when the Cong opened fire. Still attempting to land, to pick up wounded Marines on the ground, Masters was suddenly caught in a vicious crossfire. Several bullets pierced the cockpit of the evacuation 'copter and Masters' right leg was fractured.

Despite the pain and loss of blood, he turned the chopper around and flew directly to the grounds of the hospital at Da-nang. Ten minutes after being wounded, the lieutenant was on the operating table. The daring 26-year-old pilot who had flown 320 missions and been awarded sixteen Air Medals became the first medical evacuation pilot in Vietnam to evacuate himself.

The Vietcong can never lick a guy like that. ♦♦♦



effect until very recently, when Secretary of Interior Stewart L. Udall, under heavy pressure from oil companies and their mouthpieces in Congress, agreed to permit private leasing of the public lands.

This opens the door to a giveaway. Unless the American people come quickly to their collective senses, realize the value of this natural resource and insist that it benefit *all* Americans, then the shale oil lands will benefit only the oil industry.

If the potential of shale oil has been known for so many decades, how come you aren't using it in your car or furnace? And how come you haven't enjoyed a tax reduction as a result of federal revenues from shale oil? The answers to these questions are shaping up into a first-class national scandal.

Star performer in the scandal has been Secretary Udall. His performance has been all the more remarkable, because he has tried so hard to avoid a scandal. Everytime Udall has made a public statement about shale oil—which has been frequently of late—he has referred to the Teapot Dome scandal of the 1920s.

"You have your[capitol] dome," he told a Congressional committee, "but I live in the shadow of Teapot Dome." He added, rather remarkably, "It's one of those things that help us do our job better."

In the Teapot Dome Scandal, Albert B. Fall, who was President Harding's Secretary of Interior, was sentenced to a year in jail for accepting a \$100,000 bribe from Edward L. Doheny of the Sinclair Oil Company. The bribe was alleged to be in payment for a lease in the Elk Hills (Teapot Dome), California, naval oil reserve. Udall apparently is obsessed by this bit of ancient history.

He has been under fearful pressure to permit leasing of public shale oil lands. Chief exponents have been the two Colorado Senators, Peter H. Dominick and Gordon Allott, and Representative Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, chairman of the powerful House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee.

Aspinall represents a Western Colorado district containing large shale oil deposits. For years he has urged private development of the resource, which would mean a great economic boom for his region. He is afraid that if the shale lands are not developed into a plentiful source of oil soon, they never will be. Instead, natural gas and nuclear power will take over as sources of fuel.

Udall has also been pressured by the oil industry. If anyone doubts that the oil companies can mount a powerful lobby, he need look no further than the 27 1/2 percent oil depletion tax allowance. This mammoth loophole gives oil companies millions of dollars a year in tax-free earnings.

But the oil industry has been in a strange position. On the one hand, it doesn't want shale oil. "For years," wrote Roscoe Fleming, columnist for the *Denver Post*, "the [oil] industry's only concern seemed to be to prevent a shale oil industry getting started." It was logical.

SHALE OIL SCANDAL

Continued from page 37

The U.S.A. is one of the "have" oil nations. We have so much oil that production has had to be curtailed to avoid glutting the market and so lowering prices—meaning, profits to the oilionaires.

But saying the oil industry doesn't want shale oil to compete is not to say the oil companies don't want the shale lands. The Oil Shale Advisory Commission, set up by Udall, advised him that the oil companies were more interested in sewing up the shale resources for the distant future than in getting out the oil.

So Secretary Udall was pressured by Western Congressmen who want immediate development and by oil companies who want future development. The opposing forces agreed only on one thing: President Hoover's historic policy ought to be rescinded and the public lands leased to private companies.

It must be said that Udall resisted the pressure rather well—until recently. He frequently asked a very logical question: If the oil companies were so interested in shale oil, why didn't they do something with the 168,000 acres of oil shale land they already own? The oil companies replied that the public owned the best lands, that the private lands weren't laid out for efficient production.

There the matter stood for the six years that Udall did next to nothing. He worked on the assumption that the country didn't need the shale oil, so what was the hurry? He also assumed—along with nearly everyone else—that no efficient, economical process existed for getting oil out of shale land. The technological problems were so great, he believed, that many years would elapse before shale oil could become competitive with liquid petroleum pumped from wells.

There are problems. For one thing, the term "shale oil" is a misnomer. The rock in which it is locked is not shale, but marlstone, formed by a huge lake which covered the region involved thousands of years ago. Layer after layer of shell and fish bones came to rest in the silt of the lake bottom and were hardened into a tough, brittle, multilayered rock that is 1,500 feet thick in some places.

WHAT the marlstone contains isn't petroleum as we know it, but organic materials that can be converted into liquids having the same *properties* as oil. To do this, the rock has to be crushed—pulverized to be exact—and heated to 900 degrees. The product, called "kerogen," resembles the lowest-grade crude oil, but is not liquid enough to be pumped through a pipeline. Therefore, it has to be refined on the spot. When this is done, a full range of oil products—from heavy oils to high octane gasoline—are obtained.

There are other serious problems confronting the shale oil producer. Digging the marlstone out of the ground involves strip-mining. If not done properly, the mountain scenery could be ruined forever by the bulldozer and power shovel. Then there is the problem of pollution. Every ton of crushed shale put through the furnaces produces 15 to 20 gallons of oil—and 1500 pounds of fine ash. If

released into the air or piled on the ground, the ash could turn the West into a dustbowl. Finally, there is a water problem. Oil refining takes large amounts of fresh water and the oil shale lands lie in arid country.

Udall cited these problems, but neglected to mention that if anyone really wanted to make use of shale oil, they could be solved. Strip-mining can be regulated and the terrain repaired after the shale is removed. The ash could be dumped underground, at least until processes are developed for further eliminating it. Water can be piped from places where it is plentiful. The problems so regularly cited by Udall do not keep the Russians from producing 55,000 barrels of shale oil a day. Even the inept Red Chinese refine 33,000 barrels a day.

Ignored, too, was the fact that Uncle Sam produced shale oil during WWII. Worried about the menace of German U-boats, the government launched a crash program to develop shale oil. A plant was erected at Rifle, Colorado, to do the job. Unfortunately, one of the first official acts of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, when he took office, was to shut down the plant.

With the closing of the Rifle plant, the Government did virtually nothing about shale oil—except talk about it. The only significant government action was to lease the Rifle facility to the Colorado School of Mines Research Foundation, which persuaded a half dozen major oil companies to finance research into ways to extract oil from shale lands. The results of the research have not been terribly notable.

At least two private companies were interested in developing shale oil. The Union Oil Company of California, which

lacks major oil reserves, invested \$5-million in a plant near Rifle, but abandoned it after three years.

Then there was the Shale Oil Corporation (TOSCO). In partnership with the Standard Oil Company of Ohio and the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company, it opened still another facility near Rifle, in 1964. It was licensed to use a Swedish process involving heated or ceramic balls which are mixed with the pulverized shale. The process looked promising, but no one—particularly in Washington—got very excited. After all, shale oil was a “long ways” from efficient development, and besides, the country didn’t need it.

WHILE TOSCO tinkered with rock crushers and furnaces out in Rifle, events crept at a snail’s pace in Washington. Secretary Udall set up his six-member Advisory Committee. After prolonged studies, the committee made its report early, in 1965. As predictably as the sun rises in the east, the advisors split 3-3. One group favored private development while the others, headed by Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith, favored public development. Both sides agreed that a shale oil industry was “at least a decade away.” Trouble was TOSCO didn’t know that. It’s furnaces and steel balls were shaping up quite nicely.

Meanwhile, the heavy pressure continued on Udall to do something about leasing the public lands, even if it was wrong. Representative Aspinall thundered for private leasing and assured Udall there was “no chance for a Teapot Dome here with a Congress that is watching its resource values.”

In April, 1966, Udall took a slight step forward. He issued a public statement

laying down four conditions for shale oil development. First, there should be a proven method for extracting the oil. Second, there must be assurances the mountain scenery would not be defaced by the mining or the ash. Third, there must be an agreement for leasing between the Federal Government and the Oil companies (he did not specify the terms of the lease). Fourth, the effect of shale oil on the petroleum market had to be taken into consideration. A lot of shale oil coming on the market might cause a Texas tycoon to drop a million or two.

Understandably, Aspinall was hardly pleased by this fence-straddling. In his view, his Colorado constituents had not been moved an inch closer to having a shale oil industry. So the pressure continued. Finally, in January, 1967, after several hints that a big announcement was coming, Secretary Udall unveiled his long-awaited shale oil policy. With customary bureaucratic vigor, he described it as “tentative.”

He said the “time has come for orderly procedures” to protect the public interest and “to prevent speculation and windfall profits.” He then announced a policy eminently qualified to do neither. First, he said, he would consider applications by private owners of shale oil land to exchange their holdings for Federal lands of similar quality. This would help private developers acquire tracts of land large enough for efficient mining.

Second, he would set up procedures to permit consideration of applications from oil companies for provisional leases of small acreages for developmental purposes. Leases of larger acreage would be issued once an oil extraction process had been perfected.

This policy could not possibly have been

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more cautious. But in his answers to reporters' questions, Secretary Udall was less cautious. He said "serious proposals from industry are now in order." Asked about a Federal shale oil plant, he did not "foresee a pilot plant at this time." Finally, with more prophecy than he realized, the Secretary said, "We are about to hatch an egg on shale."

Despite pious disclaimers about protecting the public interest and preventing windfall profits, Udall had opened the door for private leasing of public lands. He apparently thought it safe to rescind Hoover's historic policy because, after all, an efficient extraction process was "years away." Besides, as he said, it might cost \$100-million to build even a modest 50,000-barrel-a-day plant. What private company would invest that much money?

TENTATIVE or not, Udall's policy was sharply criticized by conservationists and those who believe the public—not private oil companies—should benefit from shale oil. Members of Congress openly labeled the program a "giveaway."

In this climate, a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee scheduled hearings on the competitive aspects of shale oil development. It was here that the full extent of the scandal came out.

Among the first to testify was Udall. He again described all the beautification and pollution problems. He then announced that he expected to propose—"within a few days"—the procedures by which private companies could apply for the "provisional" leases.

Then a gentleman by the name of Morton M. Winston took the stand. He identified himself as the executive vice president of TOSCO, and reported that his firm had been most diligent out in Colorado. Already it had mined 480,000 tons of marlstone from its private holdings. Its experiments with the heated balls had worked so well it was now building a \$130-million plant to produce shale oil. When completed—in 1971—the plant would process 66,000 tons of shale a day and produce 58,000 barrels of oil.

Winston's statement rocked the committee. It rocked Udall, who had not expected a commercial process to be developed so soon. The little balls had worked. While Udall fiddled, TOSCO's furnaces burned—and the shale oil in-

dustry became a reality for the immediate future.

The stage was now set for the big giveaway. Udall, under horrendous pressure, had announced he would grant some leases. TOSCO said it would be happy to license its process to other oil companies. Since man is a competitive animal, there can be no doubt that the major oil companies will quickly move to join in the bonanza carved out by TOSCO. Companies which never wanted shale oil will be forced to get on the bandwagon. They can't afford to lose out on a good thing. In short, shale oil is coming. Aspinall and the Colorado politicians have won. The boom is due in Colorado.

What about the public lands? This is the question Secretary Udall and all Americans must face. Is this priceless heritage, reserved all these years for the American people, to be given away?

The oil companies are already mounting a campaign to fleece the public. It works like this:

The usual oil lease provides that the owner of the land receive one-eighth of the oil taken from it. Under this time-honored arrangement, the Government would receive enough royalties from oil shale to pay off the national debt.

But the oil industry has already expressed dissatisfaction with the customary royalty arrangement. It bleats about the high cost of extracting the oil and suggests that the Government share be not one-eighth, but only one-twentieth.

The man in the street, uninitiated into the economics of the oil business, must not fall for the high-cost of extraction argument. To be sure, the costs are higher, but on the other hand, the costs of finding the oil is nil. Everybody knows right where the shale is.

The oil industry is also warming up for another form of grab on the public purse. The current oil depletion allowance for shale oil is 15 percent, compared to 27 1/2 for petroleum. Oilmen are already saying this is "unfair." The allowance should be raised, they say, at least to 27 1/2 percent and, considering the cost of extraction, probably much higher. This is just another way of being subsidized for making money.

Just recently, Secretary Udall proposed leasing terms which play right into the hands of the oil companies. He'd let the oil companies lease the lands for 3 per-



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cent! Later on when, in his "judgment," the oil companies have got the extraction process going good, he'd start gradually raising the rates, eventually reaching 50 percent. But this royalty—if ever reached—could be effectively reduced by raising the oil depletion allowance.

The big question being asked by some is: Why must the public shale lands be leased at all? Why shouldn't the Government go into the shale oil business and let the people get the money for a change?

A generation ago such a suggestion was unthinkable. For the Government to go into business was "socialism"; it would destroy "free enterprise." Besides, the Government always bungled every business it tried to run.

These are now tired, discredited arguments. Since the 1930s, the Government has been in one business after another. Uncle Sam has vast experience as a businessman. The Tennessee Valley Authority, much maligned in the 1930s, is today a howling success that has brought cheap and plentiful electric power to the Southeast, as well as flood control.

The Cape Kennedy missile base is owned by the Government, which pays Pan American Airways to operate the facility. The Atomic Energy Commission plant in southern Ohio is run on a contract basis for the AEC by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. There are scores of such arrangements.

Another way the Government does business is to set up a quasi-private, non-profit corporation to do the job. An outstanding example is Comsat, the Communications Satellite Corp. The same method is being widely advocated for big city slum rehabilitation.

None of the successful government en-

terprises have driven the country into socialism. Free enterprise hasn't been damaged. TVA hasn't destroyed the private power companies, and Comsat has not driven the American Telephone & Telegraph Company into bankruptcy.

Economist Galbraith is among those urging the Government to sign contracts with private industry to develop the shale lands. A typical operation would be for the Government to hire TOSCO, for example, to build and operate a Federal facility on a cost-plus basis. The Government would benefit from TOSCO's know-how, while the public would get the lion's share of the revenues.

ALL Udall's other worries would be diminished. He would certainly not have to fret over another Teapot Dome scandal, because there would be no leasing to tempt a bribe. The beautification and pollution problems could be tackled directly, because Uncle Sam would be doing the job. If bringing shale oil on the market too fast would pose an economic problem, the Government would be able to control itself far easier than would private industry.

The plain fact is that there is every reason for the Government to go into the shale oil business, and no reason for it to give away the resources to the oil-ioneaires.

But if history tells us anything, it emphasizes what a giveaway there will be—unless American taxpayers demand what is rightfully theirs. The oil companies have one of the most powerful lobbies around. They've gotten their huge tax subsidy and put the grab on the offshore oil rights despite the efforts of conservationists to put the public purse ahead of the private buck. The oil lobby is al-

ready cranked up to put the "touch" on our great shale resource.

The Western politicians are acting shamefully. Representative Aspinall, in his eagerness to benefit his constituency, would give the land away to get his Colorado boom started. The New York Times editorially spanked Aspinall for his willingness to sacrifice the rest of the people of the country to benefit a few. Governor John A. Love of Colorado has already urged the Government to beef up the depletion allowance on shale oil. Worst of all, the Colorado Legislature, acting in almost total secrecy, exempted shale oil from the state severance tax.

If there is anyone who doubts that the public-be-damned attitude expressed by the oil industry and certain politicians can win, let him consider that there is a Texan in the White House and it is oil and oilioneaires that win the vote in that second largest state of the Union.

The battle lines are drawn. It is the greed of the oil industry and Western politicians against the public. Right now the public is taking a beating.

But it isn't too late. If American taxpayers stand up and are counted on this issue, they can force the President, Udall and Congress to use shale oil for the public. If Americans individually and in groups write, wire, phone and generally badger the White House and their Congressmen often enough, the Government will be forced to listen.

You are being had, skinned, bilked and swindled. The "land grab" is on. The big giveaway is in process. The wealth, tax cuts and prosperity rightfully yours are being taken away from you. If you don't act now and demand your full share of your rightful heritage, you can kiss it good-bye.

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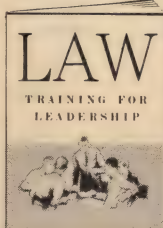
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an Army prop-pilot. That day I was honorably discharged, as a first lieutenant. A few days later, my old buddy Craddock "Matt" Gilmour, 25, of Salt Lake City, was also discharged, and we took off in my Volkswagen Fastback for a European holiday before going home.

We were in Stockholm, one night, when Matt said: "How about visiting Russia? It isn't far."

I agreed, and phoned my Dad, in North Little Rock, told him our plans.

"I'm against it!" he roared. "I don't trust those people."

We ignored my Dad's advice, obtained tourist visas from the Soviet Embassy in Stockholm, and on September 24, drove into the Soviet Union. Two red soldiers at the border gate gave us smart salutes.

First we visited Leningrad and Moscow but, frankly, Russia showed us nothing. The only things worth seeing were built long before the communists took over. And, certainly, we didn't see any pretty girls. Not until we met a stunning brunette in Kalinin, and she was our undoing.

Her name was Miss Golubeva. She was an Intourist (government tourist) guide attached to our hotel. Funny, I can't remember her first name, but I'll remember Miss Golubeva as long as I live, even though I only saw her twice. Once in Kalinin and once when she appeared to make a statement against me at my trial.

She was wearing smart Western clothes, unusual for a Russian girl. She drove around Kalinin with us for an hour, showing us the sights, and we invited her to dinner. After some shashlick and a bottle of Crimean wine, suddenly she denounced America's Vietnam policy. You know, we were bombing old women, bayoneting babies—the usual line.

I boiled fast on this subject, and I spoke out freely. I went beyond Vietnam; I even said Russia would be better off without communism.

I had dug our graves with my mouth. She reported us to the KGB as "suspicious" characters and, as we learned later at the trial, from that moment on we were tailed and our rooms were searched and bugged. (Author's Note: The State Department agrees, believes Miss Golubeva's report placed Wortham and Gilmour under surveillance and led to their eventual arrest.)

When they searched our rooms they must have seen Matt's diary. He would have to keep one! In it he had written—among other things—how we innocently bought rubles at illegal, black market rates.

He even wrote about the exchange we entered into a few hours after we crossed the border. We had driven into Leningrad late in the afternoon, and we got lost trying to find our hotel. Neither of us knew enough Russian to read a "no smoking" sign. We parked, trying to find someone who spoke English. An American stands out like a sore thumb in Russia, and soon two English-speaking guys came over, offered to guide us, and climbed in.

En route, my fuel indicator hugged zero so I asked, "Can we stop at a gas station?"

"How will you pay?" asked one of the

HOSTAGE IN RUSSIA

Continued from page 28

Russians. "Do you have any rubles?" "No," said Matt, "we just entered Russia."

"We'll sell you some," one of our guides offered. We gave him \$5. He gave us seven-and-a-half rubles—that is, one-and-a-half rubles for each dollar. Without realizing it, we had just made an illegal currency transaction. The legal rate is roughly one ruble for a dollar, and you're supposed to change your dollars only in government banks, although no one ever told us this. (Author's Note: The State Department says it warns tourists going to Russia about the dangers of black market currency.)

The Russian currency black market is wide open. Men tried to sell Matt and me money in the most public places—in front of the hotels we stayed in, even in our hotels.

OCTOBER 1 was to be our last day in the Soviet Union. We stayed overnight in Leningrad again, and we were packing when I spotted the small statue of a bear on the mantel.

"That would be a swell souvenir of Russia," I said, "Smokey the bear!"

I popped it into my valise, and we checked out and drove toward the border. We didn't, of course, have the slightest idea that, thanks to the searching and the bugging, the Russians knew everything—even about Smokey. We were walking into a big fat trap!

Seldom, these days, are tourists leaving Russia searched. They are searched on entrance only. But our car and baggage were examined as thoroughly as a doctor examining a patient before surgery.

One customs man pulled the bear out of the valise in the car's trunk and asked, in German (I speak some German) whose it was. I said it was mine.

"Where did you buy it?" he asked.

Something exploded in my brain, and I stammered, "I b-b-bought it from an old lady on the street in Moscow."

"Where is the receipt?"

"I don't have any."

Matt and I were promptly taken to separate rooms in a long wooden building. When a KGB colonel arrived to question me I knew this was no ordinary police case.

All night and well into the next day, they flung questions at me. Men came and left the room until I was dizzy. They wanted to know everything I did in Russia, whom I saw, where I went—but they always came back to where did I change my money? And they always came back to the bear: "Where did you get the bear?"

Then someone came in and whispered to the colonel. He smiled and said, "Your friend, Gilmour, just said you stole the bear!"

Now I know I was probably taken by one of the oldest police tricks, but at that moment—exhausted, hungry, scared to death—I was just as glad it was over.

"Yes, I stole the bear," I said.

The colonel's smile broadened. He put a long, gold-tipped Russian cigarette in his mouth. An aide rushed up to light it.

I told him all about the bear. I told him everything he wanted to know . . .

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everything he already knew. Then I was taken outside and, in my own car, driven to Leningrad Prison and put into solitary.

I'm usually pretty phlegmatic. As a paratrooper, I made over 130 jumps, most of them free falls. I never sweated a jump. But now I sweated—while I shivered.

I was no hero. I banged on the door and I shouted, over and over again: "I want to see somebody from the American Embassy."

There was no response.

I was to spend 85 days in solitary . . . I had been in solitary two months when I was taken out of my cage one day, given a shower and shave and told to put on my suit. Then a guard took me to a room where Harlan Moen, the American Counsel from Moscow, waited with the chief jailer of Leningrad Prison, a KGB officer, and an interpreter. It was the second time Mr. Moen had visited me.

Straight away I was asked: "How would you like to be exchanged for a Russian intelligence officer now being held in the United States?"

For an instant, my whole life began anew. I could actually smell freedom. Then I got angry, and I kind of made a speech.

"As much as I want to get out of solitary," I said, loud and clear, "get out of Russia, I'm not worth a spy. I'm just an ex-Army guy who came here as a tourist. If I'm traded for a spy, everytime the Soviets grab a tourist for something or other they could say: 'We want to trade! We want to trade!' and there would never be an end of it! . . . It would be a bad deal for my country!"

By the rules, Mr. Moen wasn't allowed to speak directly to me; he was supposed to speak through the interpreter and the

KGB. But this time he spoke quickly, before they could stop him. He said: "Buel Wortham, I admire you very much."

(Author's Note: Buel Wortham learned later that the Soviets wanted to exchange him for Igor A. Ivanov, convicted Russian espionage agent now doing 20 years in Leavenworth. Confirming this, a State Department spokesman said: "The Russians put out feelers for Ivanov, but we're not playing that game anymore.")

I never did believe, really, that I had been arrested and so foully treated for snitching the bear and buying, like all tourists, a few rubles on the streets. When they brought me to the prison, after I was arrested at the border, I said to the KGB colonel in charge: "I demand to know why you are holding me."

He yawned in reply.

THEN I said something which, even under the circumstances, amused me the moment I said it. After all, this was Communist Russia. I said: "I want to see a lawyer."

Knowing the truth, that I was a hostage, didn't do much for my morale. It merely cleared up my doubts. I had, by this time, learned to some extent how to live in solitary.

"Buel," I said, "you must learn to live like a vegetable," and considering the temperature in the cell: "You must learn to live like a frozen vegetable."

The worst time was at the beginning. Then I had no idea what time it was or what day it was or whether it was night or day. They had taken my wrist watch, and the single naked light in my cell was never turned off. There were two barred windows, but they were so heavily coated with ice and packed snow they might as well have been part of the solid wall

itself. Winter comes early to Leningrad.

When I was put into this cell I was wearing underwear, a pair of corduroys, a brown sweater and a pair of Hush Puppies. I never took those clothes off for the 105 days that this cell was my home, except when they dressed me up to meet special visitors and, later, for my show trial.

It was bitterly cold and I spent almost all my time on my bed under two thin blankets. I was left completely alone. No one spoke to me, I had nothing to read, nothing to do but think, think, think. And under the conditions my thoughts, you will appreciate, were hardly reassuring.

You read about these things, what happens to prisoners in Communist Russia. You see movies about them. Then, suddenly, you're one of them, and everything you've read or heard comes back to haunt you.

It would have been different if I had been captured in a war, but this was ridiculous! One day I was a tourist having a ball, and the next day I was in a frigid cage. I thought of the tourist posters I had seen: "Visit Russia!" they said, and they showed pictures of happy, smiling peasants.

God, I got to know my cage well! Besides the bed, there was a stool, a writing table and a john. The john flushed, but often it would back up something awful and the odor was sickening. It clung to me, that odor, like a coat of tar.

The solid iron door had a small wooden trap door, a kind of peephole, and every 15 minutes a guard would open it up and look in. Three times a day he shoved my meals in. Breakfast was dark bread, tea with one teaspoon of sugar. Lunch was a bowl of fish or cabbage soup and dark bread. Dinner was cabbage



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or fish soup again and a piece of fish, sometimes practically raw. Supper was a bowl of mush and tea. And to think I used to sound off about Armychow!

After a while I started saving the sugar from breakfast and bits of food from each meal so that, before going to bed, I could have one "grand meal," a gourmet's feast! It was kind of a game; it gave me something to look forward to.

About the fifth day, the door opened for the first time and they took me out to get processed. It was wonderful to speak to someone again, even a Russian interpreter. I got fingerprinted and mugged. The camera was close to a hundred years old. They sat me in a real tight chair with a head rest. The cameraman took off a lens cap and counted to three, then snapped it back on.

Eleven days after my arrest the guards gave me a shower and a shave and brought me my dark suit and told me to get dolled up. Mr. Moen had arrived for his first visit. God, it was good to see an American!

Mr. Moen and I were not allowed to speak directly to each other. He'd ask a question and the translator would translate it into Russian for the KGB colonel. The colonel would approve or disapprove it. If the colonel approved, the interpreter would pass the question on to me.

The only questions approved were: "Do you want to send any messages home?" And "Do you need anything?" I asked for cigarettes and reading matter.

There was no discussion of my case—it wasn't allowed. But I celebrated at my one "big meal" that night. At last the United States of America knew I was in this hole! Surely they'd get me out.

This was not to be. The days went by. I felt like a forgotten man.

(Editor's Note: Although Washington learned on October 6 that Gilmour and Wortham were in custody, no announcement was made until two days after Moen's visit, October 13. Washington said the two youths were arrested for "stealing a bear of antique value and dealing on the black market." The Department informed Wortham's parents of their son's confinement by phone. In this call a spokesman advised Mr. Wortham not to publicize the case, to keep it quiet.)

After Mr. Moen's visit they let me write letters home. Half were never delivered and several that were had many lines blacked out. On November 15, knowing how my mother must have been suffering, I wrote:

"Well, I'm still waiting for news of what will happen to me. . . . I could be released by the first part of December and maybe I'll be home for Christmas." (Editor's Note: Wortham left Russia March 21st.)

The penetrating cold finally got to me. I came down with pneumonia. For two weeks I was in big trouble. They gave me an extra blanket and medical treatment, treatment that spanned two centuries. They shot me full of penicillin, but they also put suction cups on my back and a kind of flypaper dressing on my chest.

One day they gave me a calendar and I started marking off the days. I was sorry I did that. I had been better off in a time vacuum. Because by marking off the days I knew when it was Thanksgiving. It was a sorry Thanksgiving. I had lost 23 pounds and I was getting blinding headaches from the glare of the light that was never turned off.

On Thanksgiving Day I prayed a little. I asked His help in getting me back to the living world. I asked Him not to forget me, everyone else had . . .

December 20, 1966. A Red Army truck drives through the snowy streets of Leningrad, where international communism first seized power. On the truck is a heavy crate—about six feet tall and four feet wide—that has been turned into a cell with a door. I sit on a chair inside that locked cell. Two guards sit on chairs outside.

The truck stops at Leningrad Court-house. I am hustled into a courtroom packed with newsmen and spectators from Russia and other Iron Curtain countries. Admission is by ticket only. It's a show trial, a typical communist circus, with the verdict already reached. Except that I don't know it. As I enter, flood lights go on me.

I, who had come to the Soviet Union three months ago to see the tourist attractions, am now myself a tourist attraction. I am seated a few feet from Craddock "Matt" Gilmour. I haven't seen him since we were arrested on Oct. 1. Matt looks good, he's been out on bail for a month. A guard stands between us and we can't converse.

THEN my eyes pop. There is Miss Golubeva, the pretty brunette Intourist Guide who reported us as "suspicious characters" when I defended the U.S. and blasted communism. Her report started the chain-of-events that brought us into this courtroom.

Neither Matt nor I take the stand. Our signed confession, prepared by the KGB, is put on the record. The presiding judge, a matronly lady, asks if I want to cross-examine any witness. I cry, "Miss Golubeva!"

She speaks English, so I don't need an interpreter. I stand before her, trying to control my temper, and say:

"Good morning, how are you?"

"I'm fine," she replies, puzzled.

"Miss Golubeva," I continue, "do Intourist Guides report on all foreigners who visit Russia?"

I get no further. The judge raps her gavel I am ruled out of order.

My lawyer, Fyodor Rozhdestvenski, says the only thing he can do is try to knock down the value of the bear to ease the sentence and fine. (Editor's Note: Professor Harold J. Berman, of Harvard Law School, eminent expert on Soviet legal practices, says the Russian courts generally consider any theft under 100 rubles "petty larceny.")

Mr. Rozhdestvenski tells the court he saw a replica of Smokey in a Leningrad store for 23 rubles (Was Mr. Rozhdestvenski play-acting to make the trial look fair?) The KGB had anticipated this: The store proprietor appears, testifies the de-

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IN OCTOBER **stag**
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fense lawyer is in error. His bear sells for 300 rubles, no less. Her Honor rules against us.

(Later, my friend, Marine Sergeant Monk Sonker, a guard at the U.S. Embassy, bought the same type bear in Moscow for 22 rubles, which at foreign and free exchange rates means Smokey was actually worth \$2.20!)

The dreary trial takes three days. "Guilty," of course. Matt for black marketing; me for black marketing and stealing Smokey. Matt is fined \$1,111 and freed. The prosecutor asks for five years of my life in a Soviet labor camp and confiscation of all my property. When the Judge pronounces sentence, before my translator can speak a newsman holds up three fingers. Three years.

The Judge says: "Means of restraint will remain the same." Which means until my appeal, with its dubious possibilities, I'll stay in solitary.

Why wasn't I a hero that day? Why didn't I cry out: "This is a frame-up! A political case!"

Well, solitary does something to a man. Then, although Harlan Moen, the American Consul, was not allowed to discuss the case with me, I guessed the U.S. thought it best for me to confess, play it that way. (Editor's Note: The State Department admits it saw no alternative but for Wortham to throw himself on the mercy of the court.)

I had fought, several times. One day the guard opened the peephole of my cell and snapped: "March!" I was hustled upstairs to the KGB colonel's office with its picture of Lenin and its ever-steaming tea kettle.

He handed me a statement and a pen: "Sign," he barked.

"What's this?" I asked through the interpreter.

"Your confession. Sign!"

"I will not sign until I see a lawyer."

"You'll sign," said the colonel. "If not today, tomorrow, next week. . ."

Back to solitary. One stretch I was in my cage seven straight days during which time I never heard a human voice.

Next time the colonel asked, I signed.

You can be a hero under the whip. Solitary is harsher torture.

The first confession appraised Smokey at 150 rubles. A few days later, the colonel had me sign a second which upgraded the appraisal to 300 rubles. I asked no questions.

ONE morning I was given a shower. shave and my suit, and told to re-enact my "crimes." While a KGB photographer shot me from every angle I was driven, in my own Volkswagen, to the gasoline station where I'd been entrapped into buying illegal rubles. Then to the hotel where I swiped Smokey again and packed him in my valise. No movie star ever had more painstaking direction.

Sure I was sunk. I wrote my parents: "If I must serve a term in a work camp (in Siberia) I'll send for my hunting boots and a pair of insulated underwear."

I can imagine what that letter did at home. I was trying to prepare them gently.

(Editor's Note: When news of his son's conviction reached North Little Rock, Buel Wortham, Sr., told reporters: "If the State Department can't handle a job like this, get my boy home, what can we expect of them, when something really gets big?")

The day after my sentence I looked at my calendar. It was Dec. 23. "Tomorrow night is Christmas Eve," I said to the walls of my solitary confinement cell. "Merry Christmas, one and all."



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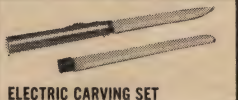
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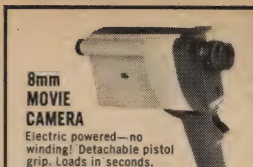
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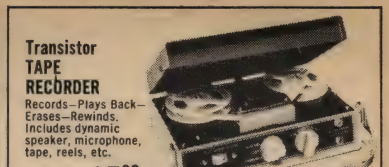
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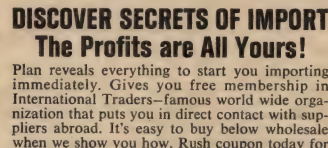
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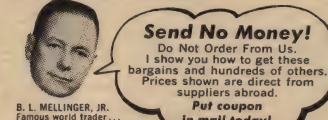
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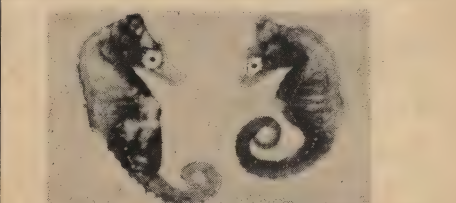
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THAT'S THE LAW

EYE SORE—At your local pharmacy you buy eye drops prescribed for you by your eye doctor. When the medicine causes painful damage to your eyes, can you sue the doctor or pharmacist for negligence?

No, ruled a Missouri court, but you can sue the manufacturer of the drug for failing to warn the doctor that the product might have a harmful effect on certain individuals.

ILL WILL—When your rich uncle dies you're surprised to hear that you've been included in his will. But when the will is read you are shocked to discover that his only bequest to you is a stream of highly degrading insults. Can you sue for defamation of character?

Yes, said a Tennessee court. The estate of the deceased can be held legally responsible for any libelous matter the deceased may have written into his will.

BUS FARE—As you cross the street you are hit by a passing bus and knocked to the sidewalk. While you're lying there unconscious, a thief steals your wallet and watch. When you recover can you collect compensation for your loss from the bus company involved?

Yes, ruled a New Jersey court. In this case the transportation company is liable for permitting the foreseeable crime of theft.

TOY GUN—You buy your son a toy pistol that's advertised as harmless. A few days later the boy is injured when flames shoot out of the gun's barrel. Can you sue the manufacturer for damages?

Yes, ruled a New York court. be-

cause the manufacturer persuaded you to buy an inherently dangerous article and is responsible for injuries resulting from his fraud.

"MAD HATTER"—Your wife comes home from a shopping spree, not with a new hat, but with a scratch across her eyelid from a hat pin that got her while she was trying on hats at a counter. Can you sue the store for negligence?

No, ruled a New York court, as a store cannot be held responsible for the mishandling of goods by customers unless such mishandling or goods are obviously dangerous.

BULLDOZED—You take your family for a peaceful Sunday drive in the country and as you come over a hill, a cow jumps smack into the side of your car. The cow breaks the rear window of your auto, seriously injuring itself and one of your children. Can you hold the animal's owner responsible for damages?

Yes, ruled a Wisconsin court, as the owner of animals can be held liable for the trespasses of his stock and any ensuing damages.

BATTLE AXED—After several years of marriage your wife begins a one-woman war against you. She both publicly and privately accuses you of everything from adultery to homosexuality and even calls you a thief. Can you have the marriage terminated on the grounds of mental cruelty?

Yes, said a Florida court, because the constant undermining of one spouse by the other never produced the strong foundation needed to support a marriage. (Note: In another state, e.g. New York, she would have to prove your adultery in order to secure a divorce.)

(Editor's Note: On December 23rd the AP carried this dispatch from Moscow: "The U.S. Embassy reported today that Buel Wortham seems to be taking his sentence to three years in a labor camp well...")

Leningrad is the most European of all Russian cities. Its citizens are the most pro-American. Or should I say "pro-buck?" Anyhow, early in January, when Harlan Moen, the U.S. Counsel, and I entered the Hotel Astoria's opulent restaurant the maitre d' and waiters bowed and scraped as if we were members of the royal Czarist family come back to rule.

I was starving, literally, and dined on caviar and smoked salmon and shish-kebab and a fine bottle of wine. Then I dashed upstairs to my room and was ill. I wasn't used to such rich fare. The last meal I'd had, five hours before, was in my solitary cell in Leningrad Prison: cabbage soup and a depressing sliver of fish.

That afternoon I had been released on \$22,000 bail after 105 days in custody, 85 of them in solitary. Two weeks ago I'd been sentenced to three years in a Soviet labor camp for swiping the statue of a bear and illegally changing rubles. I was convinced my appeal would be laughed down. Actually, I looked forward to labor camp. Any activity beats solitary confinement.

Then one day a courier from the Soviet Foreign office pounded on the door of the American Embassy in Moscow with one of the oddest diplomatic messages of the cold war. It wondered, in so many words, "When is the U.S. going to ask for bail in the Wortham case?" It even suggested that the Americans fix the figure. Prior to that the State Department had not moved to try and spring me on bail.

Twenty-two thousand dollars was the figure fixed by the Embassy, a rather stunning sum. The Soviets said O.K., but insisted that the bail MUST be posted in Leningrad within 48 hours.

This deadline was cabled to Washington on Friday morning. The State Department phoned my family in North Little Rock at 10:00 A.M. local time, and gave them the news. My family had five hours to act, five hours to get me, their only child, out of prison, because the banks close at 3:00 P.M. for the weekend.

Now they couldn't raise that kind of money so fast. They called Mayor Lamen of North Little Rock. The mayor hastily assembled leading businessmen. The businessmen—God bless them!—applied to a bank for a \$22,000 loan, signed their names for that sum, and the money was cabled to Leningrad.

(Editor's Note: One wonders why, under the circumstances, with the clock ticking the United States Government—which is spending billions around the globe—would not immediately post the bail, lend the Worthams the money, thus avoid the cliff hanger?)

This was certainly a quick reversal of the Soviet attitude. Shortly before they suggested bail, my mother had written a feverish plea for mercy to Soviet Premier Kosygin. She had received a short, harsh reply from the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

He wrote: "Concerning your letter to Mr. Kosygin, I am instructed to draw your attention to the fact that your son has committed a criminal offense punishable by Soviet law." That was all!

The day after I was bailed out, Harlan Moen and I went by train to Moscow, where I was given a small apartment in the U.S. Embassy and ate with the Marine guards. It took me a few days to re-

turn to a semblance of normalcy. During the night I kept waking up, thinking I was still in solitary.

The Western diplomatic colony was wonderful to me. One evening I met one of the prettiest and most wonderful girls I've ever known. She was Swedish, with hair the color of Iowa corn, and eyes as blue as a summer lake. (I won't tell you her name; I don't want to involve her in publicity.)

We dated every night. We went ice-skating, dancing, to the ballet and to parties. I even managed to forget, for short spells, that I still might lose three years of my life in prison. Actually, we dated under the eyes of the KGB. Wherever we went we were followed, usually by a car with two agents in it. Even when we went shopping, the car would stop outside the store and one agent would follow us in. How childish!

One evening she came to see me and said: "My ambassador has told me I must leave Russia immediately. That's because I've been dating you and you're a 'controversial person.'"

I never did find out if the Russians had pressured the Swedes.

I never tried to date a Russian girl. The Marines said it was very dangerous. One put it this way: "In all communist countries they use women to involve foreigners. If, by some miracle, you make out with a swinging Soviet chick, you can be sure of one thing—you'll be on candid camera."

It was strange, but no official in the Embassy ever discussed my case with me. They seemed anxious to forget it. The only thing they would say, when the subject was raised, was that my case was entirely political. I was a pawn.

(Editor's Note: That's what the Embassy told Wortham, that's what the State Department tells reporters "off the record." But the State Department has never come out and said that Wortham's arrest was political. And, as a result, thousands of Americans still think of Buel Wortham as a punk who acted poorly, like a rowdy, while a tourist in a foreign country.)

Meanwhile, the Russians were stalling on the hearing. It was to be held within twenty days, but first the prosecuting attorney got "sick," then the judge got "sick." Officials at the Embassy feared the Russians were still angling to exchange me—if not for the spy, Igor Ivanov, then for some lesser personality. (Whether there was any kind of a body-for-body deal involving me, I do not know.)

There was much speculation at the Embassy. Some people said I'd serve the full three years; some said I'd get two or one. Some said I'd go free. I was again becoming jittery. I again saw the blank walls of that solitary cell.

Finally, two months after being bailed out, the date for the appeal was set. March 14th. With Harlan Moen and my attorney, I went to the Supreme Court. We turned in Sergeant Monk Sonker's receipt for the bear he had bought in Moscow, an exact replica of Smokey. Sonker had paid 22 rubles for the bear. The Soviet indictment said the bear was worth 300.

The judges of the Supreme Court paid no attention to the receipt. Nor did they pay any attention when I made my contrite little speech, agreed on at a conference with my lawyer and Mr. Moen. In this speech (I hated to make it) I apologized for abusing the hospitality of the Soviet Union. It was one of the sloppiest legal proceedings I have ever seen. The judges knew what they were going to do before the appeal was heard.

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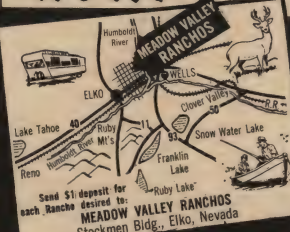
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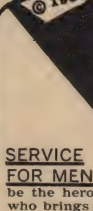
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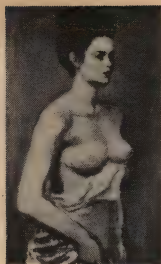
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The wonderful people of North Little Rock paid that fine. It was taken out of the bail money. The fine money was raised by public subscription—dollars, dimes, nickles. How can I ever repay them?

When I got back to the Embassy, the Marines broke out champagne and we kicked up a party. But there was more red tape and it was a week before I could fly out of the Soviet Union. Not until we landed did I feel fully liberated.

What made the Soviets change their mind? What got me out? It was not the State Department, although Mr. Moen and everybody at the Embassy were wonderful.

What got me out makes me thank God for the Constitution of the United States which guarantees freedom of the press. What got me out was the clamor in the press—led by journalists like travel writer Horace Sutton of the Saturday Review—which clobbered the Soviets, day after day, for mistreating an American tourist.

The Soviet brass—I understand it went all the way up to the Kremlin—got leary. They are counting on multitudes of Americans coming to Russia this summer and fall to see the ceremonies celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Revolution. They didn't want to lose those American tourists and their dollars.

I will never understand the Russians. They kept \$280 of my travelers checks. But one of them slipped me a piece of paper on which was written the numbers of those checks!

I was given a form to fill out and it asked how the checks were lost and if anything else was lost at the same time. I wrote that I also lost my car and personal belongings and then I added: "These items were stolen by the Supreme Court of the USSR..."

Fred Sparks' Commentary:

To me, a 20-year veteran of the cold war, the Wortham case immediately sounded phony. Fortunately, in January, I was assigned to Moscow and could do an on-the-spot investigation. I found that Buel Wortham was arrested by chance. The spider web of Soviet law is so constructed that the police could have got him—or anybody else they wanted—on a hundred charges. Wortham was actually arrested for his anti-American propaganda value. And, as pointed out, held as a hostage.

I met Wortham, in Moscow, when he was released on bail. He agreed if, God willing, he could leave Russia, he would meet me in New York and tell me his story... which you have just read.

The Wortham case makes two sorry points:

1.) The Soviets have not yet entered the 20th century in human relations; they still debate the dignity of man.

2.) Our State Department, anxious not to offend Russia at this time—when it is seeking a misty "thaw," a "detente"—did not sufficiently mobilize its diplomatic powers to aid Wortham. During his long weeks in solitary, Buel Wortham was a man without a country.

At 11:00 A.M. on the second day of his trial, Buel Wortham got up to question a government tourist guide. He asked the witness if all Russian guides report on foreign visitors. The judge choked off that question by rapping the gavel.

THAT was the highpoint in the case of Buel Wortham. For by refusing to allow the guide to reply, the judge underlined this truth: No visitor to the Soviet Union goes unwatched. (Bob Hope puts it this way: "In Russia," he says, "the TV set watches you.")

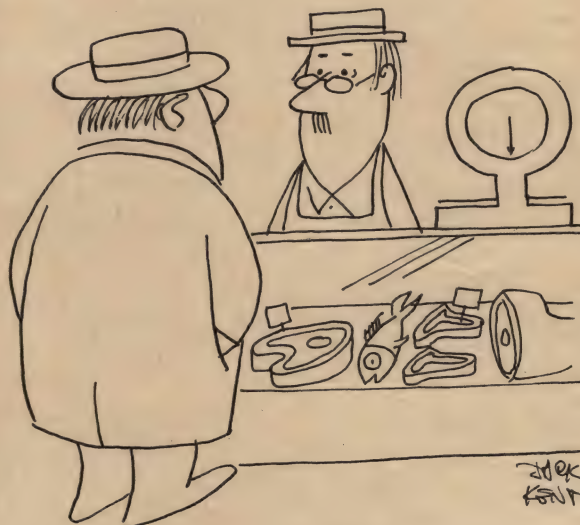
Buel Wortham won't come out and say American tourists shouldn't go to Russia. "They might get to meet some very interesting KGB agents, as I did," he says.

Wortham does advise any American visiting Russia not to talk about anything more controversial than crabgrass. He got into a mess after speaking out on Vietnam.

"Vietnam is an obsession with the Russians," says Wortham. "They asked me about it a lot, because I'm an ex-Army officer. They appear to be concerned because the American Army is getting combat experience."

In Moscow, after the trial, when Wortham faced three years in a red jail, this reporter had an informal talk with an attache at the American Embassy.

"We both agree," I said, "that Buel Wortham, was not arrested for grabbing that bear, but to be used as anti-American."



"A pound of flesh."

can propaganda and to be exchanged for an American-held Soviet spy. Is there any reason why our government can't say to the Soviets:

"Buel Wortham came to Russia as a tourist and unless you give him a fair shake we'll warn all Americans that traveling to Russia is extremely dangerous. That will hit you where it hurts—in your pocketbook!"

The attache replied: "Why use such heavy artillery in the case of one American?"

He and I parted company at that point. I said: "When the Communists degrade one American they degrade us all."

Buel Wortham is safely home now, fishing in the placid lakes of his beloved Arkansas. But the Wortham case will stir angry political seas for long months to come. There are too many loose ends, too many unanswered questions. For example:

Why did the State Department try to hush the Wortham case, even as the young man was rotting in solitary? Wortham's father was urged by the State not to do anything to publicize his son's plight. Our Embassy in Moscow kept very mum on the matter. And this correspondent was appealed to by State "not to reopen the Wortham case."

Was the State Department embarrassed by Wortham's arrest, because it came at a time when it was trying to get the Consular Treaty through the Senate? The treaty, incidentally, will not mean a thing if the Russians do not want it to mean a thing.

Was the State Department embarrassed by Wortham's arrest, because it came at a time when it was trying to "build bridges" with Russia? (One veteran of the Moscow story said: "Everytime the Russians build a bridge with a foreign country they simultaneously make plans to blow it up.")

Why didn't the State Department explain to the press in Washington what it very well knew—that the arrest was a fraud? Instead, it let the Russian statement that Wortham was pinched "for stealing a bear of antique value and dealing on the black market" stand, without contradiction. Instead of speaking out in his defense, the American State Department let young Wortham's reputation be smeared.

DID the Department neglect Buel Wortham on the human level? Never did a single embassy staff go into his case in depth. Never did a single member give him more than superficial legal advice. From time to time the embassy sent food packages to Wortham in solitary, and the Soviets confiscated a good portion of these packages.

The official American attitude, as I learned in Moscow, was to bury the Wortham case, hide it, sweep it under the rug, because of the new hopped-up drive to improve relations with the Soviets—even though the Soviets, to this date, have been wooed but have not bothered to woo back.

Buel Ray Wortham made one big mistake: he picked a very bad time to get framed and jailed by the Russians.

"Take it easy with the Russians," seems to be our official attitude in Moscow.

"We've got to live with them and eventually they'll come to their senses," one attache told me. "We've just got to ignore the occasional insult, like the Wortham case."

That may be so, but as a friend of mine in Moscow said: "We Americans are running out of cheeks to turn." ♦♦♦

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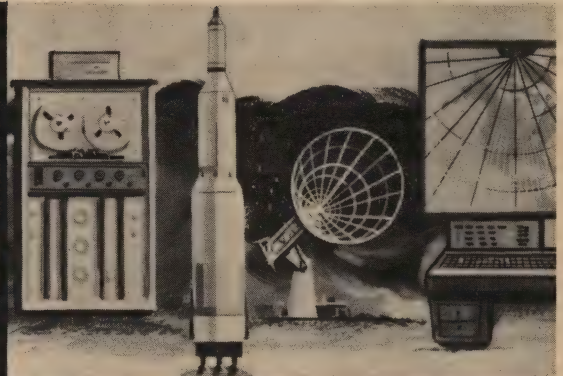
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RAPISTS AND MURDERERS

Continued from page 33

were committed. A murder, forcible rape or assault to kill occurred every two minutes. There was an aggravated assault every two and a half minutes; a robbery every four and a half minutes; a larceny every 41 seconds, and a burglary every 27 seconds.

And last year we paid a \$27 billions tribute to crime.

In Vietnam, our soldiers at least have weapons to help protect themselves against the enemy. In the war against crime at home we place our reliance upon our laws and our police. But today, more and more frequently, our laws are extending shocking leniency to vicious and merciless criminals. Our most dedicated and efficient law enforcement agencies are being frustrated, hamstrung by mounting legal technicalities.

"We are living in an age which defies comparison," declared Orlando W. Wilson, the recently retired superintendent of Chicago police. "Some characterize it as a time of social revolution and individualism. But, in all honesty, I think we must also characterize it as a time of lawlessness and irresponsibility. It is a time when the Supreme Court of the United States releases confessed criminals as punishment to the police; when the rights and liberties of the individual are proclaimed in every forum while his obligations as a citizen go without an advocate. . ."

In Los Angeles, a man who confessed to strangling his pregnant sweetheart was freed, because he had made the admission to an undercover cop who had been placed in a bugged cell with him.

In a small Ohio city, a youth who had been arrested for burglary voluntarily confessed to an unsolved murder of which he had not even been suspected. He was released by a panel of three judges, because he had not been advised of his rights.

In Detroit a man convicted of the brutal murder of an elderly woman was freed at a retrial, because the police did not prove he had waived his right to remain silent and receive a lawyer's advice.

In New York State, a confessed murderer was freed from Sing Sing, his confession pronounced invalid because his lawyer had not been informed of his whereabouts when he made it.

IN Brooklyn, New York, a mother confessed to the police that she had taped the mouth and wrists of her four-year-old son, then beaten him to death with a rubber hose and a broomstick. When she was brought to court the murder indictment against her was dismissed, because the police had not fully informed her of her right to remain silent following arrest.

"Thank you, Your Honor, from all my heart," she said to Justice Michael Kern.

"Don't thank me," the judge snapped angrily. "Thank the United States Supreme Court. Don't thank me at all. You killed the child and you ought to go to jail."

In the course of the past few years, encouraged by Supreme Court rulings and do-gooder legislation that do more to guard the rights of the lawless than

protect the lives and property of the law-abiding, crime has shot up almost six times as fast as our population growth.

For many decades the basic crime-busting techniques employed by lawmen have been (1) questioning suspects and (2) extracting confessions. There is no disputing the fact that in utilizing these techniques police have at times resorted to brutal and questionable methods. Suspects have been beaten with rubber hoses, punched, slapped, kicked and otherwise subjected to physical violence to make them confess. They have been given the "third degree," sometimes for hours under glaring lights.

In many instances they were not advised of their rights under the Fifth Amendment, which guarantees that "no person shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself"; nor of the right to have legal representation following arrest. In the absence of a lawyer, they were coerced or intimidated into making confessions to the police which they later repudiated in the courtroom.

In the not so distant past, criminologists wrote text books and study manuals explaining the "art" of making a suspect confess to perpetrating a crime of which the police accuse him. One of the most popular, *Criminal Interrogation and Confessions*, authored by Northwestern Law Professor Fred E. Inbau and lie detector expert John E. Reid portrays a police interrogator as "a hunter stalking his game." It suggests that questioning take place in the absolute privacy of a small, bare, windowless room and advises the inquisitors to "display an air of confidence in the subject's guilt."

Admittedly, there have been many violations of a suspect's rights in the past. Some abuses still go on. But they have been diminishing, for the very logical reason that today most competent law enforcement agencies throughout the country zealously try to build a case which a defense lawyer cannot later have thrown out of court on the grounds that the rights of the accused were not fully observed.

But what about the rights of the law-abiding citizen? We pay billions annually to fight crime. We give our law enforcement agencies the most modern equipment and apparatus science can devise. We literally put our lives in their hands. And today, in more and more instances, we find that they are powerless to put confessed murderers, rapists and other vicious criminals behind bars, because of legal technicalities.

The criminal "takeover" of our country is not a nefarious plot conceived by the Cosa Nostra, or any other powerful element of the underworld. It was not craftily engineered by an Ian Fleming type arch villain like Goldfinger. On the contrary, it has zoomed to its present unpredictable and alarming position by accident. The principal character was a most decidedly unhollywoodian type, a 26-year-old Chicago laborer, Danny Escobedo, who weighed 106 pounds and was five feet, five inches tall.

Danny, back in 1960-1961, had no idea that he was to be cast as the lead in one of the most important judicial dramas of our era. His only interest was in getting himself sprung from Statesville Prison, in Illinois, where he was serving a 20-year sentence for first-degree murder on what he regarded as a bum rap.

Brought up in Chicago, Danny, at an early age, was no stranger to cops on the beat, nor his local police station. "I was never the ideal teen-ager," he admits.

Whatever else can be said about Danny—and the cops have said a lot of things: five arrests on charges ranging from assault to murder, an arrest on a charge of selling prescription barbiturates and one for carrying a pistol—he did have strong principles in regard to women.

He married a pretty 17-year-old girl of Irish-German background and, in his own words: "I never touched her until we were married." He was very close to his sister, Grace, and deeply concerned over her unhappy marriage to Manuel Valtierra, a key punch operator with a violent temper.

ACCORDING to well authenticated records Valtierra beat Grace up several times. On one occasion, he was arrested for stabbing her during a quarrel. This disturbed Danny. Such things, he maintained, should not go on in married life. Arguments, perhaps—but no violence.

On a cold January night, in 1960, when there were few pedestrians on the streets of Chicago's West Side, Manuel Valtierra was approaching his house. A shot was fired from a nearby doorway. Valtierra died with a bullet in his back.

The police arrived. The body was removed to the morgue. A diligent search failed to uncover either the murder weapon or a witness. In the absence of both, the police rounded up Grace Valtierra and brother Danny—without the formality of a warrant—and took them to headquarters for questioning. At the same time they picked up two of Danny's close friends, Benny Di Gerlando, 18, and Bobby Chan, 17.

For the next fourteen and a half hours all four were interrogated about the murder of Manuel Valtierra. They were not informed of their right to keep silent, nor of their right to call in a lawyer.

Young Bobby Chan's mother, meanwhile, became increasingly worried about the whereabouts of her son and made inquiries. She discovered that he was being held at police headquarters and she got in touch with a lawyer, Warren Wolfson. When Wolfson arrived at police headquarters, the cops had to admit that they did not have anything incriminating against the four. None of them had talked, and Wolfson succeeded in having them released.

As far as the cops were concerned, they were following routine police procedure. In the absence of witnesses or clues to any suspects in a crime, the next step was to interrogate those most closely identified with the victim. Grace was known to have quarreled with her late husband; Danny, to have been worried about her. Benny Di Gerlando and Bobby Chan were Danny's best friends. It was possible that he had confided in them, or that they had actually participated with him in the murder.

The police leaned strongly toward the latter theory: that at Danny's urging his pals had killed Valtierra, to make life easier for Grace. For the next ten days the cops kept the quartet, still prime suspects, under surveillance. Then, failing to discover a single clue, they somehow persuaded Benny Di Gerlando to name

Danny as Valtierra's slayer. Following this "admission," they grabbed Danny, handcuffed him and hustled him back to headquarters—along with Grace and Bobby Chan.

Again they interrogated Danny at length in the squeal room without benefit of legal counsel. Although Wolfson promptly tried to join him in the squeal room and glimpsed Danny through the half-open door, a burly detective blocked his entrance.

"Danny Escobedo doesn't know you," the cop said. "You can't go in there."

Wolfson demanded admittance. He cited an Illinois statute that guarantees the right of consultation between a lawyer and a client, except in cases of imminent danger of escape.

The detective shrugged it off and refused to step aside.

With the lawyer barred, the scene was set for a familiar save-your-own-neck plot. The cops brought in Benny Di Gerlando, confronted him with the manacled Danny, and asked him who had shot Valtierra. Benny remained silent. He later declared that the confession in which he had fingered Danny had been beaten out of him, which the police subsequently denied.

It was Danny who spoke out. He pointed accusingly at Benny. "You did it!"

The cops glanced at one another significantly. This was the break they had been waiting for. By accusing his pal of the murder, Danny had indirectly admitted his own complicity. Under Illinois law this made him as guilty as if he himself had fired the fatal bullet.

Benny was taken from the squeal room, and for several hours the cops concentrated on Danny. Allegedly, they promised him that if he made a full statement, he would be freed.

According to the story of what went on in the squeal room, Danny told the police he had been so disturbed at the way Valtierra had been treating his sister, he had told Grace her husband would be taken care of. He offered Benny \$500 to kill Valtierra. Bobby Chan had acted as lookout.

Having talked, Danny now expected to be released. Instead, to his shocked surprise, he found not only Benny, but himself, Grace, and Bobby Chan indicted for homicide.

At the trial Danny repudiated the statement he had made to the police. The judge decided, however, that it was voluntary and sentenced him to twenty years in prison. Benny received a life term; Grace and Bobby were acquitted.

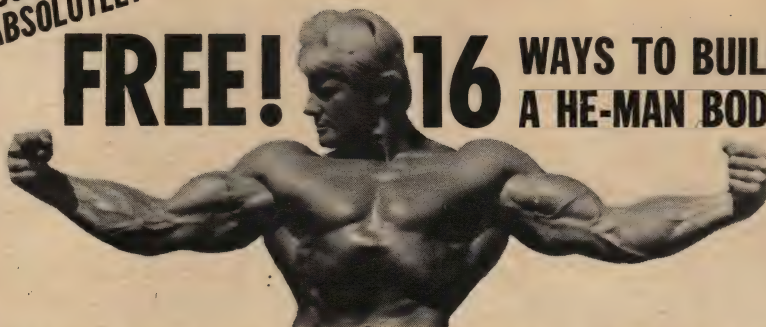
DANNY was confined in Statesville. His wife gave birth to a son, later divorced Danny and disappeared with the child. Two years went by during which Danny brooded over his "bum rap." Then he decided to try to do something about it and filed a pauper's appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court, which appointed a lawyer named Eugene Farrug to handle the case on a no fee basis.

Farrug headed his own Chicago law firm. He was young, capable and sympathetic. On his first visit he recorded his impression of Danny: "He looked so small and helpless. There was the enormity of the prison, the towering guards, the prison clothes a little too big for him."

He told his skeptical client: "You have the whole American tradition of justice on your side. . . It's a pretty great thing to live in a society where people will work so hard to ensure that one individual is not taken advantage of." Farrug meant what he said. He worked hard in

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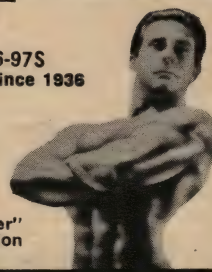


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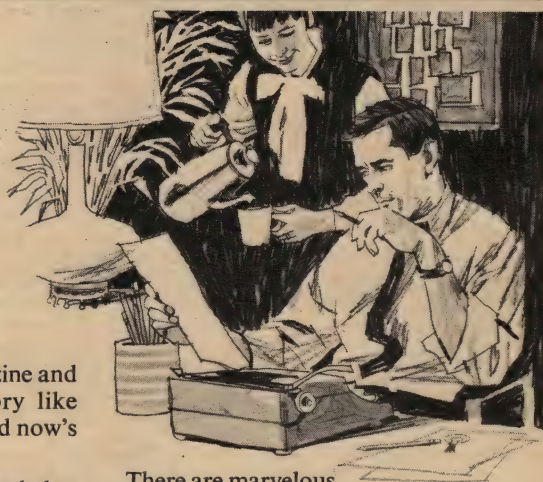
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Danny's behalf. He enlisted the help of one of his associates, Barry Kroll, in the case. They asked the Illinois Supreme Court to reverse Danny's conviction, arguing that the Chicago police had obtained his incriminating statement by making false promises.

The Illinois Supreme Court agreed, and it appeared that Danny Escobedo would soon be a free man. Then, at a rehearing, the Court heard testimony from Danny's interrogators denying that they had made any promises to him. The Court reversed its decision.

Kroll tried another tack. He argued that Danny's statement to the police was involuntary and inadmissible as evidence, because he had been denied his right to have his former lawyer, Wolfson, present during the questioning. The Court had to acknowledge that there was an Illinois statute guaranteeing this right of consultation. But, it pointed out in judicial alarm, if enforced this statute would entitle lawyers to monitor all police interrogation of suspects: "It would effectively preclude all interrogation—fair as well as unfair."

Danny Escobedo went back to prison. Barry Kroll took his battle to the United States Supreme Court. Two and a half years later, in June 1964, by the narrow vote of five to four a decision was reached which freed Danny.

The Supreme Court ruling in the Escobedo case marked the day that crime began taking over the country. Whether Danny Escobedo was guilty or innocent in the killing of his brother-in-law is relatively unimportant. What is important to the safety and peace of mind of millions of law-abiding citizens is the effect that the decision had on encouraging the criminal: by hampering the efforts of the police to put him behind bars and keep him there.

The late William H. Parker, Los Angeles Police Chief, summed up the viewpoint of the law enforcement officer this way:

"I do think police have been unfairly dealt with. They have endeavored to do the things they think they can properly do to discharge their responsibility. They have seized evidence and taken it into court because they believed anything less than that was not meeting their required responsibilities. The courts accepted that evidence, the prosecutor introduced it.

"Then, all of a sudden, we find that the police are singled out as having done some evil thing. I think this has been tragically unfair to the police officer who has been doing only what he thought was legal and proper. . . I think this has hurt policing in America and has discouraged a great many people from coming into it, people who we need badly. Though police probably must take their share of responsibility, I do think the police are more concerned about what is happening to the security of society than any other element."

THROUGHOUT the country many eminent jurists agreed with Parker. Not only did the Supreme Court decision hurt law enforcement agency morale, but it promised greater difficulty in obtaining well-merited convictions. Suddenly it was the cop who made the arrest or the detective who painstakingly built up a case who became the "bad guy" in a courtroom drama.

Despite a rising tide of protest and indignation following its decision in the Danny Escobedo case, the Supreme Court refused to yield an inch. And since that decision, bleeding-heart federal and state legislators—applauded by do-gooder re-

formers—have passed a series of laws which have further restricted law enforcement agencies and obstructed justice.

Some of these reformers regard the seizure of evidence as worse than the crime of murder, wire-tapping as more immoral than rape, failure to spell out all his legal rights to a suspect as more heinous than the fact that a cop caught him in the act of breaking into a house with a gun in his hand.

Observed Aaron E. Koota, straight-talking district attorney of Kings County, Brooklyn, New York: "The safety and welfare of law-abiding citizens have been jeopardized by a welter of judicial opinion defining the rights of criminal suspects."

He noted that suspects in such crimes as murder, robbery, rape and felonious assault had to be turned loose and are walking the streets "secure in the knowledge that they cannot be punished for their crimes. . . free to continue to jeopardize the safety of law-abiding citizens."

As for wire-tapping, Koota said: "If we don't have wire-tapping legally permissible, I might as well close my books on the most serious criminal activities—organized crime, labor racketeering, narcotics rings, and similar types of activity."

But in spite of such protests, in 1966, the Supreme Court reaffirmed its previous stand by reversing the convictions of four confessed criminals.

Ernesto Miranda, 23, described as an "emotionally sick" truck driver, had been picked up, in 1963, on suspicion of robbing a woman in Arizona and kidnaping and raping an 18-year-old girl. When placed in a police line-up he was identified by both victims. Following this he talked freely, although he was informed of his right to keep silent and presumably knew of his right to counsel. He was found guilty and sentenced to serve 25 and 30 years on the two charges.

The Arizona Supreme Court upheld Miranda's conviction. In 1966, however, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed it. In writing the majority opinion, Chief Justice Earl Warren pointed out that the case raised questions "which go to the roots of our concepts of American criminal jurisprudence; the restraints society must observe consistent with the Federal Constitution in prosecuting individuals for crime."

Warren went on to define the restraints: "Prior to any questioning, the person must be warned that he has the right to remain silent, that any statement he does make may be used as evidence against him and that he has the right to the presence of an attorney, either retained or appointed."

VIETNAM: SEARCH AND DESTROY

"At midnight, India Co., 3rd. Bat., 1st Marines moved out. The plan was to hit the enemy-controlled village of Tha Binh at dawn—in a 'surprise' attack. But every man, woman and child in the area knew we were there and what we planned to do. So we 'sneaked' down the trail with VC following on both sides, fading in and out of the jungle, waiting for the right time and the right place—the 'killing place' . . . " From a front-line correspondent's diary.

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The defendant might consent to waive these rights but: "If, however, he indicates in any manner and at any stage of the process that he wishes to consult with an attorney before speaking there can be no questioning. Likewise, if the individual is alone and indicates in any manner that he does not wish to be interrogated, the police may not question him."

The burden of proof of waiver of these rights is on the prosecution. Any confession taken in violation of them is inadmissible.

"IT'S that part about a suspect indicating in any manner that he does not wish to be interrogated that bugs many of us," commented an Arizona lawman. "Say a suspect sneezes while he is being questioned. Or maybe he scratches his ear. Later, in court, he can claim that he wasn't really sneezing but protesting about his rights being violated and that he wasn't really scratching his ear but trying to indicate that, in his own manner, he was requesting a lawyer."

The Miranda versus State of Arizona decision was the most important criminal case of the year, but at the same time the U.S. Supreme Court also reversed three other convictions which were to have highly significant repercussions.

In 1961, Michael Vignera, 31, had been arrested in connection with the holdup of a woman's dress shop in Brooklyn, New York. He was fingered by an accomplice and identified by the victims. He confessed after the cops had questioned him for twelve hours. Ignoring New York's "prompt-arraignment" statute, the police did not take him before a judge until approximately 24 hours after his arrest.

In 1963, the Kansas City, Missouri, police were tipped off by FBI agents that Carl C. Westover, 44, might have been the man who had robbed two federally-insured banks in California. Westover was arrested by the Kansas City police and questioned about a series of local robberies. He was turned over to the FBI about fourteen hours later.

The G-Men believed they had a airtight case. Not only was Westover identified by eyewitnesses but some of the bills from one of the banks were allegedly found in his car. He confessed after two and a half hours, without a lawyer present. Westover was then held for eleven days before he was arraigned. After being tried he was sentenced to serve thirty years in prison.

In 1963, several women were mugged in Los Angeles and one of the victims died. Los Angeles detectives decided that clues pointed to one suspect and they arrested Roy A. Stewart, 28. They also picked up his common-law wife.

Stewart was identified by eyewitnesses and a victim. Some of the valuables taken in the muggings were allegedly found in his home. Stewart was questioned for approximately four and a half days, during which time he did not ask for a lawyer. He finally confessed to mugging the woman who had died but denied that he had killed her. Later, in court, he claimed that he had confessed only so the cops would release his wife, who was also being held. He received a death sentence for felony-homicide.

When the U.S. Supreme Court reversed these four convictions last year, jurists were swamped with petitions from cons serving time for every crime from robbery to murder who believed they could be released on the basis of the Supreme Court rulings. Among them were two New Jersey thugs, Sylvester Johnson and Stanley Cassidy, who had killed a storekeeper while robbing him back in 1958

and now claimed that their constitutional rights had been violated.

The U.S. Supreme Court considered their petition and turned it down, by a vote of 7 to 2. This at least offered the assurance that prisons throughout the country would not be opened to release every criminal who claimed he had been put away on a bum rap. To reopen past cases, said Chief Justice Warren, "would seriously disrupt the administration of our criminal laws. It would require the retrial and release of numerous prisoners found guilty by trustworthy evidence in conformity with previously announced constitutional standards."

But this hasn't eased the burden of law enforcement agencies in combatting increasing crime, in apprehending the thousands of criminals operating today with figurative Constitutional Rights "credit cards" signed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Among them are many hardened repeaters. The FBI, in a special study of 93,000 offenses committed by these confirmed lawbreakers, learned that some three out of four had been arrested at least twice. Over half had been released from custody on parole or via a suspended sentence. Following the first display of leniency by a court, they averaged more than three additional arrests. Of 265 murderers released on parole or through legal technicalities "many continued a career of crime accounting for 737 additional offenses, including 12 new murders."

Many of our leading criminologists maintain that confessions are essential to conviction in 80 percent of all criminal cases. Says one veteran Washington, D.C., detective who, for obvious reasons, prefers to remain anonymous:

"Last November, President Johnson vetoed a Congress-passed bill which would have given Washington police more leeway in questioning suspects, toughened penalties for some crimes, tightened requirements for pleading insanity. The President declared that enactment of the bill would confuse an already complex situation and provoke years of litigation.

"In many categories of crime, leeway in questioning suspects is essential if a lawbreaker is to be brought to justice. Pickpocketing is an example. I defy the most talented criminologist to uncover incriminating clues at the scene of a pickpocketing. One of the most fundamental investigative procedures is to round up known dips suspected of being in the vicinity of a particular crime and interrogate them."

This difficulty of solving certain types of crime where there are neither witnesses nor physical evidence, and the police do not obtain—or cannot use—a confession, is also pointed out by Los Angeles Assistant District Attorney Richard Pachtman:

"It's pathetic. It's said that all this makes police work better and sharper, but it's ruining the cases that mean the most to the average citizen: armed robbery, auto theft, the whole basketful of bread-and-butter cases."

Some time ago President Johnson, concerned over the nationwide rise in crime, appointed a fact-finding Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice. The commission was headed by Nicholas Katzenbach, who was then Attorney General, and was made up of capable, well-qualified men including three judges, a chief of police, a state attorney general and three ex-presidents of the American Bar Association. The Commis-

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sion was thorough in carrying out its assignment. This past spring it made its report which included these terrifying facts:

Crime throughout the United States today, in urban, suburban and rural areas—anywhere we may live—is much more prevalent than the most startling statistics indicate. It is at least three times more common than is revealed by police blotters. In the slum areas of some large cities, it is actually more than ten times greater than the total official police figures show.

THERE are more than three and a half times as many rapes, twice as many aggravated assaults, 50 percent more robberies than victims report to the police. They are not reported because the victims are too embarrassed (in rape cases); because they are intimidated and fearful of reprisal either against themselves or some member of the family; because they believe that the police either cannot or will not do anything about it.

Approximately 90 percent of all criminals who are arrested and indicted never come to trial. Instead, their lawyers make deals with prosecuting attorneys for them to "cop a plea" and plead guilty on a lesser charge resulting in a shorter sentence.

There are at least twice as many—some 900,000—criminals out on parole, suspended sentences or probation as there are in all the prisons throughout the country.

As for organized crime, like the infamous Cosa Nostra (better known as the Mafia), today its a multi-billion dollar business, with emphasis upon gambling, loan-sharking and the smuggling and distribution of narcotics.

The Commission made more than 200 specific recommendations to fight the increase in individual and organized crime throughout the nation.

There is no disputing the fact that there always has been crime since Cain murdered Abel, and there always will be—for revenge, lust and, most of all, profit. But in the United States it has gotten so far out of hand that criminals threaten to take over the country.

Law enforcement officers, from the cop on the beat to Director Hoover of the FBI, have long been aware of this but it took the alarming report of the Commission to spell it out to the Federal Government. In a special message to Congress last January, President Johnson, quoting considerably from the report, proposed the "Safe Streets and Crime Control Act of 1967."

Suggesting that immediate Federal measures be taken against interstate crime, the President declared: "Public order is the first business of Government . . . [but] the principal responsibility for dealing with crime does not lie with the national Government, but with the states and local communities."

This puts our local and State law enforcement agencies squarely in the front line of the battle against increasing crime, while judicial decisions and "reformer" legislation deprive them of their most effective weapons. As recently pointed out by executive director Quinn Tamm of the International Association of Chiefs of Police:

"We gratified with President Johnson's vigorous interest in having the police fight crime. . . . At the same time, however, we must eliminate the paradox. We cannot have one hand of government turning the key on the criminal while the other hand opens the back door for his escape from punishment. ♦♦♦



But the astronauts were doomed from the instant that the power cable shorted and the fire began.

There was no way out of Apollo.

There was no possible way for the astronauts to have escaped from the spacecraft by anything they might have done.

There was no possible way for them to have been rescued in time by help from outside.

There was no fire-fighting system within Apollo. There was no way dozens of trained fire-fighting specialists outside Apollo could have helped put out the flames. In fact, most of the fire-fighting and disaster crews weren't even at Pad 34. No one thought this was a dangerous test.

And that is the most incredible aspect of the disaster that killed three outstanding men, destroyed a \$40-million spacecraft, and dealt a body blow to the \$23-billion program to send a manned-flight to the moon by the end of 1969.

No one thought the test was dangerous—when three men were sealed into a spacecraft under heavy pressure, with 100 percent oxygen, with power cables, dozens of heat sources, surrounded by flammable materials. When past experience showed that a fire in the 100 percent oxygen atmosphere under heavy pressure was almost impossible to extinguish.

If common sense procedures had been followed, Astronauts Grissom, White and Chaffee would still be alive. The first manned Apollo flight would now be a matter of history, instead of a grounded catastrophe that should never have happened.

But no one thought the test was dangerous. . . .

In the aftermath of the Apollo disaster, both houses of Congress have been trying to get at the truth. Newsmen who have reported the space program ever since the first faltering days of Vanguard—and who are intimately familiar with spacecraft systems—have reacted angrily to deliberate attempts on the part of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) to "fuzz" or hide the facts.

This is a public program; by Congressional law, an open program. It is the responsibility of newsmen to bring the whole story to the public. It is their job to floodlight the mismanagement and incredible administrative fumbling that allowed January 27, 1967 to happen. . . .

Ever since the scheduled Apollo 204 mission ended tragically on the ground with the deaths of Grissom, White and Chaffee, millions of statements about the disaster have been paraded before the public. In this Niagara-like torrent of words there has cropped up, again and again—like a skeleton in the family closet of NASA—mention of a report prepared by Brigadier General Samuel C. Phillips.

General Phillips, Apollo Program Manager, carried out what is normal procedure in a program as big as Apollo. He looked for deficiencies and faults in the contractor—in this case, North American

DEATH OF OUR ASTRONAUTS

Continued from page 19

Aviation's (NAA) Space and Information Division. He was not happy with what he found. He wrote that, by "the fall of 1965," the rate of progress of NAA in its programs was "not sufficient to meet the requirements of the Apollo Program."

Spelling out NAA's shortcomings, the Phillips Report stated that its "Space and Information Division was overmanned and that the S-11 and CSM (Command and Service Modules) programs could be done, and done better, by fewer . . . people, better organized, with particular emphasis on achieving greater competence in key management and technical positions." Work tasks "were inadequately defined and scheduled." There were "deficiencies in organization and program planning" . . . which helped to create situations where there was "an inadequate system engineering" job in Apollo.

In manufacturing, "rejection and rework were being experienced in the S-II program in manufacturing processes for bonding and welding." There was also "the lack of proper support from engineering." As of December 1965, the Report said, quality "was not meeting NASA standards."

The Phillips Report, in short, indicated that North American Aviation was falling down on the job! Why, then, after the disaster on Pad 34, did NASA refuse to release it? *Why, in fact, did NASA insist that no such report existed?*

William J. Coughlin, of *Technology Week* (formerly *Missiles & Rockets*) magazine, said in a bylined statement that: "We had been seeking information for some weeks on the so-called Phillips Report, but were met with flat NASA denials that there had ever been such a thing."

NASA, of course, was lying. It was deliberately covering up the existence of the Phillips Report. But why?

WHEN it became impossible for the agency to go on telling fairy tales about the Report, top NASA officials did a fancy backstep and admitted what most observers had known all along: that the report did exist. But when Congressman William F. Ryan, a member of the House Science and Astronautics Committee, demanded that the agency release the report, NASA Administrator James E. Webb flatly refused to do so. Why? The official NASA excuse was that releasing the report would "embarrass" the principal contractor for Apollo!

Ryan rose in Congress to state that the nation was "confronted with a very grave question which goes to the heart of the Democratic process—whether an agency of our Government has the unqualified right to withhold from the public and Members of Congress information which is crucial to a congressional investigation of a vitally important matter."

Later, when he had seen a copy of the Phillips Report, the Congressman condemned NASA in these words:

"It is . . . clear to me why NASA refused to divulge its contents. The reason is simple. It is not that the report would damage the national interest or security.

It is not that the space program would be jeopardized. It is simply that the truth concerning NASA's failure properly to supervise Apollo operations (author's italics) and incredible mismanagement on the part of NASA's major Apollo contractor is highly embarrassing."

At first glance, the Phillips Report seems to leave North American Aviation nailed to a wall of indictment. But the report—actually a compendium of notes and memorandums by General Phillips—pinpointed defects, deficiencies and problems in NAA's management of its Apollo contracts as far back as December 1965 to April 1966. The question arises: What did North American Aviation do about it?

WHEN that question is answered, it becomes obvious why NASA didn't want the Phillips Report released—because the final conclusions of the Report throw right back at NASA the damaging weight of the Apollo 204 mission disaster!

In separate testimony before the Senate and House space committees, General Phillips sliced the props right out from under NASA and exposed the agency's sorry performance for what it really was: a sordid attempt to shift responsibility for the Apollo disaster from its own shoulders to that of NAA which, because it is a contractor, is under pressure to keep its mouth shut.

Between December 19, 1965 and April 22, 1966, General Phillips stated, in sworn testimony on North American, "The company was cooperative with me and the task force during the entire period..."

Furthermore, he said, "They were completely responsive to the recommendations that I made. I was reasonably confident, in the spring of 1966, that implementation of the recommendations in all these areas was proper and that the program was in tremendously better shape..."

If General Phillips were telling the truth—and no one has ever had any reason to doubt his veracity—then the blame put on North American Aviation had to be eased. At the same time, NASA's share in the blame for "incredible mismanagement" could only be increased.

The more Congressional investigators dug into the mass of NASA evasion and denials the more they discovered this to be true. NASA's deputy Administrator, Dr. Robert C. Seamans, Jr., admitted to the Senate committee that there was a "marked improvement at North American during the past year to year and a half" since the Phillips studies and the disaster at Pad 34 on January 27, 1967.

Dr. George E. Mueller, NASA's associate administrator for manned space flight, supported Phillips and Seaman's, agreeing that North American Aviation had made a tremendous improvement in its working conduct.

Did the deficiencies of North American—as specified in the Phillips Report—bring about or contribute to the conditions that killed the three astronauts on Pad 34? Mueller raised Congressional eyebrows with a flat statement that:

"It is clear that [North American work practices in 1965 and in early 1966] did not have an effect on the accident, did not lead to the accident and were not related to the accident."

The fact was that North American Aviation had accepted the recommendations of the Phillips' "tiger team" and had pulled itself together. The Phillips Report also contains paragraph after paragraph in which General Phillips details just what was done at North American, so that "the planned future course of action

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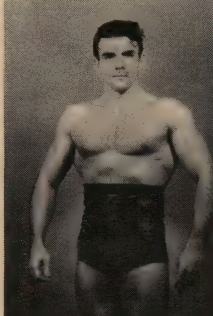
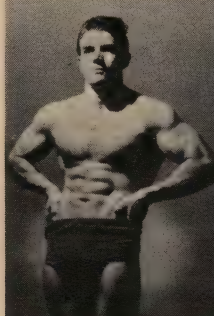
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provided confidence that the required rate of improvement in the posture of the CSM and S-II programs would be achieved."

The Report of the Apollo 204 Review Board appears to be the one unassailable document emerging from the mass of evasion, charges and countercharges following the disaster on Pad 34. The eight-man Board—which included Colonel Frank Borman, USAF, the astronaut who, with James McDivitt, remained in orbit aboard Gemini 7 for 14 days—made a comprehensive, meticulous study of the Apollo calamity.

Working with hundreds of technicians and engineers, the Board dismantled two Apollo spacecraft, scrutinized 1,000 blackened and charred components removed from the 012 spacecraft, examined voice tapes and telemetry data, took over 32,000 pictures and interviewed hundreds of witnesses.

The thick document that resulted from this effort is a scathing indictment of management and engineering design and review practices, both in NASA and North American Aviation. Essentially the Board attacked poor workmanship by NAA and inferior quality control by both NAA and NASA. It criticized a lack of coordination between NASA and NAA—particularly in inspection procedures. It scored the failure to recognize that the test was being conducted under extremely hazardous conditions, and that the test itself was explosively hazardous. It castigated NASA for a lack of proper fire-fighting equipment, and inadequate escape procedures.

It verified that the three astronauts who climbed into Apollo 012 spacecraft were doomed, that nothing could possibly have saved their lives, because of test procedures and the manner in which equipment was installed. The Board stated: "The crew was never capable of effecting emergency egress, because of the pressurization before rupture and their loss of consciousness soon after rupture."

Specifically, the Review Board found: "The test conditions were extremely hazardous. . . . Due to internal pressure, the Command Module inner hatch could not be opened. . . . Contingency preparations to permit escape or rescue of the crew from an internal Command Module fire were not made. . . . No procedures for this type of emergency had been established either for the crew or for the spacecraft pad work team. . . .

"The emergency equipment located in the White Room and on the spacecraft work levels was not designed for the smoke condition resulting from a fire of this nature. . . . Emergency fire, rescue and medical teams were not in attendance. . . . Adequate safety precautions were neither established nor observed for this test. . . .

"Deficiencies existed in Command Module design, workmanship and quality control. . . . Deficiencies in design, manufacture, installation, rework and quality control existed in the electrical wiring. . . . No design features for fire protection were incorporated. . . ."

Now, how did North American Aviation react to the charges?

NAA officials objected to certain findings of the Apollo 204 Review Board, but only in technical aspects. In the main, the company took it on the chin. NAA President J.L. Atwood, in an official statement, said: "The fact of the accident itself makes it obvious that we must do more than we have done, that we must—guided by the finding of the Board—redouble our efforts to approach perfection."

As to where North American would go in the future, Atwood stated, under oath: "I want to make it very clear that we at North American will do everything in our power, in conjunction with NASA, to evaluate and, as appropriate, implement the Board's recommendations."

Dr. John F. McCarthy, Jr., North American's vice president for research and engineering, started out well enough. While giving testimony before Congress, he admitted that the company had failed to design the capsule to guard against a fire on the ground. He said: "I think I myself, as well as the top technical men in both organizations [NASA and North American], feel this is one of the gravest errors we ever made."

But then McCarthy started a new blaze of his own with remarks the House Committee felt were shocking, totally out of order, and unfounded. He stated that among several theories of what started the fire was the possibility that Astronaut Virgil I. Grissom, Apollo command pilot, inadvertently kicked loose a wire.

THE Committee was understandably outraged. McCarthy protested and said, "I wish to make it clear that my previous reference to Grissom was purely hypothetical."

Observers found it astounding that McCarthy would have made a "purely hypothetical" remark of this nature when the Apollo 204 Review Board had already ruled conclusively that nothing of the kind could possibly have happened.

McCarthy was assailed for his remarks, and the heated NASA reaction to them pointed up the fact that all was not cozy between NASA and its prime Apollo contractor. In fact, as events would later show, NASA was involved in bitter infighting not only with its contractors, but also among its own divisions and centers—a situation that might be compared to a dogpack fighting for a bone.

Of all the conclusions drawn in studies of the Pad 34 disaster, there's universal agreement on one especially: Neither NASA nor North American made any emergency plans for an Apollo spacecraft fire on the pad.

What is so incredible is that NASA investigated the problem of emergency escape from the command module in the event of a critical emergency and then, faced with engineering problems, abandoned all hope of such escape!

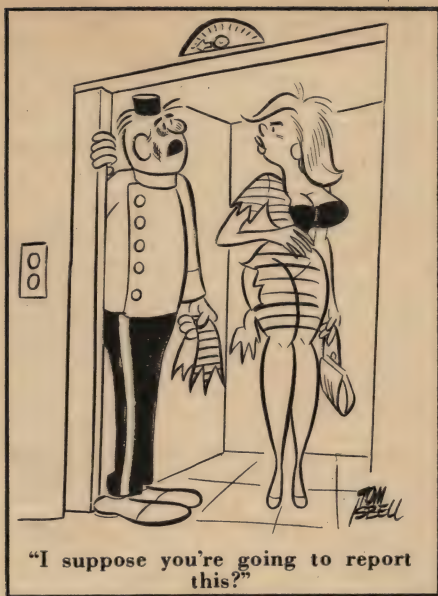
As Projects Mercury and Gemini came and went into history without a spacecraft fire, a feeling grew among engineers that pure oxygen wasn't quite as dangerous as they had assumed. That, as things turned out, was just so much whistling in the dark. The official excuse for not preparing for this type of disaster has been that everyone was "anesthetized by success."

It's when we examine this premise that we find incredible misplanning, laxity and—let's face it—outright stupidity on the part of NASA officials and engineers.

There was no fire-detection system in Apollo. There was no fire-extinguishing system in Apollo. There was no fast escape in case of emergency.

Why? How could we not put into a spacecraft a fire-detection and warning system? That's the first question. The incredible answer, from Dr. George Mueller of NASA, is that it was impossible to design such a system! Impossible? When fire-detection systems have worked for years in ships, within aircraft, in factories, in laboratories?

Top engineers at the Kennedy Space



Center consider this an outrage to good engineering design. They state flatly that there are a dozen systems that could be used aboard Apollo, especially in the areas of the spacecraft that can't be seen visually by the astronauts. They point out that even if there might be difficulty mating the system within Apollo for space flight, there isn't any problem rigging such a system for ground tests.

What about a fire-extinguishing system? Nothing of the sort existed in Apollo. There have been dozens of excuses. Weight, complexity of equipment, the non-existence of a detection system, etc., all ruled out the presence of even a hand extinguisher.

Here we return to the basic premise: that everyone failed to recognize the danger. Even the astronauts concur in this. Colonel Frank Borman told the House committee that "we did not identify this portion of the spacecraft procedure as being a real hazard." He added, "None of us gave real concern to a fire in the spacecraft [during a test on the ground] and this is the crux of the problem."

But the acquiescence of the astronauts doesn't excuse NASA engineers from failing to recognize what was always a potential bomb.

NASA tried to give the impression that it had made proper tests to determine the danger. James E. Webb said, "The risk of a fire that could not be controlled, or from which escape could not be made, was considerably greater than was recognized when the procedures for the conduct of the test were established."

Anyone reading that statement—and others like it—would naturally assume that NASA had done everything in its power to check the extent of the fire danger. But the "procedures for the conduct of the test," investigation reveals, were more farce than science.

Had NASA ever tested the spacecraft on the pad with pure oxygen under 16.7 pounds per square inch pressure and with electrical leads hooked up, simulating the conditions to which the astronauts would be subjected?

No.

Was such a test scheduled?

Yes! But it was canceled! The test was scheduled for January 25th, just two days before the disaster of January 27th. On the 25th, Rocco Petrone, who directs KSC launch operations, and Dr. Joseph Shea of the Manned Spacecraft

Center agreed to eliminate the unmanned checkout of spacecraft pressurization. Had this test been carried out as planned (it was canceled to save time!) with all systems operating, the fire might well have started—with no one in the spacecraft.

There's grim proof of this. After the death of Grissom, White and Chaffee, NASA rigged a boilerplate (non-manned) model of the Apollo I. They rigged it to duplicate exactly the conditions in the spacecraft that burned and exploded on Pad 34. They pressured it with oxygen at 16.6 p.s.i. They started the same electrical arcing fire that began in Spacecraft #012 on Pad 34.

The fire burned almost exactly as it had on Pad 34. The total time of the fire, the manner in which it spread, the buildup to disastrous temperatures, flame, and pressure were the same.

But the unmanned test for Command Module 012 had been canceled.

What about the materials within the spacecraft? Had they been tested for flammability? NASA officials claimed that tests, exhaustive tests, had been run on the Velcro and nylon (72 pounds) in the Apollo.

Not until Congressional investigators started digging was it learned that the tests were far from adequate. Senator Howard W. Cannon, weary of NASA evasions, drove home the question: "Now, did you or did you not perform tests of the proposed materials under sixteen p.s.i., prior to the accident?"

Dr. Mueller's response closed the book on that matter:

"... we did not perform tests at sixteen p.s.i. with either the nylon net or the nylon Velcro. We did perform tests on those materials at five p.s.i."

But the spacecraft with three men aboard was pressurized to an internal atmosphere of nearly seventeen pounds per square inch.

Was NASA aware of what fire under a pure oxygen atmosphere was like?

On November 17, 1962, in a program paid for by NASA funds, engineers ran a test at the U.S. Navy Air Crew Equipment Laboratory in a checkout of NASA materials and equipment. The details of that test are contained in NASA SP-48 Report, Part II, page 100. Inside the test chamber a fire started. The one man in the chamber, rather naturally, was frightened—the chamber was pressurized at five p.s.i. with pure oxygen. The man shouted for help in putting out the fire. Here's what happened:

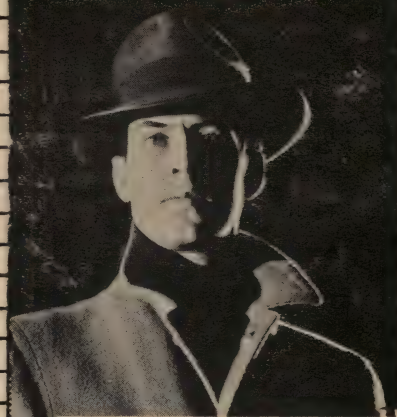
"THE subject requested water but was told to snuff out the fire with a towel. The towel caught fire and blazed so vigorously that it set the man's clothing afire. An asbestos fire blanket was used to snuff out the clothing fire, but it, too, burst into flames."

And this is the kind of material that NASA placed within a manned spacecraft under over three times as great a pressure of pure oxygen!

In Project Mercury, an astronaut could escape from his spacecraft by operating swiftly a series of controls within the cabin, explosively releasing a hatch. In Project Gemini, the two astronauts could escape from their spacecraft by manually opening one, or both, of the Gemini's twin hatches. In dire emergency they could blow open the hatches, which swung away on hinges.

In the Apollo spacecraft to which Grissom, White and Chaffee were committed, there was no quick-release or explosive hatch. In that spacecraft, when pressurized

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to greater than outside air, there was absolutely no way of getting out, no matter how critical an emergency might exist.

After the disaster, the question of the hatch was uppermost in the public mind. After all, the inability of the astronauts to escape from their blazing trap had killed them. If there had been a quick-opening hatch, the three men could have vented the cabin of its oxygen-rich, overpressured atmosphere. They could also have fled the holocaust, possibly suffering burns, but beyond a doubt they would have survived.

The hatch in Apollo was of the plug type, made in three sections. The inner section, plugged into place from the inside, was sealed there effectively by an internal air pressure greater than that outside the spacecraft. Because of the great pressure inside the Apollo 012 during the test, even without a fire it was impossible to open the hatch. It would have taken, at 16.7 p.s.i., nearly 1,300 pounds of muscular strength to pull that hatch free.

WHY didn't the astronauts pull the cabin dump control? This opens vents in the spacecraft to literally dump air inside. It works fine in space, when you've got 5.5 p.s.i. inside the ship and a vacuum outside. Pull the dump handle, there's a big *whoosh*, and any fire you've got plaguing you is gone. But that's in space—not on the ground. Had Gus Grissom pulled the dump handle it would still have taken thirty seconds for the internal pressure to drop from 16.7 p.s.i. to 14.7 p.s.i.—and that was far too long for what was happening inside Apollo. (Besides, Grissom couldn't get to the handle: it was wrapped in a sheet of flame.)

Well, why not an explosive type hatch, like we had in Project Mercury? You can take your choice of two stock NASA answers. Originally, agency spokesmen said the explosive hatch was dangerous, because the fiery gases of the explosion could possibly set off the escaping gases of the liquid-oxygen and liquid-hydrogen tanks of the S-II second and S-IVB third stages of the Saturn V booster or, in the case of the Apollo 204 mission, of the S-IVB stage of the Saturn IB booster. If that happens, claimed NASA, the whole rocket might go up in one titanic blast.

Then why did we retain the explosive release hatch for all six flights of Project Mercury? The Atlas booster certainly vented dangerous gases from its liquid-oxygen tanks.

The later-model NASA answer is that an explosive-actuated hatch might be set off by accident. There could be a "glitch"—a sudden charge—in the electrical system that would release the hatch in space accidentally. That's the official NASA view, and it's pure hogwash. It's hogwash because a plunger arm in "safe" position prevents any direct-line contact between the hatch explosive system and your arming mechanism. Safety firing pins, plunger arms, disconnects—there are a hundred ways to safety completely any such system.

Another part of this NASA answer is that while in space, an astronaut might accidentally bang his elbow against the mechanism, thereby blowing away the hatch. That answer is an insult to any engineer. Cover plates, the same mechanisms listed to safety an electrical system, apply fully in this case.

NASA scientists and officials pointed to the case of Gus Grissom in his Liberty Bell 7 Mercury capsule. While Grissom was riding in the water, the hatch blew away from the capsule and Grissom near-

ly drowned. That's a sin of omission rather than a direct falsehood. Mercury had an arming mechanism. Unless the astronaut went through a series of preparatory steps, he could have pulled that hatch blow off handle every 30 seconds for a month and nothing would or *could* have happened. The hatch in Grissom's Mercury capsule had a primer-cord type of explosive release. It was tricky and less reliable than explosive bolts—which is why the four Mercury astronauts (Glenn, Carpenter, Schirra and Cooper) who went into orbit had explosive-bolt hatches.

So the NASA story that the explosive hatch is dangerous, because of wandering elbows is, from beginning to end, nonsense.

Besides, there are other ways to open hatches. You can use gas-actuated mechanisms for a hinged hatch that will blow the thing open in seconds and provide a yawning opening through which men in danger of their lives can escape. Well, if you can do this, why wasn't such a hatch designed for Apollo?

Hang on to your seat—it was! And it was also abandoned.

The original Apollo design by North American Aviation called for a gas-actuated, explosive type hatch. But NASA looked it over and said that it was dangerous (for the reasons given) and that, too, it compromised the structural strength of Apollo. The hatch must bear up under tremendous pressure and heat. Anything but a plug type hatch was too dangerous. Besides, there really wasn't any need for a hatch that could open in less than five seconds.

Well, if all this is true, then why is NASA following North American's design and putting the quick-opening hatch in the Block II (later model) Apollo spacecraft? Why did NASA make this decision *before the disaster of January 27th*?

Why did NASA give reason after reason why the quick-opening hatch couldn't be used, when North American was already building late-model Apollos with just such a hatch?

The astronauts themselves had requested the quick-opening hatch. Apparently they recognized the need for it. Astronaut Donald K. Slayton, deputy director of NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, is in charge of flight crews. During Congressional investigation of the Apollo disaster, Slayton noted that, before January 27, the astronauts had recommended 45 major changes to the Apollo Spacecraft 012. Of these, 39 had been made before the January 27th test. The remaining six changes were assigned to the Block II, later-model spacecraft. *Among them was the quick-opening hatch.*

IF the astronauts felt strongly enough about the hatch, and if NASA felt strongly enough about the hatch (to override all its previous excuses) why, then, were three astronauts committed to fly the Block I Apollo?

Time. Because we're in a race with the Russians to get to the moon. We're in a race with time. We said we'd land on the moon before the end of 1969. We committed ourselves to that schedule. We were late. Gemini was a year overdue when Gemini 3 got off the ground. Apollo was running late. The 204 mission was scheduled for many months before the end of 1966. It was delayed again and again. To wait for the Block II Apollo with the quick-opening hatch would have meant another long delay. We didn't have the time.

So we put Spacecraft 012, with the plug type hatch through which fast emergency escape was impossible, on the pad. We

dumped in all sorts of flammable materials, then we pressured the spacecraft with 100 percent oxygen at 16.7 p.s.i.—oxygen-soaking flammable materials never tested under that pressure. We canceled a vital unmanned pressure test only two days before. We changed test procedures. We didn't check everything that should have been checked.

You can't get away with all that flagrant abuse of common sense, safety, and good engineering. We didn't. Three men died who shouldn't have.

One reason we'll always face the grave danger of fire in the Apollo spacecraft is that the United States is committed to a spacecraft atmosphere of pure oxygen. From the beginning of our program we went to oxygen because we lacked great booster power. We had to save weight and complexity and size of equipment.

G. R. Arthur of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, was a top engineer in the early days of the Apollo program. Late in April of this year, he wrote to William J. Coughlin of *Technology Week*: "Although I'm now out of the mainstream of Apollo, in 1960-1962, I was... leading an Apollo study and proposal and later directing programs on space station simulation relating directly to problems of environment... If you were to research it back to the Apollo study days of 1960-1961, including the USAF work, you'd find most engineering people in industry, most reputable bio-engineering people in USAF and NASA, felt two-gas was the way to go. In addition, there has never been an overwhelming engineering reason for a pure oxygen system. To say there was is pure fraud. The argument of reliability and complexity is ludicrous when you examine the complexity of other systems in the spacecraft and booster...."

"The truth is that a few key people in NASA flew in the face of strong industry technical advice against pure oxygen. To add to the problem, Gemini made them cocky and they forgot completely the sleeping monster they had created... NASA and everyone must face it. It was a bad decision compounded by complacency; for example, the hatch design. If the atmosphere were two-gas, chances are survival would have occurred. Let's get guts, fix the basic deficiency and take the delay. That is the only answer and sooner or later it must be faced."

There are some final points to be made against the decision to use the lethal, thermally-explosive pure oxygen atmosphere.

One: The Russians, who are supposed to be our technological inferiors, ap-

parently haven't found the two-gas system too cumbersome, too complex, too unwieldy, too heavy. They have used it in their Vostoks and Voshhods ever since the beginning of their manned space program. They may have problems, but burning and exploding spacecraft on the ground isn't one of them.

Two: The Air Force in its Manned Orbiting Laboratory with two astronauts, scheduled to go into polar orbit sometime around 1969 or 1970, will use the two-gas system. They'll use oxygen at 5 p.s.i. only in the Gemini spacecraft to get into orbit and to return from orbit. In the MOL itself, the astronauts will breathe a two-gas atmosphere of oxygen and helium.

Three: Apollo was originally designed for a two-gas atmosphere. The design was abandoned.

Four: The Apollo Applications Program (for long-duration Apollo spacecraft and manned space stations) will use the two-gas system.

Postscript: We haven't any time to waste in getting to the moon. So we'll use pure oxygen—including, on the ground, the same 100 percent oxygen under 16.7 p.s.i. that tore out the heart of Apollo 012!

That's right. Despite the disaster on Pad 34 and everything else to be considered, we're staying with pure oxygen. And begging for another tragedy.

WHEN the special review boards and investigating committees began to dig for the truth about January 27th, they discovered much more than they had bargained for. And it doesn't speak well for the management of the greatest adventure in which the United States has ever participated.

Probers found not a shining temple of NASA science and leadership, but a badly deteriorating leadership within the Federal space agency. A leadership squabbling among itself so viciously for power and control of the multibillion-dollar (annual appropriations exceed \$5 billion) space business that original goals were being tossed aside.

Open political-official battles have been the rule for a long time now. The battles are between different NASA centers, whose directors are slugging it out in a no-holds-barred contest for choice new projects. New projects means vast outlays of cash, more jobs (many of which are "guaranteed" for waiting friends and associates), and the most coveted of all rewards: the power of controlling the new programs.

NASA headquarters and the many centers around the country seem to be in a continual contest of trying to drag each other down—and the space program be hanged. NASA headquarters is supposed to tell the centers what to do. The centers, jealous of their rights and convinced they know a hell of a lot more than those "mucky-mucks in their ivory towers in Washington," resist angrily what they consider encroachment on their preserves.

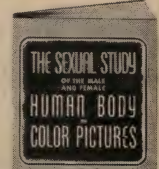
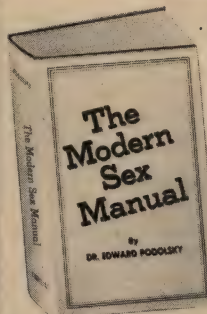
The result is that coordination on the national scale is shot to hell. Each NASA center appears to live by a single code where headquarters is concerned. James E. Webb and party have a clear-cut job on their hands: justifying funds for the projects of each center. That does not include, the centers feel, telling them how to do the job.

The contractors are caught in the middle. NASA expects its industrial and research contractors to sign the papers, take their checks and get on with the job—and please, no complaints about con-

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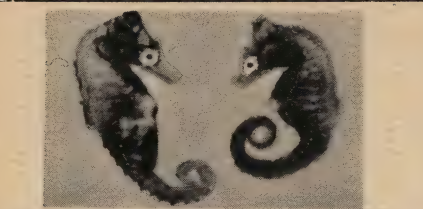
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flicting directives and contradictory orders, even if there are embarrassing moments when no one is able to answer a contractor's plaintive cry: "Who's in charge today?"

As one example, there's already a fierce rivalry—with considerable animosity seeping to the surface—between the Marshall Space Flight Center, in Alabama, and the Manned Spacecraft Center, in Texas, over who will get the lion's share of the coveted Apollo Applications Program. At stake is the design integration role in AAP. Whoever gets this is going to be on top for a long time to come.

Apollo Applications is headed, first, for eight-man space laboratories in orbit; later, for giant stations that will hold anywhere from 50 to 200 scientists. We're talking about a program that will cost many billions of dollars, that will involve the most powerful boosters in the country, and that's tied in internationally with the pick of foreign scientists who will join our astronauts in orbit. Its nothing but top plum all the way.

Marshall insists it has the talent, the facilities, and the time to do the job right. Its people insist that project personnel at Texas' Manned Spacecraft Center will be tied up day and night for years to come to overhaul the Apollo lunar effort. On the otherside, NASA officials at Houston argue that manned spacecraft management is *their* business, and Marshall is just trying to muscle in on the act.

All this might be amusing if billions of dollars, national leadership, and human lives weren't involved. But they are.

The fighting within the great white elephant which NASA all too swiftly is becoming involves more than politicking. It breeds mismanagement—and mismanagement leads to what happened on Level A8 of Pad 34, with the cost reckoned in human lives.

On April 3, 1967, more than two months after the Pad 34 tragedy, inspectors of the Apollo Support Division of General Electric's work group at the Kennedy Space Center turned in to NASA a 39-page report on Apollo Spacecraft 017. This Apollo, to fly unmanned boosted by the first giant Saturn V, was to duplicate as much as possible a manned flight. But Spacecraft 017 wasn't going anywhere—at least, not until technicians corrected more than 3,000 design and fabrication faults!

The GE report detailed seventeen spacecraft and ground support areas totaling deficiencies in the case of bad wiring alone in the thousands. Within Spacecraft 017, which is a duplicate of 012 in which Grissom, White and Chaffee died, there were 229 wiring discrepancies. Then the GE engineers, no doubt spurred on by what had happened at Pad 34, intensified their scrutiny. They raised the total of wiring faults from 229 to over 1,300. Then they removed floor sections and covering panels. When they were through, they counted more than 3,000 wiring faults and discrepancies that must be corrected before launch can be made.

On October 19, 1966, technicians tested the main oxygen pressure regulator for Spacecraft 017. The regulator failed because of defective valve seat installation. Two spare regulators failed. What if the failures occurred during a manned flight? This would "cause mission abort and could cause the loss of crew," stated the GE report grimly.

Mission-elapse timers for the spacecraft failed in less than five minutes; they were designed to operate for eight days. While examining Spacecraft 017,

engineers learned that an electrical switchboard on Spacecraft 020 had failed. They pulled apart the switchboard on 017 and found vacuum tubes missing. It, too, would have failed. When the equipment was returned to Autonetics, a division of North American Aviation, it was repaired. But Autonetics technicians committed the worst bobble of the episode: they shipped the repaired assemblies back to Cape Kennedy by commercial air carriers. No one marked the crates "Fragile" or "Handle With Care." One crate was dropped and had to be returned to Autonetics for repair.

Worst of all, perhaps, were three small holes found in Spacecraft 017 which extended completely through the aft heat shield. Those holes were reported first on May 9, 1966. Despite orders for corrective action, they had never been repaired! Noting the condition, the GE report stated:

"Undiscovered, it could have catastrophic implication during re-entry."

The GE engineers' list went on and on.

There's little need for comment. The facts speak for themselves.

Inevitably the question arises and inevitably it must be answered: Who was responsible for the tragedy of Pad 34 and the deaths of the three astronauts?

There is no question as to design faults and fabrication weaknesses on the part of North American Aviation; the company has accepted its share of responsibility. But the responsibility does not begin and end there. North American is a contractor to NASA. It must meet the standards and requirements laid down by NASA. It operates along specifications set by NASA. Whatever NASA finds deficient or not up to its standards, it can reject. It can withhold payment of contract funds. It can tell any contractor to "shape up or ship out." It can cancel any contract for nonperformance. NASA exercises absolute authority over what happens within NASA contracts and at NASA installations.

Whatever happened on Pad 34, it happened under the control, guidance, direction of NASA engineers, technicians, and inspectors assigned to "ride shotgun" on the Apollo 204 ground test. That's it, and nothing changes the facts. Everything that took place had to go through NASA inspectors and did. Whatever was at fault was supposed to be found by NASA inspectors and corrected.

Senator L. B. Jordan put the question, during congressional inquiry, to Dr. Robert C. Seamans, Jr. the NASA Deputy Administrator: Who was responsible for the Apollo 204 test?

Dr. Seamans: "The prime responsibility is NASA's. We must review the procedure prior to the test. We must, in the final analysis, take full responsibility for any accidents that occur."

And Dr. George E. Mueller, NASA's Associate Administrator for Manned Space Flight, said:

"...the test conductor in this test, as in all tests, is a NASA person."

Let the record stand.

We're a long way yet from the moon. The journey from start to finish is filled with grave dangers.

The decision of NASA, after the final taps were sounded over the graves of three astronauts, is that we're going the route with 100 percent oxygen atmosphere; that we still intend to meet our self-imposed deadline of completing the first lunar-landing mission before 1970.

Is obsession with that deadline blinding us to another space tragedy? ♦ ♦ ♦

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"It figured," he said. "Dumdummed. Had to be to cause that much damage." He stepped back to give the assistant medical examiner a chance to work and studied me with crystal-hard blue eyes. "You put in the squeal. Know him?"

"Yeah." I spoke just loud enough to be heard over the hum of the air conditioner.

"Good?"

"Once. We buddied in Korea. After that he went to college and I went to the Police Academy."

"I remember," he nodded. "Still got the revolver you won as top kid in the class?"

I OPENED my coat to show him a two-inch barrel .38 on my belt.

"Okay. You put in the squeal at eight A.M. What were you doing here so early?"

"Had an appointment. Business. He became my client two days ago."

"What were his troubles?"

"We didn't go into much detail. I had some work to clean up, so we made a date for this morning."

"Don't hand me that!" Gregg shook his head angrily. "A private dick doesn't have privileges in a homicide case. Want me to ask the question again?"

"That's the way it was." I bit into a cigar and puffed it alight. "Dave walked into my office after ten years of no see. Surprise, surprise. Each of us knew what the other was doing through the newspapers, so the chitchat was kept to a minimum. He had caught a rumble some small shareholders were dumping his company's common stock. Nothing serious, but a thing like that can snowball. He wanted to find out who was selling short and, more important, why. The firm was in good shape. That was it for then. We were going to sift the details this morning. I rang the bell a few times, found the door unlocked, walked in and saw him. Put in the squeal right away."

"Touch anything?" Gregg hunched his heavy shoulders as though getting ready to leap.

"No," I lied easily, feeling the weight of Dave's private phone book drag at my inside breast pocket. "You were my instructor in homicide investigations, remember?"

Gregg turned as the medical examiner snapped off rubber gloves. He spoke real casual like. "You were buddies in Korea. I had a few pals in War Two. Cable, you going to make a vendetta out of this?"

I was knotted up inside, but managed to play it cool. "I figure I'll earn the retainer."

"Going to act like a TV private eye, or are you going to cooperate?"

"You have all the facilities, Gregg. I'll cooperate, if you mean it's going to work both ways."

"It's a two-way street," he agreed damn quickly—too damn quickly for a hard-nosed cop. He spoke to the M.E. "Let's have the verdict, Doc."

"I can only give you a prelim until after the autopsy." The medical examiner put steel-rimmed eyeglasses into one of those old-fashioned cases that clack shut. "Death was instantaneous. The bullet entered the palate, penetrated the brain, exited through the cranial cap. It's in-

variably fatal, Lieutenant. Never miss that way. The funny thing is, most people do it in front of a mirror. Off hand, if the temperature of the room has remained constant, I'd say he's been dead a minimum of eight hours."

Gregg went to the air conditioner, peered at the thermostat. It was set for 68 degrees. He snapped at me. "Was it on when you came in?"

"Yeah. And the apartment was cool."

"So we'll say it was on all night. Surer than hell hot enough for it." He shook his head at the body. "When they're really bent on suicide, they always do it through the mouth."

"Hold it!" Some of the fury came boiling out of me. "You're not going to write this off and go squat on your ass under a fan! Dave Burch knew guns. He knew one dumdum was enough. There were two in that magazine."

Gregg whirled. "No sign of a struggle. Figure how somebody could have shoved a gun muzzle between his teeth and blown his head open?"

"Not yet!"

"Not yet, he says. Not yet. We do have a TV hero on our hands."

I breathed deeply, groping for control. Gregg was deliberately goading me, trying to get me to blurt out something important. I stared at his flat face. The blunt jaw, thrust forward was tempting.

"Okay," I rubbed the itchy knuckles of my right hand. "I watched you eyeballing the photographer taking pictures of the expended shell casing. When the trigger was pulled on Dave, the brass was ejected, bounced off the leather chair near his shoulder, rolled over to where it is now. Whoever did the job stepped on it as he left, driving it into the nap of the rug. The casing isn't bent, because the rug is too thick, but it couldn't have gotten in that deep through natural causes. And Dave sure didn't get up and step on it himself."

Gregg snorted. "You remember some of your lessons. I suppose you got ideas about the Browning."

I nodded. "Six to an even it's a stolen piece."

"I don't take sucker bets." The lab men were leaving. Gregg waved his waiting crew in and gave instructions. "Split the apartment up. I want everything."

I grabbed his elbow. "Do I get the apartment inventory, or do I stay around making a nuisance of myself?"

Gregg was almost human. "I'll mail you a copy. I said it was a two-way street, Cable. You're supposed to know about the stocks and bonds racket. You handle that end of it. I'm gambling you still know how to write up a good report. Now beat it!"

The elevator was flushed with warm air. Outside, on Fifth Avenue, the asphalt was bubbling. The fist of heat squeezed the juice out of me. The cab I finally caught wasn't air-conditioned, although the driver flapped his mouth so much it should have stirred up a breeze. By the time we reached my 54th Street office, I was real fond of him and made him change a ten spot.

On the door of my office—one of a long line of frosted glass doors that have names with Attorney or C.P.A. after them—was Joseph Cable, A.S.I.P. Few people

know what the initials mean, which is the way I like it. Our group has a code of ethics which forbids advertising. We have high standards and rigid entrance requirements.

The job is similar to police duties, in a sense, but with a difference. Your little businessman—the butcher, the baker, the grocery store owner—has a prowler car or a harness bull passing by the front of his shop. That's called "crime prevention duty." But the big businessman is in a delicate position. The headquarters of factories scattered throughout the nation tower high above New York's streets. Hundreds of people in them hold responsible positions. Any one of them can start siphoning off dough and cover up the thieving through clever bookkeeping manipulations despite constant accounting checks. But that's only the obvious target.

Know how much a new "miracle drug" is worth? Hint: they don't even patent it, so that another nation who doesn't have copyright agreements with the United States can't steal it for a lowly deuce paid to the patent office. The only protection the medical firm has once they hit the market is: "Try to figure out the formula." And brother, some of those complicated formulas take years and years of work by qualitative and quantitative chemists. So you can imagine the kind of dough an unscrupulous competitor will pay for just a hint at a formula, and maybe the developing company had fifty chemists collaborating on it. Who's selling you out?

Know how much an unethical company will pay for a peek at a competitor's advertising budget for the next year? Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? But it's worth tens and tens of thousands to know where to spend a million bucks worth of advertising money, in order to counteract the effects of a competitor's new, hard-hitting sales campaign. And such an advertising budget can pass through a hundred pairs of hands. Which pair held the camera?

Hell, just a new shape toothpaste tube can sell for heavy loot to the right parties. There are a hundred gimmicks, a thousand ways in which Big Business is vulnerable. That's why we have the American Society for Industrial Protection. The people who know what the initials mean and my name are the ones who hire me.

MY reception room is decorated with Helen Connors. I hired her without bothering to find out if she could type or take dictation. It didn't matter. When a red-haired, green-eyed, Irish broad is built like Helen, it doesn't matter whether she can read or write. I harbor some well-rounded notions regarding her well-rounded figure, but she won't bed without first being wed. I'm working on the walls of resistance, however.

I waved her into my office, hung up the coat, turned the air conditioner to high, and spun the desk chair to where I got the full effects of the breeze. My wet shirt ballooned away from my damp flesh. Helen flipped, pages of a steno book, took the straight-backed chair and crossed her legs. She should never do that.

"What happened?" she asked, pencil poised. "You look like you had an argument with Mr. Burch."

"I didn't have an argument. He was murdered before I got there."

Her mouth made a circle of sorrow. She knew Dave and I had shared the same spoon when we were in the 1st Marine Division and had an idea what that meant. "Oh no!" she moaned.

"Oh yes," I said. "Check all transfers of Robo-Reaction, Inc., stock. They'll be registered. Get me a list of names—particularly of the new owner or owners."

Helen made squiggles on the pad, then looked up. "Do they know who did it?"

"Not yet. Lieutenant Gregg of Homicide handling it. He's a good man."

"But you're going to do a little looking anyway."

"While you're resting your provocative fanny in the comfort of my expensive air-conditioning, I'm going to be trudging the hot streets toward the offices of Robo-Reaction, Inc."

"They're in Rockefeller Plaza. Three blocks away."

"Which proves I have to walk." I grabbed the coat and shrugged into it. "I'll stay in contact. It's okay to let Gregg know where I am. And ask him if he has info for me. Everytime he calls, ask him."

The layout of R and R, Inc. was luxurious. Carpets up the walls and across the ceiling. The broad at the desk gave me a phony grin of welcome. I gave her my card in exchange.

"Mr. Robert Landers. Tell him Mr. Burch hired me." That last bit was the passport to the inner sanctum.

Robert Landers: Executive Vice-President, treasurer, partner. Tall, skinny, pinch-faced, hair combed across the bald spot but not enough of it to cover the pink patch of skull. Lines of worry circled his eyes, streaked down from nose to chin, and he was taut as an anchor line in a hurricane.

"You said Mr. Burch hired you."

"That's right. Past tense. You heard?"

"An hour ago. Terrible. Terrible. What a mess."

"The business?"

"No, no, we're a going concern."

"Then why are little fish dumping their small stock holdings?" I dropped the bomb.

"Oh-my-god-no!" He almost flipped out the window behind him.

I nodded yes and waited. His type are compulsive talkers. They tell you everything without prompting.

"I don't know. I just don't know." He shook his head like a fly was bothering him. "Here," he grabbed an 18-inch figure off the window ledge and put it on his desk. It looked like a grinning midget with a weight lifter's muscles. "Robot Boy," Landers announced proudly. "The largest selling toy ever to hit the market. Controlled with buttons on a remote control unit. It can fetch and carry. Still selling big."

I said, deciding to needle him a little, "It made Dave a lot of loot. Allowed him to buy you out."

"He didn't buy me out," Landers sniffed indignantly. "Reaction was around long before Robot Boy. It was a straight stock exchange. I had the expanded manufacturing facilities he needed."

"And he had the hottest item in the toy business. What were you making?"

"Radioactive measuring instruments. Geiger counters, scintillometers—that sort of thing. I foresaw the need for them and was one of the earliest producers. Reaction, Incorporated, was a leader."

"From 1951 on, you were a loser. Your

sales chart looked like a stone dropped in the ocean."

"Who said that!" he jumped up.

"The *Wall Street Journal* and the financial pages of the *New York Times*. I checked back."

"Oh." He folded meekly into the chair, then inhaled and tried to salvage what was left of his pride. "It was a highly competitive market. Too many producers. There wasn't a place for quality."

"Quality was what was selling. You were making junk. Your counters didn't count and your meters didn't register correctly. Dave bailed you out of a bad financial jam only because you had the machine tools he needed, and those were mortgaged down to the last drill."

Landers ground out his cigarette. "I don't have to sit here and take that."

"Go to the police," I advised him. "Make a complaint. You were treasurer of the company and should have known about stock transfers, yet Dave came to me to find out about them. Are you a crook, or just a bum businessman?"

"I resent that!"

"I don't blame you. If I loused up everything I touched, I'd feel bad too."

HE grabbed another cigarette and almost lit his nose. I moved in on him. "What was R and R's latest big seller?"

He threw an iron brick on the desk, maybe four inches long, three high, with six wires coming out of the bottom. "A power booster for battery-operated forklift trucks. Increases their speed by two-hundred percent if desired, lets the truck work harder and doesn't cause any more drain on the battery. A hell of a brilliant invention. That's the kind of a mind Burch had. We're selling these as fast as the Brooklyn factory can turn them out—and they're working overtime. Think I'd kill the golden goose?"

I fingered the brick. "Patented?"

"Hell no. There's a scrambler inside. Try to open the casing and a thermite bomb goes off, melts the wiring and the miniaturized circuits into a solid mess of nothing."

"Where are the designs on this?"

"There's only one set."

"You have access to it?"

"No." He fingered the iron brick.

"Have a government contract?"

"You carrying your gun?" Gregg asked. I opened my jacket to show him the .38 on my belt.

"Yes. Nothing important. We're not tooled up for the space age. Took a few of the easy ones to break in our engineers on government specs."

Mentally, I heard a lot of doors slam shut. But there had to be an opening somewhere. There's always a motive for murder. Even the old Romans knew that. They used to ask the still valid question: *Qui Bono*. Who benefits? Who's got the motive? Dave had something somebody wanted. This wasn't a senseless killing. It had been carefully planned to look like suicide—which indicated reason and purpose.

"Dave wasn't married. Who gets his personal insurance?"

"I don't know." Landers scratched out the cigarette butt.

"Then who did he run around with? And don't tell me you don't know."

"All right. So there was a nice kid that used to work in the office, Gloria Stevens. But I don't think they've been seeing each other for some time."

I nodded approval. "Since you have a government contract, all employees are photographed. I want to look through the files."

"I don't know." He frowned.

"Landers," I snapped. "You know damn well there are such things as industrial spies. I'd recognize their faces, you wouldn't. Their references can fool your personnel manager. Who is he?"

"She. Miss Johns. I'll phone her and get you permission."

After he made the call, I thought of a new lead. "Was Dave working on anything?"

Landers bobbed his skull. "He was always working on something. Told me about a turrethead he could fit to an engine lathe and turn it into a turret lathe whenever you wanted. The trouble has always been with the attachment and locking mechanism. Couldn't hold close tolerances. Dave said he thought he could beat it."

"And somebody blew out his brains. Get me a list of all stockholders with the number of shares they own."

"I'm not sure..." Landers frowned again.

"Afraid I'll find something? You never did answer me why, as treasurer, you weren't aware of stock transfers. Or at



least you didn't tell Dave about them."

He fumbled another cigarette out of the pack. "I'll send the list to your office as soon as it's completed."

Miss Marla Johns: Personnel Manager. Tall, perfect features, statuesque, face cut out of marble. Attitude: Ice. Built 360 degrees, but she hid it with a severe, badly-fitting suit. Jet-black hair was pulled back severely from a center part and caught in a round bun at the back of the head.

She didn't like me meddling in her files. "If you'll give me the names you want. . .? We have more than five hundred employees."

"How many minutes in five hundred seconds?"

"Less than eight."

"Smart," I congratulated her. "Quick. You can go to lunch. Take the full hour. Close the door behind you."

The door slammed.

Dave's phone book wasn't a little black book. It was a big black book that barely fit in my inner breast pocket. I opened it to the A's and started on the A's in the files, comparing back and forth.

Miss Johns really kept tabs on people. Each employee had a jacket with their attendance record, conduct, and a lot about their personal lives in it. I didn't recognize any of the faces as known industrial spies, but a few gems rose to the surface. Dave had always been a ladies' man, and Miss Johns evidently knew which of the ladies he preferred. It was easy to break her code: a green asterisk below the photo. As Dave went on to greener asterisks, the gal was booted upstairs.

Gloria Stevens had been a green asterisk girl. The date of her resignation was duly noted. So was her change of address made after that resignation.

I looked for Miss Johns' file and drew a blank. Naughty, naughty. She didn't want any of the hired help prying into her background. Which meant that I'd give her such an investigation I'd find out what make underpants she wore.

A phone call to Helen. "Hi, Irish, it's me. Anything?"

"Quite a bit, Mr. Cable. Lieutenant Gregg is sending over the apartment inventory. The lab report you'll have to come and get when it's ready. And Marty Mason called from Chicago—collect."

"That's his style. Still thinks he's working for the F.B.I., using the taxpayers' money. What does he have?"

"He went on a case out there. Stumbled across a dummy corporation buying all the available stock of R and R. Knew you were interested because of the request circular you sent for—"

"R and R!" I exploded into the phone. "Chicago?"

"That's right. It's a front for Harry Stone."

I whistled, then sat silent, thinking. Harold the Stone-Hearted. What was he doing in this? To him, R and R was penny ante. He was a big time wheeler-dealer. Oil leases, options, shipping lines, department store chains, a string of food markets across the country—little things like that. An occasional stock raid to keep his knife sharp. His specialty was setting up corporations with other people's money. If it was successful, he raked it in. If it failed, the suckers went broke. What the hell was he up to now?

"Are you still there?" Helen asked. "I have the names of three shareholders for you."

"Go ahead," I told her, and scribbled the info on a sheet from Marla Johns' desk.

One of the addresses was in Yorkville. The subway was cooler than a cab ride, and Gus Schroeder didn't live far from the 86th Street station.

Gus had a full thatch of wavy white hair, wore an undershirt, pajama bottoms, slippers, and sure wasn't the nosy type. I just told him my name and he waved me in. But then he had nothing to be scared of. He touched six feet, weighed a minimum of 250—all of it solid concrete.

"Beer?" he rumbled.

I nodded. He brought out two quart bottles and two glasses. We *schlukled* the first glass down, then he looked at me from under thick white eyebrows.

"So, Mr. Cable. What do you want with me?"

"You recently sold some stock. Robo-Reaction."

"Wrong." He pointed a knockwurst finger at me. "I traded. All my life I invested very carefully and have a substantial portfolio. I still buy and sell, take my profits and am happy with them. If you have business, state your proposition. I always listen. Otherwise we sit here, drink beer, tell lies about the women we loved and the fights we fought. I have all the time there is till I die."

I chuckled. "You're a tough old bastard. Why did you sell the R and R—trade it."

"Because I got a better offer. Comsat. I couldn't buy it when it was first offered."

"R and R is a promising stock, has split twice and been paying dividends for the past eight years."

"I know. Ordinarily I would not have parted with shares that have such a record, but I do not agree the company is promising. Toys I believe in. Anything that amuses the people is a good investment. But R and R started branching into other areas. I subscribe to a financial newsletter, Mr. Cable. The last one confirmed my fears. R and R was too diversified and had spent too heavily in research."

I ASKED him for the newsletter. It was from a well-known financial tipster, one of the best and most accurate in the business. In plain type one page of it bum-rapped R and R. It didn't figure. That hunch-itch feeling bothered me. I kept squeezing and rubbing a corner of the letter, then it hit me. I held it out to Schroeder.

"This isn't the paper they use. And it isn't printed. It was made up with an IBM typewriter using different colored ribbons. Besides, they're just about mailing this month's issue out right now."

Schroeder snatched the letter out of my hand, stared at it. "But the envelope?"

"An old one. Who looks at postmarks?"

"So I've been cheated."

"Not if the Comsat is legit."

"It is. I called my broker."

"Who owned it?"

"Wait! I have it right here in this drawer. . . Yes. Pierre Monlait. The same man who traded for the R and R. It was a legal transaction."

"Describe him."

Schroeder closed his eyes. "Perhaps five-ten. Wiry build. Late thirties, early forties. Smooth dark hair. Smiles too much. Good teeth, or they are false. Intelligent. He knew when he was irritating me, stopped talking to give me time to think."

"Tell you why he wanted R and R?"

"Of course. His primary interest was the building and the real estate. When the company failed, he wanted to be a major creditor and obtain the land that way."



Before I figured what she was up to, she'd unzipped her dress and stepped out of it.

He looked at me. "Do an old man a favor, Mr. Cable. When you find him, chip some of that polished finish off him."

"My pleasure," I said, and finished the beer.

The first of the late afternoon crush was on, so I found an air-conditioned *bierstube*, ordered a *seidel*, and tried to order my thoughts. This thing was getting complicated and it all pivoted on one point: Dave's murder. Why was he killed? Why did Harry Stone set up a Chicago front—so his fingers wouldn't be seen making a grab in New York? Was Pierre Monlait an agent for Harry Stone? That didn't figure. Stone didn't give value for value, like that Comsat stock. He would have figured out a swindle—legal, but still a swindle. And that soft-talking bully boy of his, Zoltan Rodek, would have handled the operation. Monlait surer than hell wasn't Rodek in disguise. Zoltan was six-four and went through doors sideways.

I hit the phone booth, called Helen. "Me, sweet Colleen. Anything?"

"The apartment inventory arrived. Lieutenant Gregg—"

"Later. Look in the Directory of Licensed Real Estate Agents. Pierre Monlait."

A pause that cost me another dime. Helen came back on. "Nothing. Nor any spelling like it in the Metropolitan Area. Lieutenant Gregg is phoning back in about a half hour, and from the tone of his voice, you had better cooperate in the manner he indicated in definite terms."

"Okay. Throw him Lucky Pierre. Probably a legitimate moniker. Then you can lock up and go home. See you in the A.M."

I toolled downtown to the middle of Greenwich Village and one of the new cluster of high-rise, luxury apartment buildings. The doorman was the snotty, officious type. He pressed the speaker button in the lobby and spoke to the wall microphone.

"Hello, Miss Stevens. This is Charles.

A gentleman by the name of Mr. Joseph Cable is calling on you. He says you have a mutual friend. Shall I let him up?"

"Mr. Cable?" her voice sounded tiny in the speaker. "Joseph Cable. . . ? Oh . . . oh, Joe Cable. Yes, let him up."

The door to 7B was open. Gloria Stevens stood in it. She wore a sleeveless red and white dress with a big flower pattern on it, and those flowers threw out their petals in all the right places. Blond hair—real honey blond, not the kind that comes out of a bottle—was pulled back from her face and cascaded in waves to her shoulders. The complexion went with the hair: rose-white with a hint of peach fuzz. Soft blue eyes looked straight at you.

She held out her hand. The grip was firm. I liked her.

"Mr. Joseph Cable." She drew me into the apartment. "That threw me for a second. Dave always referred to you as Joe."

"You do the same."

"All right. And I'm Steve. That's what they call me. Hat? Coat?"

I gave her the hat. The coat I kept, remembering that the .38 sometimes makes people nervous. I decided to get the hard part over with right away.

"I guess you heard about Dave."

"Yes. I can't cry, Joe. I cried out all my tears a year ago. Does that sound heartless?"

"No. It sounds like a girl who loved a guy and got stood up."

"That's about it. Drink?"

"Anything long and cold."

She walked to the kitchen, a nice walk. Straight, with just enough swish to the hips to let you know she was all female.

I looked around the apartment. Lush. A room big enough to play a game of softball. Stuccoed walls. Handwoven American Indian rug that must have given a tribe a year's work. A terrace shut off by a single huge pane of glass. Furniture that had been selected by a high-priced interior decorator—or a gal with damned good taste.

She came back, handed me a tart Tom Collins, sat on the couch across from me, a low marble-topped table separating us. Nice knees.

"A toast." She held up her glass. Dave. Memories."

"Memories," I said, and drank to them. "Mind talking about Dave?"

"Not anymore. He used to tell me a lot about you. Like when you carried his pack in Korea and took all his duties besides your own."

"That's when he had a little hole in his side. The ambulances were full. A hundred-pound pack made getting around inconvenient."

"So you carried two hundred pounds and helped him through the snow."

"A lot of guys did that coming back from Chosen. Kids, seventeen, nothing could stop them. None of us could do it now. History," I took another swallow. "Dave knew where I was, what I was doing, I wonder why he never contacted me."

"He said your work was important, that you were too busy to reminisce about the past."

"That's what I thought about him. Two jackasses, that's what we were. Now it's too late." I finished the drink.

"I'll refill that." She took the glass back to the kitchen, and asked from there, "Had dinner yet?"

"No. I'd like some company."

She returned with two new cold ones. "You look like a steak man. There's a freezer full of them."

"Uhuh." I suddenly got stupid honorable. "When I eat in a girl's apartment, I get ideas."

"What man from six to ninety doesn't? The art is to keep his mind off the subject."

I grinned at her. "Steak, rare, no passes."

"They're already thawing. Am I a . . . a subject of investigation?"

"That's why I wanted to take you out. When you're drinking my booze and eating my food, I can ask questions. When it's your liquor and your chow, it's your conversation. I can't get personal."

"You already know about Dave and me. This past year has been dull and stodgy. I love detective stories. Ask away."

"It can get rough." I pointed around the apartment.

"Not from Dave." The blond hair swayed as she shook her head. "My father had the very good sense to be born wealthy. He died young. My mother remarried, cutting herself out of the inheritance. I got it all when I reached twenty-five."

"Have any stock in R and R?" I asked.

"Dave gave me a thousand shares. His way of saying goodbye."

"Anybody try to buy them?"

"A broker called and said there was an offer for over market price. I thought if they were worth that much to the buyer, they were worth more to me."

"Smart girl. Robert Landers. Any good at his job?"

"Which job, Joe? As an engineer, his rating is fair. I mean, he knows how to put nuts and bolts together, follow established procedures. Dave was the creative brain. Lander's position as treasurer and vice president gives him office space and a salary. Fortunately, others can handle his work, as long as he doesn't interfere."

"What about Marla Johns?"

"Dreadfully efficient. I didn't meet her too often, and then stayed as far away as possible."

"Dave like her?"

"He liked efficiency, and she was all of that. He had to put up with Bob Landers. Miss Johns he kept because she knew her work. That's all there was to it."

"That's all I meant. Sex isn't always on my mind. Sometimes I think of food. Those steaks thawed yet?"

"Not yet." She smiled, whisked my glass away for a refill.

I took the opportunity to pull off my coat, unsnap the quick draw holster from my belt, drop the .38 in a pocket. Steve yelled something from the kitchen.

"What?" I yelled back, and strolled in, thinking it would save the lung power—which proves how easily you can fool yourself. But then you take a bellyload of German beer, subtract lunch, add a couple of goodly dollops of gin, and anyone is in a state of delusion.

She was at the counter. There's something about a woman mixing drinks that raises the urge in a man.

I put my arms around her waist for openers, risking the heave-ho and willing to take the chance, because the pot was worth it. What happened was what I was afraid would happen. She spun inside the circle of my arms, eyes wide, mouth opening. I was ready to mumble something about it being a test case and get out of there before she thought of some really nasty words.

Then her arms gripped me around the neck and pulled my head down. Her lips clung. She molded her body against mine, and fire burned through me. I tightened my hold. She started to quiver, pulled away and the next thing I knew

she'd unzipped the dress, was stepping out of it. Then, suddenly she was gone, running, and I chased her for an eternity—through the light, into the semi-darkness of a pink silk, perfumed bedroom with a king-sized bed.

Later, resting her head on my shoulder with my arm still cradling her, she chuckled throatily. "I'm guilty of a very old feminine trick."

"What?"

She drew a circle on my bare stomach with her finger. "I didn't know if I was still attractive to men. My mirror said so, but I didn't know. And there you were, a big, handsome, muscular brute sitting there determined not to make passes. I thought I deserved at least one salute to my femininity and was sure I could handle a simple pass. The plot was to get you out of your entrenched position and into a frame of mind where at least you'd recognize me as a woman and not as a machine to give you answers to questions."

I grunted. "I must put on a good act."

"You had me convinced. So I went to the kitchen and spoke gibberish, forcing you out of your seat, making you come near me if you wanted to talk. Wicked, wasn't it?"

"Bitch!" I slapped her bottom and kissed her. That opened the floodgates again.

It was the wee hours. I woke up. She was tossing in her sleep. "Dave, Dave, Dave," she moaned into the pillow.

I rated that. I got up, dressed, walked out quietly so I wouldn't wake her. To be honest with myself, I couldn't face her. Dave Burch had always been the better man.

Dragging my tail to my bachelor digs in London Terrace, coat over my shoulder, I got out of the elevator and hauled my heels through the carpet. The stomach was growling about all the booze and no food. Due to the lack of cabs and because I didn't want to snooze away a subway Cook's Tour up to the Bronx and back again, I had walked the three miles from the Village. Or swam it. That's the kind of night it was. Hot, humid, still. Not a dry stitch on me.

So when the guy leaped like a panther from the stairway, I swear I almost welcomed it. He pounced on me heavily, drove me face forward into the wall. Fingers under my nose and chin clawed my head back. Then I heard a metal click.

I kicked behind me and the heel hit bone. A little gasp of pain. Elbowing backwards, stabbing meat, gave me turning room. I whirled to my left swinging the jacket like a flail, turned into a guy who was all leather and wire. The coat smothered the shiv in his right fist and he wiggled to free the blade. With his left hand, he jabbed outstretched fingers toward my eyes. A cute fighter, hep to all the tricks.

AS I turned I was bending my knees, not just ducking reflexively, but getting leverage for my swinging right. It cleaved him under the short ribs and slowed him down quite a bit. Since the knee-in-the-crotch was his next logical move, I turned my hip to minimize the effect. When it didn't come—he was having trouble getting his wind back—I stamped down on his instep and drove my left forearm into his mouth. Blood sheeted down over pretty white teeth. He staggered away from me, stopped when he slapped the wall.

Lucky Pierre it was. Hair shining in the corridor lights. Crouched now, a gloved hand out for balance, knife in con-

stant motion to deceive the point of attack, spitting blood. Me with a shredded coat for protection, jockeying for position.

Rolling the coat around my left arm, knife-fighter style, brought Dave's phone book up as a nice cloth-covered shield. I gave the coat another turn that damn near put my snub-nosed .38 in my hand. Because it wasn't in its usual position on my belt, I had stupidly forgotten it. Now Mack the Knife was about to digest lead.

I drew the gun out, thumb flicking away the snap strap that held it in place in the holster. A shake of my wrist cleared it. Monlait took a long limping step and launched himself down the stairs. I had a chance to peg him as he moved, but a door was behind him and I might have hit a neighbor. That delayed me enough to give him a damned decent start. By the time I reached the stairs and looked over the railing, he was two stories down and going. Hurt foot or not, he still traveled. I knew I couldn't hit him, but I fired one shot anyway—on general principles. It bit plaster.

I RETRIEVED my holster and pieces of Pierre's teeth. Old Gus Schroeder was right. Lucky Pierre's choppers were phonies.

The neighbors were opening the doors by now. One old guy gave me the hard eye. "Police," I said brightly, waving the holstered gun in my hand. I opened my apartment, slammed the door in their collective faces, snapped on the light, stared around the joint. That's what is was: a joint. It had been a nice place—until it got turned off.

Monlait was a pro, give him credit for that. The rugs had been rolled up. The furniture had been moved, the backs and bottoms slashed open. In the bedroom, the mattress was on the deck and the contents of my dresser spread all over the floor. Even the drapes had been cut down close to the top.

I went to the kitchen, poured a stiff one, sipped at it. Pierre hadn't found what he wanted and he was very thorough. That meant I was carrying it. The only unusual thing I toted was Dave's phone book. Going through it page by page, nipping at the bourbon, gave me no new ideas at all. Giving up, I stepped over the rubble, threw myself down on the mattress.

I was in a rare mood when I hit the office the next morning, stormed past Helen, and threw myself at the chair. Dave's apartment inventory was on the desk. A lot of usual stuff—so many shirts, suits, ties, shoes. A couple of hundred bucks in his wallet, and in a wall safe, close to three grand in cash and a lot of valuable men's jewelry—definitely ruling out robbery, which had never figured as a motive anyway. A lot of photographs, mostly of women. A few photos from Japan and Korea. A key ring. A couple of the keys fit the apartment. The rest hadn't been tried at the office or factory.

Helen came in with coffee, put it on the desk corner, sat down, flipped her book. My belly ached for the joe, but

I reached for the coffee, sipped. It seared its way through my throat so I could talk. "Note to Gregg. Pierre Monlait has a temporary limp. Send over the women's photographs, I can probably identify most for him. Query: Any safe deposit keys on the ring? Query: Any blueprints or mechanical drawings found?"

Helen sniffed. "Lieutenant Gregg called this morning. He gets to his office at eight."

I looked at my wrist watch. Nine-ten. She had no gripes. "He also gets home about five or six."

"So do you—A.M. I kept calling you last night."

"I was working."

"You look it. About six weeks ago, a big block of R and R stock hit the market."

"Who was the seller?" I snapped.

"Robo-Reaction, Inc. And Harry Stone was the buyer."

That hit hard in the head. Did Dave know about the transaction? Either he or the treasurer—usually both—would have to sign the transfer certificates. Did Robert Landers' worried look come from fear of apprehension for embezzlement? And maybe forgery?

"Okay. What did Gregg want?"

Helen looked at her notebook. "Thanks for Lucky Pierre. French emigre, supposedly a hero in the Resistance, but they're checking that out now with the French authorities. Entered this country 1948. Became a citizen 1959. There's little background material on him, because he claimed it was destroyed by bombs and there's nobody that can say different. Age forty-three. He did make a good living importing flower essences for perfume manufacturers here, but went out of business in 1960. Dropped from sight completely. As Lieutenant Gregg put it, jumped into a hole and pulled the hole in after him."

I shook my head. "Doesn't figure. He has to sign checks, receive bills, pay taxes, use a social security number."

"Gregg thinks it's very suspicious too. That's why he says thanks. He's working on it."

The phone rang. Helen answered. "Six-three six-three. . . Miss Gloria Stevens?" She looked at me, eyebrow arched.

I wigwagged furiously, started for the door. On my way out, I grabbed the stock list off Helen's desk.

In the elevator I read the list of shareholders to avoid talking to the operator and getting a bum tip on a horse. The first page was the most interesting. Dave had held 12½ percent, but was down to 11 plus because of gifts of blocks. Robert Landers had 7½ percent; 10 percent remained in the treasury. The rest was scattered. In any proxy fight, Dave had to come out on top. Small shareholders never mail in their proxies no matter how hard you beg them.

Walking through the lobby, I stopped off to hit a phone booth and call R and R. Bob Landers wasn't in. Either the bum was late or running for it. I had a hunch he was running. Fishing for another dime, I called Gregg.

I gave him the story fast. "I think Landers has taken a prolonged vacation. About six weeks ago, a big block of company stock went on the market. Dave didn't know about it when I talked to him, but Landers—as treasurer—would naturally have had to. Could be embezzlement and forgery. Now I'm not telling you your business—"

"I'll have a police accountant on their books in the next ten minutes. Was that the motive for murder?"

"Don't know. How you making out with Pierre Monlait?"

"Struck a little pay dirt there. The French consulate says he *was* in the Resistance, started as a kid in the Vichy section. Leading his own unit by the time he was nineteen. After the war, the suspicion is he turned his talents to armed robbery and the big con. The two don't usually mix, but this is a peculiar guy. Considering his wartime experiences, I figure he had other identities and hide

holes all ready. Nobody can disappear the way he did without preparing it. Think he was in partnership with Landers?"

"Lieutenant, I just dig up the pieces. You put them together."

"Okay, Cable, you're cooperating, so I'll throw you something else. Burch was killed around eleven P.M. There was a high concentration of alcohol in his blood, not enough to make him stupid drunk but enough to affect his judgment. Know anything about Landers' personal life?"

"No, but he's strictly amateur, should leave a trail a rookie could follow. You should have him by this time tomorrow."

Happy that I had Gregg working for me, I toddled off to the deep canyons of Wall Street. High on top of one of the big buildings was Harry Stone, weaving his webs. The receptionist and I traded the amenities. She transmitted the news of my arrival to Stone, and I heard his answer come over the squawk box, loud and clear: "Tell him I'm not in. I'm never in to that sonuvabitch."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cable—" she began, but I was already past her desk. Through a room holding a couple of secretaries and a lot of couches where petitioners could squat while waiting to see His Majesty, Harold, the one and only.

I damn near took the hinges off the big oak door that shielded the world from him. The receptionist must have signaled the alert. He was just closing the switch on the intercom and "Rodek!" still echoed around the paneling.

A cherubic, pudgy little guy with white hair, a round, red face, button nose, and an engaging grin of innocence and good will. A Santa Claus with the acquisitive instincts of Attila the Hun. He smiled benignly while he cut out your liver.

"Harry," I moved toward him, slamming the door. "you've been suckered." A steel mask fell over his face. "No one invited you into this office. You're illegally trespassing. I'm going to—What do you mean I've been suckered? No one would dare!"

"The R and R stock you picked up six weeks ago. It's not yours. You'll have to return it and eat the loss."

Zoltan Rodek, built like a weight lifter, padded in quietly from an adjoining room. He's very good looking, very big, very strong, soft spoken—and very calm while he pulls your arms and legs off. I spun between his reaching bear paws, ready to throw my Sunday punch.

"Rodek!" Stone cancelled the match. "Sit down." He tapped well-manicured fingernails on the desk, asked, "What is this about my suffering monetary damage in the purchase of R and R, Cable?"

I enjoyed telling him. "It came out of the company. I can prove Robert Landers wasn't authorized to sell."

The news didn't faze Harry at all. "I had no knowledge of it. Guilt does not attach to me."

THIS was one of my rare sweet moments. It was nice to see Harry Stone finally stuck on a pin of his own making. "The Security Exchange Commission and the Feds might not agree—especially when they find out about that dummy front in Chicago to grab everything that wasn't nailed down."

"Chicago?" he echoed, stalling for time.

"Chicago!" I affirmed. "Boulder Enterprises. Not very original, Stone. The plot reads like this: Robert Landers had no authority to sell stock from the company, therefore, you have to return it. He is presently a fugitive from justice, and a police accountant is proving right now that he never turned your money into

the corporation. He committed a criminal act. You were negligent in not checking the facts before you made the purchase. Therefore, you have to return the stock and you don't get your dough—unless they catch Landers and he still has it on him. Then you'll have to prove it's yours.

Stone drummed away. You could see his brain working. "Perhaps I'll make them sue for the stock."

I lit a cigar. "You're smarter than that. Once they get you in court, the dirt will fly. Chicago, remember? Personally, I believe you bribed Landers and gave him an assurance of immunity from the law. But he saw that immunity angle coming apart and scrambled.

"Bribery would be difficult to prove," Harry countered. "Especially since it didn't occur."

"Just one of the questions the police will ask," I puffed contentedly. "But you don't want to go to court. What good is the stock without Dave Burch? It's worthless. He was the whole company."

Stone smiled like a cat that's just learned how to open sardine cans. He had thought of something. It gave me an eerie feeling. "You're right," he said. "Without Burch, the company is through. Tell me, Cable, what's your interest in this matter?"

"Burch hired me."

"Death cancels all contracts."

"I'm working off the retainer he paid."

"When you're through, I want to hire you."

"Not a chance," I shook my head at him. "My job is to protect investors from people who defraud them. People like you."

"I've been defrauded," he was the happy grinning cherub again, "by Robert Landers."

"If you can prove that," I stood to leave, "maybe you can come to some sort of an agreement with a bankrupt corporation. In other words, Stone, take your loss. Eat it. Robo-Reaction's largest asset was the brain of Dave Burch, and that was splattered all over his apartment floor."

Strolling down to Bowling Green in search of a cool sea breeze, the thing

kept going around and around in my head. Monlait, the vanishing magician. Landers, the running coward. And Harry Stone, the multimillionaire, making a stock raid on a company that didn't rate his efforts. It seemed everybody wanted stock in R and R. Why? Sure, it was a solid investment if you held on to it, but it wasn't one of those skyrockets that go from a buck a share to a hundred in a couple of months. And now that Dave was dead, the value of the stock should drop. Was declining as a matter of fact, but very, very slowly.

Which brought up an important point: Why hadn't the bottom dropped out of R and R as soon as Dave's murder hit the headlines? There was nobody that could take his place. Things like that scared the hell out of investors, yet there wasn't any panic.

I took out the list of shareholders in R and R, saw that a reputable brokerage firm had bought stock for its own account. It was nearby, just a jog up the hill. When I got there, I started the lengthy process of tracking down the man who handed the house accounts. If I hadn't belong to the A.S.I.P., I never would have made it. Eventually I ended up at the desk of a nice guy named Hanson who stayed in his shirt sleeves, kept his feet up on a space chair, and didn't give a damn who looked into the glass cubicle and saw him.

"WHY, I asked him, 'are you holding on to R and R stock?'"

"That's my business." He grinned.

"I don't like going over your head," I told him, "but I can go to your boss and get permission for you to reveal why you're still holding R and R."

He held up a hand. "You don't understand," he said. "My business is to make a profit for the company. At the beginning of the year, I get a hundred grand to play around with. At the end of the year, the more profits I make, the higher my commissions—or bonus, or whatever you want to call it. If I don't make a profit, well, maybe they'll keep me around for another year on a trial basis. If I don't show a substantial increase in my account after that, I surer than hell get

the axe. You see, anybody with money can make more money in the stock market. It's no trick to earn five percent. Blue chips will do that for you. A lot of banks will. I aim for a fifty percent increase. Sometimes I speculate, sometimes I invest in a real promising company. Most of the time I win. Occasionally I lose. It's no secret I made eighty-five percent profit last year. That means I returned \$185,000 to my employers."

"That means," I said, "you have inside information not available to the public."

"Not really." He drew the corners of his mouth down. "The information is there, if you know where to look. And of course you have to have the instinct, the feel for it."

"How did you feel when you read Dave Burch was killed?"

"My first reaction was to dump, but then I had second and third thoughts. I figured other people would have second thoughts, too, and decide not to panic. I've held on to R and R for three years. It's a solid company."

"Yeah," I agreed, "but it's not one of those companies that can coast along on their own momentum until a new president is elected. The stock is declining now."

"It will recover," Hanson said importantly. "As a matter of fact, I'm seriously considering buying more, if it's available."

"Come on," I prodded, "that's sawing off the limb behind you. You're going against all the facts. How can you justify it?"

"Instinct!"

"Nuts! Inside info?"

"Well, . . . yeah." He rubbed his jaw. "Everybody has friends in this business. It's your life blood. A pal hears something, he passes it on. The word is all over Wall Street—Harry Stone is making a grab for company control. I always figured what's good enough for Harry is good enough for me. I'll ride the profits to the top with him."

"Ever think that Harry doesn't operate that way—out in the open, I mean. He crawls under rocks. No one hears of his operations unless he wants them heard about."

Hanson rubbed his jaw some more. "Yeah. The bastard could be pulling another swindle. Cripes, I don't know what to do now."

That was my cue. Good Old Joe to the rescue. I stepped right in. "Who told you that Harry was making a grab?"

"Two friends of mine. They wouldn't steer me wrong."

"Okay. Find out where they heard it. Trace it back to the original source. If it's Stone—or a dummy front in Chicago called Boulder Interprises—well, you know what to do."

Hanson grabbed the phone and started doing my work for me. That's half of the private detective business: get yourself unpaid, expert help.

In between, I borrowed another phone and buzzed Helen. She had news from Lieutenant Gregg. "In answer to your queries. One, there were no identifiable safe box keys on Dave's ring."

"What does he mean by 'identifiable'?"

"How should I know," Helen answered coolly. "I thought it might be a private code between you two, and I wouldn't interfere for the world."

"Ask him next time. What else?"

"No mechanical drawings in Dave's apartment or office or factory."

"That's crazy!" I yelled. "He had drafting equipment in his apartment, at the office, and we know he made at least sketches in the factory."

I shoved away from the wall, turning to my left—into him—before he could use that shiv.





It was Landers, all right. Somebody had slit his throat before dumping him into the river.

"Are you going to make more insinuations about the state of my mental health, or shall I continue?"

"More bad news? Go ahead."

"Miss Gloria Stevens called a number of times."

"Go ahead."

"Lieutenant Gregg is sending the photos of Dave's girl friends. He'd appreciate early identification, including addresses."

"All right. I'll pick them up in the morning."

"But, lover, what are you going to do tonight?"

I slammed the phone. What an irritating broad!

Hanson had come up with the name of Corde Investment Counselors. "Never heard of them," he handed me the address. "Must be somebody new. But the tip came from there."

"Thanks," I pocketed the address and grabbed my hat.

Corde Investment Counselors was in a lousy, termite-eaten, cockroach-ridden building on Park Row.

The elevator groaned, moaned, whined, squeaked, jerked me to the third deck. On a peeling door, new gold paint advertised "Corde Investment Counselors." A cranelike, hatchet-faced character was in a swivel chair. He didn't look up from the paperback he was reading. Not much need to. Nothing in the office except a rickety desk, a telephone, and a water carafe. It wasn't even a boiler room operation.

"We're closed," the angle-jointed character didn't bother unfolding.

"Well, well," I said. "Billy Haverstraw the Third. 'I thought they'd have strapped you in the chair by now.'"

He straightened up quick to six-foot-six of skin and bone. "Cable! You lousy bastard! I'm not forgetting you're the one who sent me up—ruined my life, my career, everything."

I mocked him with the old quotation: "He who takes what isn't his'n, must pay it back or go to pris'n." And you sure took, pal. Friends, widows' life savings, kids' piggy banks. You didn't care when your own company went crash. All to keep your phony society front. If you're out of jail after the jolt the judge gave, you must be on parole."

He looked like a bunch of sticks tied together, waving in the breeze. "Get out

of here, Cable. I don't have to talk to you."

I got close to him, kind of chummy. "Nope. I *could* slap what I want out of you, but I'm particular about the kind of dirt I handle. Think I'll just report you to the police and let them nose around for parole violations." I pointed to the phone. "I can prove you called a heavy investor in New Jersey on the pretense of soliciting business and told him R and R was going up. Bum steer. The interstate angle is naughty. The Feds will be interested. Sure hope you didn't use the mails, Haverstraw the Third. That's worse."

He folded into the chair like a hamstrung giraffe. His color was lousy. "Come on, Cable, give me a break. It's just a job."

"I remember you said something like that after your partner dived out the window. Or did you push him? Let's move. You're not a licensed broker. Your parole undoubtedly stipulates you stay away from the stock market. Who do we go to first? The New York cops or the Feds? Your preference."

HE mopped sweat off his axe face. "Okay, Cable. A letter came to the Parole Board just as I was coming up before them. It offered me a clerk's job, because of my financial knowledge, and guaranteed I'd never handle funds or contact customers. That's the only way I got out. I would have been turned down without a job waiting for me. It turned out to be this crum joint."

"Who's Corde Investment Counselors? Who pays the rent? Who pays you?" I pushed him.

"I only saw him once. A character named Philip Corde. He said all I had to do was answer the phone to his special ring and follow instructions."

"Describe Corde."

"Smooth combed hair, very neat. Good teeth. Quite handsome."

"Ever hear of a Pierre Monlait?"

"No. I swear, Cable, I sat here till Corde called and ordered me to pass the word that Robo-Reaction was good stock. I wasn't to contact anyone I knew personally. I recognized it for what it was: a whispering campaign, the rumor no one can trace. As the final convincer, Corde told me to say Harry Stone was making a stock raid, the price was bound

to go up. Those who had it were lucky." Haverstraw looked at me quizzically. "What's with that stock anyway?"

"Get out of here, Haverstraw," I told him. "I'm doing you a favor. Walk away and never come back. Get a job as a shoe salesman. Load trucks. Anything will be better than working here. You're in the middle of a swindle and you more than half know it. Two fraud raps you can't afford."

The elevator shivered me down to ground level. As I thankfully left it, the third floor indicator was buzzing furiously.

Nothing made sense, rhyme, or reason, so I decided to dump my troubles. Police Headquarters was just a short walk through the Park. Lieutenant Gregg was in. As I entered his office, he threw some official forms at me, then went back to studying other papers..

I stared at the autopsy report on Dave Burch. One fact jumped out at me. A trace of chloral turpinate had been discovered in his body. "Geezuz!" I swore. "That's a dirty way to die."

Gregg glanced up. "How else you gonna get a gun in a guy's mouth? Have to feed him knockout drops."

"Yeah, but you slip him just the right dose, he sees and hears everything, can't move a muscle to do anything about it. He must have been looking when the murderer pulled down his jaw, stuck the muzzle against his palate, and pulled the trigger. No chance. He was helpless. His guts must have turned to water when he realized what was happening to him."

Gregg's tone was sharp. "No revenge, Cable. No death that has to be marked 'accidental.' You use your gun, I'll investigate you fifty ways—and one will get you ten I have your ticket."

"No sweat," I told him. "Shooting's too quick, even if it takes hours dying. I want to see this bird go through the mill, sweat out days of questioning. I want him to sweat out weeks of a court trial. I want him to spurt sweat as the D.A. puts piece after piece together, and this joker gets that hopeless feeling. I want him to sweat the rest of his natural life away, locked up like an animal. Naw, if I have to use the gun, it will be only to wing him. Whoever killed Dave had to know him pretty well. When we buddied together in the Marines, we learned to duck the curve balls they threw at us in the clip joints, and we were in some rough places. That kind of instinct stays with you. Dave wouldn't let any stranger mix the drinks."

"He was half drunk."

"I don't care if he had four sheets to the wind. He could be falling down drunk, but a part of his brain still worked and sent out danger signals."

"That's what's been bugging me," Gregg admitted. "How you making out with the stocks and bonds?"

I waved disgustedly. "It would drive an economist to the squirrels. Harry Stone is making a grab—"

"Harry Stone!"

"Yeah. And he's determined there'll be no interference. As for Pierre Monlait, everywhere I turn I bump into that bastard."

"Not surprising." Gregg held up a sheaf of typewritten pages. "He's got about a dozen aliases."

"Any of them Philip Corde?"

"No."

"Make it a baker's dozen then. I just turned up that one an hour ago. A phony stock tipster. Monlait's been buying up all the R and R he can lay his hands on, mostly with cash. Where'd he get that kind of dough?"

Gregg stared at the ceiling. "He was

a pretty successful businessman, but he didn't sell his business—he just locked the doors. How much do you think he's spent?"

"I guess between a hundred-fifty and a hundred seventy-five grand."

Gregg shook his head. "I figure that even cheating on taxes, he couldn't have gotten away with much more than twenty-five from his business. Harry Stone?"

"Thought of it. Can't see them operating as a team, though. Was he married? Did he have a partner?"

"Lone wolf. You know it costs heavy money to set up a false identity, especially for a foreign-born guy. You got to rent an apartment, make yourself known in the neighborhood—at least on weekends."

THE phone rang. Gregg hung it on his left shoulder and scribbled information. He gave me the "go" signal with his head. As we marched out of the building, he passed me the news. "Sounds like they found Landers. Fished a corpse out of the river, wrapped in chains. Didn't keep it from floating to the top."

"Damn!" I said. "Should have expected it. A jerk like that running with a big bankroll couldn't have gotten far. Somebody would have been watching him."

The car dropped us at one of the rickety old docks at the end of South Street. A gaggle of green-and-white police cruisers, their red lights blinking a warning, shielded the body from the thrill seekers. Gregg bulldozed us through. As we stopped over the body, a patrolman gave us the story:

"Scavenger-type watchman saw something drifting by, snagged a line to it. When he saw what he had, he called us. Label on the inner breast pocket says he's Robert Landers. No wallet, no keys, no nothing. You had the alarm out on him, Lieutenant, so you got the call."

I borrowed a flashlight and took a closer look. Lander's throat had been opened back to his jaw hinge. It takes a sharp shiv and a strong arm to do that. Putting the light on the right kidney area showed a slit in the thin suit material.

"Monlait," I said. "He tried to get me the same way."

"When?" Gregg barked at me. "You didn't report it."

"I reported the limp. How the hell you think he got it? Harry Stone's boy, Rodek, would know this style, too. It would be no sweat for him to half cut a guy's head off."

"Rodek I can check." Gregg stood. "You still got that police accountant working on R and R's books?" I asked.

"Yeah," Gregg said slowly. "He told me they're in sloppy shape. It'll take another day or two to straighten them out."

"Deliberate sloppy," I suggested. "Always a nice cover to fool the outside auditing firm. Look for the possibility of two sets of books. I'm going home. I'm so goddamn tired my bones hurt."

The thought of entering my wrecked joint was kind of a mental block. When you've been a bachelor as long as I have, you get a mania for tidiness. I'd feel compelled to start straightening up, and I just didn't have the strength. Maybe if I got half-stoned I could ignore the wreckage and just flop on the mattress again, so I stopped at my favorite watering hole, *Tia Rosa's*.

An honest blast for an honest buck, that's *Rosa's* motto. The barkeep puts ice in an old fashioned glass, then pours your favorite beverage to the brim. About the fifth bourbon, I noticed a burlesque queen alongside me. At least, that's the

direction my eyes took in ogling her. A crowded cleavage of firm flesh that you swore held the dress up. Generous hips that occupied the entire stool. The legs I'd have to check out later, but I saw enough to be deeply impressed. As a sort of afterthought, I sneaked a look in the bar mirror to see if the face matched the figure.

Marla Johns. Personnel manager of Robo-Reaction. Miss Efficiency. I knew she had been hiding a hell of a shape under that baggy suit, but my imagination hadn't gone quite so far.

"Hi!" I used the intellectual approach. "Hello, Mr. Cable," she countered.

"Isn't it a small world?" I said brightly.

"Not really." The beginning of a smile softened her features. "Newspaper article I read on you mentioned this is where you . . . er . . . relax. I was hoping to find you. I tried your apartment first."

Five bourbons in *Tia Rosa's* is equal to about a half a jug, and I had forgotten to eat again. However, the head still had some ability to function. "You've been looking for me?"

"Yes. I wanted to ask some questions."

"Trade you. Want a drink?"

"Not here. My place or yours?"

"Yours," I said quickly.

We cabbed down to the lower 20s, entered a well-lit alley with a 12-foot solid fence at the end of it. Any alley makes me nervous, lit or not, so I transferred my holster to my pocket, kept my hand on the gun butt and tried to look casual. In the fence was a door with a heavy spring lock for which she had a key. We went through and it was like coming out of the city dump into Disneyland.

A big circular courtyard with a fountain spitting in the middle. Twenty stories of white shining stone apartment house. Fenced terraces staggering out in an irregular series of steps. Trees on the terraces so nobody could stick their noses into your privacy. A husky, green-uniformed doorman standing guard duty behind two big slabs of glass.

Marla's apartment was way up top, looking south to the financial district. A two and a half efficiency I guess you'd call it. As another guess, you shuddered when you paid the rent. The kitchen was strictly built for one, but the living room and bedroom were plenty big enough for dual sleepwalking.

The phone was ringing when we entered. Marla trotted for it and when she trotted, she really moved. I've seen less wiggle on a belly dancer. I hung my coat in the hall closet while she said, "Yes, Ed. . . No, Ed. . . I just got in, Ed." I floundered into a comfortable chair. She hung up, real exasperated.

"Damn! Everybody comes to me with their problems."

"The price of efficiency," I suggested. "Have it on good authority Dave was impressed by your efficiency."

"Oh, I know my job, all right." She put her purse in a table drawer. "But the big question is: am I going to keep it?" She turned and faced me, her milk-white complexion pronounced against the blue-black of her hair. "You have connections with the police. You're working with them. What's going to happen to the company?"

"I don't know," I shrugged. "Neither do the police. They're looking for a murderer, not a company president."

"Yes, of course, but you're familiar with the customary procedures in these matters. What happens next?"

"Stockholders' meeting."

"That's what I thought. Drink?"

"Coffee, if you're the domestic type."

"Domestic enough to make instant coffee." She went into the kitchen. "Live alone and like it, that's me."

"A gal who looks like you doesn't have to live alone."

She stretched for the instant joe, standing tiptoe, bringing the dress high. The legs went with the rest of her. They had both form and substance. She was some female. My mind went into the seduction groove, wondering how I could maneuver her into sharing all those assets.

"I've been propositioned," Marla said, like she was reading my mind, and dumped hot water on the coffee powder. "But I can't tolerate morons who drool at a female body. That's why I dress like a frump in the office. I'm competing with men. I want to be accepted for my brains."

"Yeah," I agreed, watching her pour in a shot of cognac, then pour a glass for herself and bring in the works on a tray.

She sat across from me, crossed her legs. I sighed at the sight. This gal was certainly taking risks.

"About the stockholders' meeting," she reintroduced the subject. "What happens?"

I sipped the spiked joe. "A number of things can happen. They can elect a president they hope will keep the company going, or they can vote dissolution and grab what they can from the obvious assets."

"You said obvious assets. You think there are hidden ones?"

"The police do a thorough job when they search. They didn't even find doodles. Landers said Dave was working on a number of new ideas, but if he was keeping them in his hand, they were lost when he got his brains shot out."

Marla recrossed her legs. I had to take a quick jolt of coffee. "You have an interesting occupation, Mr. Cable. I mean, you see . . . well . . . the underworld of big business."

"Nope," I shook my head. "Mostly I meet pretty nice people. Occasionally you come across the rotten apple in the barrel. That's all."

"No danger, no violence?"

"Very little. In an office, when people get stabbed in the back, it's a verbal stab."

"Yet, Dave hired you for a definite purpose."

"Which was confidential and stays that way." I stood, yanked her to her feet. "Okay, enough sparring, what do you want?"

Her eyes opened wide in pretended shock, but hell, I've seen babies register more amazement when the milk temperature was off one degree.

"Mr. Cable!" She was all indignation. "I'm worried about my job. It's a natural reaction!"

"NICE acting!" I lied. "Only you know more about the mechanics of business than I do. You know damn well there *has* to be a stockholders' meeting and they may vote for dissolution. And the one worry you don't have is finding another job. Corporations would compete for a gal with your reputation. Now, what do you really want?"

Her face went stiff, then just as suddenly came unstarched. "Information. Lots of information!"

"Why?"

"I started with Reaction when I was eighteen, as a secretary. Went to school nights. The stockholders of R and R know me. If there's a chance of saving the company, I can sway them. If I can show them it has future potential, they'll

hang on and pass up dividends until the mess is straightened out. Why is Harry Stone making a raid? What does he know? He doesn't risk money foolishly."

"You're right, he doesn't. Next question?"

"What's your interest in this?"

"Privileged. Nothing to do with you or the company."

"I'll accept that. When do I get my answers?"

"Tomorrow. Monday latest. What are you willing to pay?"

She shrugged, raising her generous breasts. "Name your price."

I grabbed her, yanked her to me. "I'll accept my retainer now."

"No!" she snarled, driving sharp fingernails at my eyes. But it was already too late. I was spinning her. The dress ripped, peeled away like a section of banana skin. The exposure, well, nothing could have stopped me then—not even a gun aimed between my eyes.

She kept fighting me, whistling like an angry cobra. "Nobody takes anything from me!"

"I do." I twisted her to the floor, fell on her like a pile driver, pinning her. I held on, keeping her claws and knees away, slamming her back to wear down her resistance.

Suddenly I sensed a change. Maybe it was the sound of her breathing, maybe the rhythm of her struggles, but I realized she was fighting to get with me, not against me.

I let go of her wrists. Her hands flew to hold my head still. Her lips wandered over my mouth, lingering, dragging, pleading mutely. She was all softness now, accepting, yearning. Arms went around me, locked hard. Temple pulses beat against each other. Wave after wave of sensation washed over me, waves of searing lava. Then it was over, although we didn't let go of each other. . .

With a sigh all the tenseness went out of her and she relaxed limply. I did a push-up and stood. Casually she reached for an afghan to drag across her nudity. I extended a hand and helped her rise.

"You've got nothing to hide."

"Not now, anyway." She smiled. "But thanks for the compliment. As the expression goes, do you mind if I slip into something. . . well, not more comfortable, but more conventional?"

"Yes, I do," I said. "I like you the way you are."

"Then you'll excuse me if I don't walk you to the door. Neighbors, you know."

"Excused." I shrugged into my coat and stuffed my tie in my pocket.

She leaned against the railing leading to the sunken living room, called after me: "Hey! I'm a business woman. Don't I get a receipt for the retainer. . .?"

Walking across the courtyard, getting the fisheye from the doorman, I was sober, sane, felt like quite the gallant blade. Let other guys climb Everest: I have my own ideas of what constitutes victory.

The heavy door leading to the alley opened from the inside, slammed shut fast with a definite click of the big lock. The blue-white lights that lit the narrow canyon were blinding. I blinked against the glare, used instinct to get me to the comforting blackness at the end of the tunnel.

Something from the roof buzzed past my ear, ticked my shoulder, burrowed into the concrete pavement with a solid smack. I leaped like a spiked gazelle, ripped the .38 out of my pocket and fired upwards—on the general principle

that a guy who has bullets humming at him doesn't take time for exact aim. My first shot blew the quick draw holster away. The next fast four I spaced blindly at what I thought was the roof edge. As soon as I emptied the load I was moving again, backwards, and jumped and smashed the fancy light nearest the door.

A slug ripped a big white scar in the green fence. It was dark, but no place to stand still. The joker could spray the relatively confined area and pierce me from head to heel. I ran into the lighted area. Half a section of brick in front of my head dissolved into gritty powder under bullet impact. No sound except the bang of exploded stone. My friend was using a high-powered, silenced weapon. Another jump. I swung from the protruding arm of the light fixture, slapped the ramp sight up through glass into the brightly glowing tube, let go and dropped near the fence again. The sniper knew what he was about. His next shot destroyed the third and last light, then he walked five more back along the direction I would have taken if I had kept going.

STARING up toward the roof, letting my eyes adjust, it finally came to me I was in a box. Pulling a set of six tissue-wrapped slugs out of my pants pocket, I reloaded and figured my chances. Run out into the much lighter street area and he had me. Stay here and he'd get me. He had to. He was rushed for time. A snub nose doesn't exactly sound like a pop gun, and I had let the whole load go. He had maybe 30, 45 seconds before the police homed in. His best chance was to spray the alley. Cat and mouse stuff coming up. Him cat, me mouse.

The alley door suddenly jerked open. The apartment doorman yelled: "What the—?"

A shadowy shape rose quickly on the roof. A bright spark of flame like a shooting star left a long white gouge in the green-painted wood. The doorman's peaked cap flipped forward; he went backwards.

I emptied five fast ones at the shape on the roof. It staggered, recovered, dis-

appeared. I ran out to the sidewalk, hoping to get another crack at him. A screech of brakes, thumping metal, and an authoritative voice saying "Hold it right there!" brought me to a skidding halt. I raised the hands before I'd get a police bullet where it hurts. Cops take an instant dislike to guys running around with guns.

A spotlight zeroed in on me. "All right, drop it," a voice said.

"It's cocked and has a live one under the hammer," I explained. "Get the light off. Sniper on the roof. I carry a private ticket."

The driver of the cruiser was radioing for police assistance. The cop who had me under his sights warned me to stand nice and still, then snatched the .38 out of my hand. He mumbled something to his partner. The spotlight went off. The driver got out and rang night bells till he woke a watchman.

The cop warned, "Real easy. Where do you carry you I.D.?"

"Left side rear."

"Go for it with your right hand. Throw it back."

"I winged that guy," I protested. "He has to move slow."

A couple of blocks away, tires squealed in a high-speed take off. "There he goes." I sighed, and threw back the wallet.

"If you hit him, we'll get him. . . Okay, you're private. Where's the permit for the piece?"

"In the fold out section. Listen, call Lieutenant Gregg, Homicide. Give him my name and story. How about letting me put the hands down. All the evidence says I'm legit."

"Put 'em behind you. Face me, keep your distance."

A lot of police cars were arriving. Some took off again. Everything was jumbled: guys on radios, guys with flashlights searching the street, guys keeping traffic moving. A scared doorman was found and he verified my story. The bull came down from the roof, his handkerchief through the trigger guard of a Remington .30 caliber repeating sporting carbine.

"He pegged him all right. Blood on the roof and a trail of it leading to the

Marla dragged an afghan across her nudity and leaned back watching me, relaxed as a cat.



next block. He's not going far without medical help."

Another bull. "Hey, you! Cable! That phone booth on the corner. Lieutenant Gregg wants to talk to you. I'd say you're in trouble. He was just climbing into the sack."

Gregg was real irritated. "Crisamighty, I'd rather breed hornets than work with you. A couple of hours ago you were going home. Let's hear your explanation."

I gave him the "innocent party involved" routine.

"Innocent party, my butt," he almost fractured the earpiece. "It was Monlait, and you damn well know it. He was laying for you, waiting to nail you in a corner. So you go chasing a chippy and give him the opportunity."

"I put a piece of lead in him," I emphasized the bright side. "You take it from there. And pal, mind if I borrow a prowler car and driver? Serious lack of transportation and I have that washed out, lack of iron feeling."

He deliberated a second. "Well, okay. Probably the only way I can be sure you go straight to your flop. No stops."

"Haven't eaten yet!" I yelled.

"So get a bag of hamburgers to go!" he roared. "Report into my office tomorrow morning—this morning, damn it."

In my kitchen, I munched lukewarm hamburgers, washed them down with cold beer straight from the bottle, and worked with Dave's phone book, a pad of paper, and a lot of pencils. It was a process of elimination. A few of the names I already knew. Some I recognized from Marla's files as Dave's girl friends. There were legit firms that checked out in the telephone directory as suppliers, customers, that sort of thing. When I had finished, on the pad were maybe a dozen names that couldn't be accounted for.

It was dawn, the sun coming up fat and red, promising another scorching day. I still sat at the table, mentally adding two and two, looking at all the facts from every angle, testing them backwards and forwards, getting the same answers. But getting an answer and proving it are two different things. I cleaned my gun carefully, taking my time, planning the day's work. When my hands move with deliberate thoroughness, so does my head.

I was the first customer in the Hall of Records, went to the marriage license department, settled in. It took me better than an hour before I found what I wanted. Another minute to puzzle out the names. Even though I expected it, the information kind of rocked me on my heels.

Gregg's office was only a giant step away. Ordinarily I would have accepted his kind invitation, except I could smell the end now and didn't want to get sidetracked with long and detailed descriptions of the life and loves of Joe Cable.

IN a phone booth, I started dialing the numbers on my working pad. One belonged to a consulting chemist who had done some work for Dave Burch, and had been paid enough to forget about it. Another was a one-man machine shop, a guy who did a special order for a man fitting Dave's description. On my third try at bat, I got lucky with the Joda Pyramid Holding Company. It was a recording.

"I'm sorry, the party you are calling is not available at present. If you care to leave a message, it will be recorded. Thank you."

Thank you! I taxied over to the West 30s, in the middle of the garment district. In an office building, I found a door with Joda, etc. across it. Gregg probably

had the key to it, so I had to try a number from my special set before I found one that opened the tumbler lock.

The dead air said the tiny office hadn't been used for some time; the faint layer of dust repeated it. A desk crowded the place and filing cabinets barely allowed walking room. No water cooler—which was a pretty good hint there was no occupant.

On the desk was an electric rig. When the phone rang four times, it triggered a record player to make its speech. On the other side was a tape recorder for taking messages from anybody who had something to say. I ran the tape backwards, turned up the volume, and started it from the beginning.

A quick look through the filing cabinets. Empty. One was locked. I diddled with the lock a bit, felt the snap catch give. Inside were tax receipts and licenses allowing Joda, etc., to do business. It's sole function was to regulate the assets and assume the liabilities of the Buca Company. In other words, everything owned or owed by Buca was controlled by Joda. Joda. Buca. The resemblance was too close to be accidental. Joe and Dave. Burch and Cable. Take the first two letters from each name and you had it. Dave had left me a trail.

Buca was in the warehouse district near the river, an old brick building dominated by a canvas firm catering to the maritime trade. The snap lock was a joke. I stuck in a strip of celluloid, pushed the hasp back, and walked in. The air was hot and stale. The dust was thick. The desk was a junk shop relic. A bare bulb dangled from the ceiling. Wooden filing cabinets, as dilapidated as the desk, were jammed full of old newspapers. Damned clever. No self-respecting crook would waste a minute on this joint.

I went to work. In the middle row of cabinets, I found a thick manila envelope, well sealed. My name and office address were on it. Ripping the tough tape and tearing open an inner lining of aluminum foil, I dumped a package of papers on the desk. The first page was a letter—or it started out like a letter.

"Dear Joe,

Since you've come this far, something will have happened to me. As I write this, I'm sound of mind and body, wind and limb, intend to stay that way. But knowing human nature as I do—especially myself—I realize there might come a time when I could use help. In order to protect my rights to my own creative efforts and stay out of law courts, I've taken this method of concealing my trade secrets.

Consider this my last will and testament. I freely and voluntarily give to you all the mechanical drawings and blueprints (numbered below) and the enclosed stock certificate to do with as you see fit. You can also consider this my power of attorney to act in my name—if you're not already my executor.

I've always been an oddball and, because of it, I've only had two real friends: you and a former employee of mine, Miss Gloria Stevens. Gloria wouldn't know what to do with my effects and doesn't need them. It had been my intention to marry her, except it would have just meant grief for both of us. I know my faults and know I can't change them now. So you take over, pal, and do what you think is right. It's late to say things, but I admire the way you go after things and get them, and I like that weird sense of justice of yours. Some of this stuff I believe is valuable. Maybe be-

cause of it you'll always remember a guy named Dave Burch."

The sonuvabitch! The sonuvabitch! The cagey, crazy bastard. He had handed me a fortune because of something that happened when we were kids. I owned his share of Robo-Reaction. Everything was signed, witnessed, notarized. I didn't understand all the blueprints, like "A Practical Gaseous Diffusion Method for Plating Metal." The other stuff left me blank too.

I called Jack Gregg. Before he had the phone properly out of the cradle, he was blowing his cork. "Where the hell you been? I told you to be in here this morning. If it takes a warrant—"

"Shut up!" I told him. "Get everybody down to the offices of R and R. If they're reluctant and you're passing out warrants so freely—"

"Don't tell me what to do, Cable."

"Shut up. I'm giving you this case, but I do it my way. G'bye."

I DROPPED most of the stuff off in my safety deposit box, mailed the key to Helen Connors, then headed for R and R. Gregg's car was in front of the building. I stooped to talk to the driver, scribbled on a pad.

"Pick up a partner, go to this address. Get a search warrant. There's a very strong suspicion a fugitive from justice is hiding there. He's wounded, probably armed, and is considered highly dangerous. Gregg's authority."

"You're Cable, ain't you? Working with the lieutenant, ain't you?"

"Right on all counts. We want this guy upstairs pronto."

"You got him." He put the car in gear and bulled into the traffic.

I stopped in the personnel manager's office, ordered all files sent to Landers' office. All files, including Miss Johns, Mr. Landers, Mr. Burch's.

A happy little crowd in Landers' old office. Cops. Gregg glowering, holding in the explosion. Stone, red-faced, eyes closed, patiently waiting to get to a phone and throw political weight around. Gloria Stevens, tense, eyes wandering. Marla Johns in the baggy suit, betraying impatience by drumming her nails. The police accountant watching from behind a pile of books. Zoltan Rodek, straining a chair.

I turned to the police accountant, said quietly, "Make me up a list of all employees holding R and R stock."

He nodded, started scribbling.

"Okay," I turned to the others. "The moment of truth. Cards on the table. Harry Stone! You're a goddamn pirate. Why are you grabbing R and R stock?"

He opened his eyes, gave his sweet innocence grin. "Perhaps I want a tax loss."

I called his bluff, reached back for the accountant's list, pretended to study it. "We know Landers illegally turned over his share of the company to you and forged Dave Burch's name. We know that you realized it was an illegal transaction. The proof? You bribed Landers. Didn't you even suspect a jerk like him would deposit the dough, then when the heat was on, would withdraw it and run?"

Stone grew redder. "You can't prove I bribed him."

"It was clever, Harry, but any money transaction can be traced. You take money out of one of the obscure companies you own. The dough goes to another one of your companies that just happens to be paying off their Board of Directors, and whaddya know, on top of your check as Chairman of the Board is a fat wad of cash. Nobody knows

it's there because it was never entered on the books. That's the way cash can disappear, right, Harry?"

He got redder, sat forward in his chair, snapped, "You'd better have the serial number of each bill."

"Nope. All the D.A. has to prove is that the exact amount of money changed hands. A matter of record and a motive for murder."

"Murder!" Harry squawked. "I never murdered anybody."

"Not directly," I admitted. "But look at that big muscular slob Rodek sitting there. It takes muscle to cut through a guy's throat."

Rodek started out of the chair. A cop almost as big as he was shoved him back.

Service employees started pushing in the personnel file cabinets on hand trucks. When they finished, I slid off the desk, went to the file cabinets, put my hand on a drawer and looked at Stone. "I can get you off the hoof for murder. Why were you buying all the R and R stock available?"

Harry shrugged. "Burch was a brilliant engineer, a brilliant businessman who avoided the trap of the patent laws and clearly understood you can't flood the market with technological innovations. It takes time to absorb one before you can introduce another. I . . . er . . . found—"

"Through Landers," I prompted.

"Yes, through Landers, that Burch had a blooming *library* full of inventions." Harry threw his arms out wide. "I get the company, I get the inventions, and I don't care where they're hidden. If they exist, I'll find them, and I'm sure they exist."

"What would you pay for a 'practical method of gaseous diffusion for plating metal'?"

"A million," Harry snapped. Then he saw the disgusted look on my face and added, "A million down payment plus a percentage of the profits. That's fair. That's right. I'll spread the million out over as many years as you want to ease the tax situation. You'll never have to work again. You've got the method, don't you? I'm playing this straight, Cable. Deal with me, I'll make you rich—better than any other offer made."

"A motive for Dave Burch's death. His brain. Somebody splatters it on the carpet."

"I damn well didn't," Harry snapped. "I know." I yanked a file. "Gloria, it's your turn."

"Me?" she squeaked. "I loved him."

"Greatest motive in the world. The woman scorned. He left you for somebody else."

SHE had a little struggle keeping control. "There were girls before me. I knew there'd be girls after me. I would have wanted it different, but I was willing to accept him on his terms. He wasn't. Willing, I mean. He walked out and that ended it."

"Let's ask the expert on these matters. Marla, what girl did Dave keep the longest?"

"What?" Marla Johns blinked.

"It's in your files," I waved at them. "If you need their assistance, we'll wait."

"No, no," she was all efficiency again. "The question merely took me by surprise. Miss Stevens holds the record. Better than a year, I believe."

"Did all his girls get a bunch of stock when he kissed them goodbye?"

"I wouldn't know that."

"Well," I waved the paper, "this list says they did. 'A hundred shares, two

of fifty shares, little presents like that. Over the years it added up to quite a bit. What did you think of Dave Burch, Miss Johns?"

"It's already been said," she replied calmly. "Brilliant."

"A man with a future," I agreed. "Did you love him?"

"Of course not," she snapped.

"Could that be because you're married?"

"I'm not married," she said vehemently.

I pulled a document from my pocket. "Certified copy of a marriage license issued to Marla Johns and Emmett Dolan, June 12, 1961."

"We were separated in 1963."

Gregg interrupted. "What county?"

"Manhattan."

"Granted subsistence?"

"Yes, as part of the separation."

Gregg picked up the phone. I changed the subject.

"Marla. What did you think of Landers?"

"Competent, in his way."

"Gloria told me he was a plodder with no head for business. Reaction, Inc. was failing until Dave bought in."

"I said Landers was competent. That isn't necessarily praise."

"I guess so. Now you worked for Landers for years. You're very smart. You have a head for business. You were his personal secretary. Why didn't you pass him some advice?"

"You often have to prove things to certain men."

"And when Landers failed and Dave took over, that was the proof, right? Dave recognized your merit and made you personnel manager. In return, you were grateful, right?"

"Substantially correct."

Gregg's chauffeur walked in then, whispered in the lieutenant's ear. Gregg's eyebrows went up. He glanced questioningly at me. I shook my head, said, "Let's wait for the psychological moment. How'd you make out with her married life?" I nodded at Marla.

"Oh, she's separated," Gregg confirmed, "but this Emmett Dolan guy never paid her a cent since the day they parted."

Leaning against the files, I told them, "Last night—or this morning—I was sitting in my apartment, looking for the missing link. What the hell did Pierre Monlait have to do with all this? Why was he even in the case? What was his motive?"

"I ran down the list of suspects. Harry Stone? No good. He wanted Burch with a functioning brain. Gloria Stevens? Well, she delayed me the first night Monlait attacked me. It could have been a set-up. But why was I even attacked? The conclusion was that I had something of Dave's—his personal phone book, which his killer neglected to take. How'd you happen to pass it up, Marla? Was it too obvious sitting alongside the telephone? Or did Monlait only think of it when you both searched everywhere and couldn't find Dave's plans?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Marla's face was starch white.

"That you're the link between Pierre Monlait and Robo-Reaction, Inc. You married him."

"I married Emmett Dolan."

"An alias. Let's go back at least six years. You met a smooth handsome guy on the make, Pierre Monlait. He can plot like Machiavelli. He's just as ruthless as you are—more so. He learned in the Resistance to plan carefully, be patient, kill anyone who gets in your

way. Admirable qualities for an underground war, but not for peace.

"Now you and I know that during working hours you're an ice cube, but after work, wow! I wondered how a kid could get to be the private secretary of the president of a firm—even if his name was Landers. Then it came to me. You were good at your job, yeah, but it was the after hours work Landers' was interested in."

THEN Dave Burch came into the company and you saw what a dope Landers was. Dave was the big catch, but there was a hitch: he disappeared with other girls after work and never had the opportunity to get around to you. Then you learned he kissed his girl friends goodbye with shares of company stock. This was great as far as you were concerned. You blackmailed them out of their stock by paying them a few bucks and threatening them with the loss of their jobs.

"When you told Monlait about your petty thievery, he laughed at you. Why be a small crook when you can be a big crook, was his motto. You were still young, impressionable, greedy, admired the way the guy operated. He liked the basis of your operation, and your advantageous position in the firm—to say nothing of the nights you spent together. Of course, neither one of you trusted the other, but if you were married—well, you were, weren't you?"

"This is all fiction," Marla said.

"No," I denied. "Matter of record and the way things happened. It was a long range plan, six years in the making, Monlait directing it through you. He had to adopt new identities so he'd be free to operate. He took the aliases Emmett Dolan, Etienne Duchennes, a few more. You called him Ed. The night I was in your apartment, you spoke to Ed on the phone setting me up. But that comes later in the story."

I yanked the files, found hers in alphabetical sequence, opened the jacket. "Facts, Marla," I held it up. "You were making a handsome salary, but since you had to support Monlait and all his cover stories, you had a lean time of it. Furnished rooms. The addresses are here."

"First part of the plot. You had already corrupted Landers morally, now you had to corrupt him financially. He was afraid of failure, afraid of his old age. You showed him how he could squeeze out a few extra bucks, steal from his own company by juggling the books. It wasn't much to start with, but it got bigger. Right?" I asked the police accountant.

"Correct," he adjusted his glasses. "No one in the Treasurer's department had access to the books except Mr. Landers. A very unusual state of affairs. However, there are two sets of handwriting. One I have identified as belonging to Mr. Landers. In the other, there was an attempt at disguise, but it undoubtedly is the work of Miss Johns. I've already sent in a report on that."

"Good!" I said. "So now we're moving into the real action. Landers is up to his neck in trouble and doesn't know it. Monlait, in the meantime, sets up a phony 'investment counselling' firm for the swindle of the decade. He hires ex-cons with friends on Wall Street to work for him. I met one, the last one. It was his job to spread the rumor that R and R stock was a potential gold mine, but the tip had to reach the ears of only one man: Harry Stone. Did you ever check the source of the rumor, Harry?"

"No," he shook his round white head.

"I checked the company. The tip was right."

"And your greed got working." I supplied the rest for him. "You set up a firm in Chicago to buy R and R stock, but there just wasn't that much loose on the market. So you looked for a weak link in the company and found Robert Landers. The big problem was that Landers never had been a crook at heart, and this was the big time. He was morally corrupt, but didn't have the courage to forge Dave Burch's name to the certificates. Marla supplied the courage. She asked him what chance did he have against a Harry Stone. Stone was going to get control of the company anyway, Landers would be out. He might as well make a financial killing before he was thrown out. She'd help by hiding the money and forging the stock certificates—for a percentage. It was the percentage deal that convinced Landers, because he knew Marla could be trusted when her own interests came first."

"Landers gets the quarter million from Stone, turns it over to Marla. She turns it over to Pierre Monlait. Lucky Pierre now does two things. He keeps the price of the stock up by tipping Wall Street that R and R is going to be raided by Harry Stone and is therefore valuable stock. He then prepares a phony financial newsletter, stuffs it in the mailboxes of the small stockholders and makes them believe R and R is a bad risk. Then he starts buying up Robo-Reaction with Harry Stone's money. Stone can't find any loose stock around Wall Street and is being beaten over the head with his own dough. A lovely scheme."

Dave eventually hears about the small investors backing out, wonders why, and comes to me. I was the catalyst. I started things moving faster than Pierre and Marla had planned on."

"Still fiction," Marla snapped. "No evidence."

"Yes there is," I said. "Six weeks ago, when you got Stone's money, you rented the apartment where you live now. Correct?"

"Coincidental, but it was about six weeks ago. That's not proof."

"Who was Dave's last girl friend? His very last?"

She shrugged. I turned her file around so it was facing her. Under the photograph, I drew a big green asterisk.

"You were, Marla," I said quietly. "You finally gave him a peek of what's under that tent you wear, probably right in his office. After that, well, the doormen at your apartment houses are eyewitnesses that you exchanged visits frequently."

"I wasn't at Dave's the night he was killed!" Marla's voice was shrill.

I ignored that. "You're Dave's mistress. Naturally you want to know if he's made a will. He hasn't, which makes you happy because his R and R shares control the balance of power between you and Harry Stone. Now if you married him and later became his widow—But Dave wasn't the marrying kind. He turned you down. Okay, you said. The situation continues as before, but Monlait had a better idea."

"When a man dies without making a will, the estate goes into probate and is up for grabs. Monlait figures that will give you two enough time to find the blueprints you know *must* exist—and enough time to gain control of the company before Harry Stone slugs you with his bankroll and outbids you in probate court."

I looked at her. "You made two mistakes when you killed Dave, Marla. You left his personal phone book behind and



The gate behind me jerked open, and I heard the doorman yell as I fired five fast ones.

later you and Monlait realized it must contain the clues leading to the blueprints. And when you washed up the glasses and ashtrays after killing Dave, you naturally took off your gloves. Your fingerprints were all over the kitchen."

Marla's head snapped up. "I wiped—" Then her eyes narrowed and she got cagey. "My fingerprints would naturally be there. But you can't tell the age of fingerprints. They were left on another night."

"Funny," Gregg commented. "You said you 'wiped.' You must have. We didn't find any fingerprints."

I watched Marla. She sat still, shrewd enough to know she might lick this thing by keeping her mouth shut. And she could. Little scraps of evidence a good lawyer could create reasonable doubt about. I hammered away at her.

"LANDERS panicked when Dave was killed. Then I came on the scene and he thought I was investigating him. He was in such a state of nerves, he wouldn't listen to Marla's advice. He wanted his money so he could run far and fast. She agreed to return the money, but it had to be done on the sly, because the police might be watching. He was to meet a third party down near the waterfront—and met Pierre Monlait."

"Now we come to the part where Pierre made his big mistake. He didn't want me rooting around. So far he had been lucky, but while the police were concentrating on the jealousy angle, I was going after the financial angle—which happened to be the right one. Therefore I had to go. Marla was the lure. Hell, she had to be connected with Monlait. I didn't know where I was going to be that night. With Marla, it was one of two places: my apartment or hers. Monlait phoned her apartment—that was the call from 'Ed.' If she hadn't answered the phone, he would have known we were at my place—as simple as that."

"When I came out of Marla's place, Monlait trapped me in the alley. He damn near got me. If the doorman hadn't been heroic and created a diversion, I'd have been nailed good. Instead, I had the chance to put a slug in Monlait."

I'd been talking quiet, now I shouted, "Okay! Bring him in."

Two detectives pushed in Lucky Pierre. My slug had caught him above the elbow and messed up the shoulder badly.

His makeshift bandages were a solid stain. He must have sprung a leak. He was stripped to the waist and sweat poured off him. He looked as if fever and infection were eating him alive.

A detective pushed him onto a couch and said happily, "He never stopped talking all the way up here. He told us where he bought the gun, how he killed Landers, everything."

Monlait pulled his head out of a cushion. He looked at Marla, his eyes trying to focus through the fever haze. "I'm sorry, my darling," he said melodramatically.

Marla leaped like a lioness, crouched over him protectively. Her face twisted in hate as she turned to us. "Help him. Can't you see he needs medical help?"

I suggested to Gregg, "He looks all right to me. How's he look to you?"

"Just fine," Gregg nodded. "Strong enough to cut a guy's throat. I think we should go to Marla's apartment, then view the crime scenes. After that, we'll get down to some questions."

Marla came apart, held out a hand pleadingly. "I'll give you what you want. I killed Dave. Don't let Pierre die!"

Gregg took her over to a police sergeant who started typing as she started talking. I wandered over to one of the detectives. "Cripes, he looks in a bad way. How sick is he?"

"Not bad at all," the detective grinned at me. "We found a lot of bloody bandages in the broad's apartment, pinned them over nice clean ones. Soon as they fish out the bullet, his temperature will be normal in twenty-four hours. We got a doc waiting outside. As soon as she's through talking, he goes to the hospital."

Harry Stone came over. "Quite a story. I paid a big price of admission to hear that one."

"Look," I told him. "With the high-powered lawyers you have, you'll beat the jail rap, but lose your broker's license. How about becoming president of R and R?"

He inhaled sharply. "So you have the blueprints."

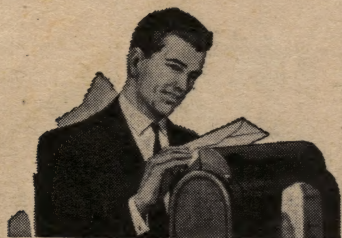
"That's right. Dave left me everything." "And being aware of my reputation, you still want me as president?"

"Sure. I know you're a crook. I don't have to worry about you. I'm positive you'll wring the last dollar out of Dave's inventions. What better investment could I ask?"

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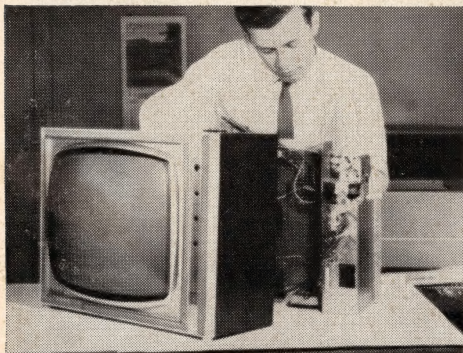
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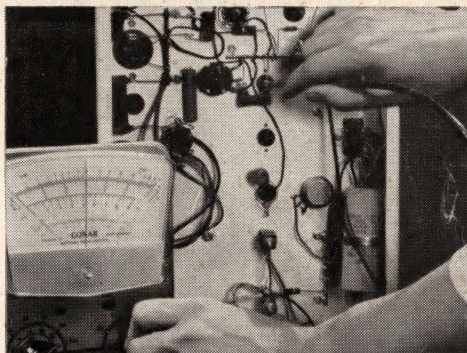
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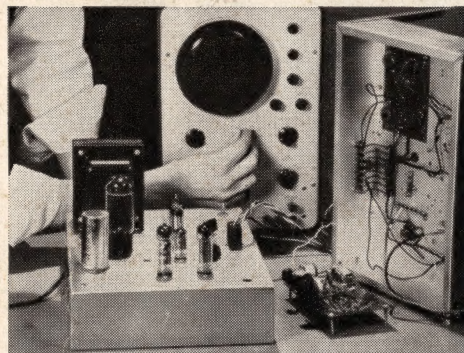
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veloped Man"

One night a frail 97-lb., 15-year-old youth was making his way home through the tough waterfront section of New York City. Suddenly, without warning, a brutal hoodlum loomed up out of the dark, and beat him senseless. That night the young man made a solemn vow: "Never will I let any man hurt me again."

The years ahead were to prove how well he kept that vow! For the name of that skinny youth was Charles Atlas — and he lived to become internationally famous as "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," performing feats of strength that amazed the whole world!

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the tiger keep in physical condition? You never see him with a barbell!"

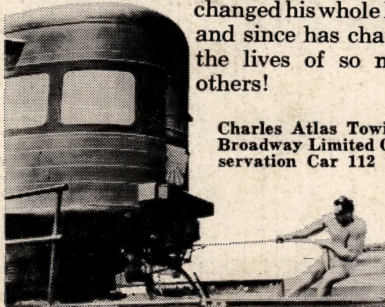
Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of "Dynamic-Tension" — the system that uses no weights or apparatus — available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a 72½-ton railroad car 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life — and since has changed the lives of so many others!



Charles Atlas Towing
Broadway Limited Ob-
servation Car 112 ft!

I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You
Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BE-
LOW . . . and I'll Show You How
EASILY You Can Have It!

I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings — turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE — is simply my job. But my secret *does* work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders — a magnificent "barrel" chest — more powerful arms and legs — a mid-



section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want — RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret — "Dynamic-Tension." It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping *other* fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

"Dynamic-Tension" Works Fast!

My secret — "Dynamic-Tension" — is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES — gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, even sitting at your table or desk!

*Charles
Atlas*

Holder of title
"The World's Most
Perfectly Devel-
oped Man."

ARE YOU
Skinny, Weak and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Fat and flabby?
Want to lose or
gain weight?
WHAT TO DO
ABOUT it is
told in my
FREE BOOK



**Prize Trophy
Given Away**
Be the envy
of friends!
Win hand-
some trophy,
over 1½ feet
high!

FREE My 32-Page Book is Yours
Not \$1.00 or 10¢ — But FREE

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. 32 Pages, packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life — and it's yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept.
959, 115 East 23rd St.,
New York, N. Y. 10010.



CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 959, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ More Weight — Solid
— in the Right Places
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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